Cover for the April, 1924 issue is missing

checked 5-21-88
B.J.

WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY
SPARTANBURG, S. C. 29301

JOSEPH RUZICKA
BALTIMORE, MD. — GREENSBORO, N. C.

Title

WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

3186

Author

12

Vol. & Date

34, 1923 - 1924

Call No. 378.05
Wof
Cop. 3

Color BLACK 2075

Special Instructions:

WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY
SPARTANBURG, S. C. 29301

Woodell 3391

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

OCTOBER
1923

Vol. 34 No. 1

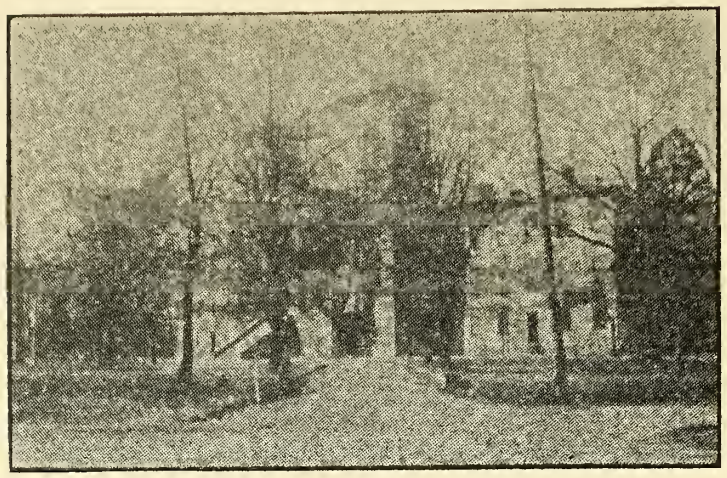
ANNOUNCEMENT NUMBER

Engraved Cards

Let us furnish your Engraved Cards, either from a new plate or your old one. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed, and prices reasonable. : : : : : : :

CONTENTS

		Page
Wofford (Poem)	H. M. Patrick, '26	4
Prohibition? (Story)	M. L. Meadors, '24	5
Guilt (Narrative Sketch)	W. K. Wynn, '25	8
Constantinople (Essay)	N. W. Bennett, '24	11
Mr. Houser and Business (Story)	R. H. Hodges, '24	15
Who Are We? (Poem)	B. E. Elks, '24	19
A Train (Poem)	B. E. Elks, '24	20
Sunset (Sketch)	E. B. Stevenson, '26	20
The Recompense (Story)	E. O. Shealy, '24	21
A True Friend (Essay)	C. C. Herbert, '25	24
Editorial Department		26
Announcement to High Schools		28
Exchange Department		29



WOFFORD

O Wofford, thou whose magic wand can touch
  The humblest and the meekest of mankind,
And fill him with thy spirit great and true,
  And lead him to a high and nobler clime,

Thine ivy-covered walls wherein have toiled
  And labored hard some lowly son of thine,
Who by thy gifts of wisdom and of truth,
  Was led by thee his nobler self to find,

Thy campus walks, whereon has beat the tread
  Of generations seeking virtue dear,
Whose names are held in sacred reverence,
  The cream of Carolina's manhood fair,

Thy towers, standing now as yesterday,
  And ever gazing upward to the skies,
Point to exalted heights of service free,
  Where valiant sons of thine have dared to rise.

Thy hallowed walls, wherein we seek thy gifts,
  Thy shady paths, whereon we walk each day,
Thy towers in whose shadows we abide,
  All tell of other men who've trod our way.

Their places they have taken in the world,
  And standing there they beckon to us still,
To drink from Wofford's magic spring of truth,
  And climb with ardent virtue up life's hill.

—Harold M. Patrick.

PROHIBITION?

A Story

By M. L. Meadors

TO THOSE who believe that our government is invincible; that its laws are infallible, and its officers living for the one purpose of executing its will, I would sound one note of warning. To those, if there be any such, who think that the moment our revered *patres conscripti* in Washington make a law, the whole nation, individually and collectively, is automatically transformed, I would urge closer investigation. To those, in short, who believe that the prohibition act has entirely, absolutely, uncompromisingly, dealt the death blow to old "King Corn," I say, there is a surprise in store for you. If these ideas you hold, it were better that you closed the page where it is and read no more. I do not wish to undeceive you, nor to seem in any way to throw mud at our beloved government and institutions. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Therefore, unless you are revenue officers, who *ought* to know, go on your peaceful way, and keep your good faith in our citizens and in the world at large.

And now that I have to the best of my ability thinned out the ranks as did Gideon of old, I shall ask you, my brave three hundred, to follow me for a little while into the multitudinous mazes of an innocent swamp in lower South Carolina. Whatever you may hear and see there, be good enough to keep to yourself and do not tell abroad. It may be somewhat surprising; it may smack of the trite situations of Broncho Bill, Tom Mix, and Bill Hart (whom we all love and revere), but if it is not to your liking, lay not the blame upon the head of your poor servant. With his style you may find fault, but not with his subject matter, for he is setting down facts. Someone has said that "Beauty is truth; and truth, beauty." This, then, should be a lovely sketch.

To get the whole of the affair, we may as well start with the first. It happened while I was away from school touring the State with a certain college organization. Excitement had been entirely lacking, and bid fair to continue so, until about our third day out, we met at the union station of a certain city, an individual who was destined to be the center of a little episode, furnishing all that we had looked for and more. This personage took to us immediately, whether drawn by the irresistible charm of our musical instruments, or whether because of the condition—usually termed "half-lit"—which he was in, I do not know. Saying that his destination was the same as ours, he boarded the train with us, and during most of the trip was the "life of the party." According to his statement, he had had considerable schooling at several universities, and for a time had studied for the ministry. Deciding within a few weeks of his graduation that his "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde career" wouldn't do, he had abandoned his high calling and lit both ends of his meager candle. His hopes and ambitions were not entirely given up, and he expected, at some future date, to

FIFTY DOLLARS IN PRIZES TO HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

The Journal is offering this year fifty dollars in prizes to high school students for the best original short stories and poems submitted to The Journal. **See page 28 for particulars.**

be reclaimed and numbered with the chosen flock. These, and other similar facts, we learned from his nigh continuous discourses on religion, theology, education, and the perversity of man in general. From his language and general style, it was easily seen that he had been blessed with at least some education, and that his statements were not entirely false, either from intention, or from booze.

We reached our destination rather late, and consequently it was quite a bit past time when our performance began. Our friend of a few hours before was on hand, and backing us to the last ditch. His applause was louder, his smile of appreciation and satisfaction broader, than that of any of the rest of the audience. Between the halves, he made his appearance behind the wings and volubly expressed his pleasure with the entire affair. He was very kind, and even went so far as to offer his assistance in "smoothing off the rough edges" of the club and "giving a few pointers" to our soloist.

Still things seemed dull, and when, on our way home, our host inquired if we would care to "take in" a little "entertainment" at "the club," my partner and I were glad enough to accept. It was customary, in a large number of the towns which we visited, for us to be entertained by receptions and such like, and this we very naturally supposed to be no exception to the rule. We had some misgivings, however, when our hostess was deposited at the door of her home and her worthy better-half announced to us that this was a stag affair, and might possibly become "a little rowdy" at times. As the car moved out from town and began to thread the deep-rutted, hole-filled road through the woods, our spirit of adventure rose to highest pitch. The night was dark, the trees tall and silent, as we moved among them, and the only sound to be heard was that of a recklessly-driven car in our rear. Having proceeded thus for about four miles, we came at length upon a sudden clearing, in the center of which was an oblong frame structure. It was dimly lighted, and from it there came forth the sound of the hoarse laughs and cries of many men and the loud stamping of feet.

The building, which we shortly entered, was a one-room affair, the air in which was thick with tobacco smoke. It was filled to overflowing with men, and lighted at one end by a gas flare. Our host introduced us to several of his friends, and we were immediately enjoined to "come over and refresh" ourselves. We walked over, innocent enough, expecting to find pure H^2O, or lemonade, when behold! before our eyes there sat on the shelf three gallons of pure corn liquor; not wine, nor acid, but real old "monkey rum." Imagine what a sight for tired, perished, thirsty eyes and throats. My friend slaked his thirst to his satisfaction, and it was with considerable trouble that we refrained from over-draughts, at the insistence of our hosts.

By this time we had begun to cast about for some signs of the rest of our party, all of whom we expected to be on hand. No signs were visible, and though we closely scanned the whole of the room for a distance of three feet above the floor, not a single other pair of white trousers did we see. Evidently, then, we were the chosen two, "the elite," the only ones favored with an admission to "society," or else the others had foreseen the evil and hid themselves. The latter afterward proved to be the case. We were served with copious helpings of some kind of unearthly stew, the flavor of which was more like that of vinegar than anything else, and the name of which I neither know nor care to learn. We managed to "down" a few mouthfuls, and then graciously donated our sumptuous repast to some darkies who were standing around, and who grinned their thanks from ear to ear.

The crowd had thinned somewhat, as a few departed; and our attention was now attracted by two tables in the corner of the room near

the light, where were in progress poker games of no mean proportions. The money lay around carelessly enough, nor was it in amounts to be scorned by anyone below the level of a John D. or a J. Pierpont. Our host immediately became immersed in one of the games and promptly forgot our existence. My partner and I looked on while the bets were made, the cards dealt, and the pots won; but really, unless one has some vital interest, such as a stake in the game, it soon becomes stale and uninteresting. We had not slept any too much the few nights before, and the loss was beginning to tell. For my part, I found a comfortable chair and endeavored to doze a little. My host awoke from his oblivion sufficiently to inquire if I were tired, whereupon a gentleman across the table favored me with the assurance that I was "in a h— of a fix" if I was "gittin' tired," and my host lapsed again into semi-consciousness.

This open situation, so free and unrestrained, had, I admit, surprised me not a little, and thoughts of the possibility of a raid had passed through my head. Upon looking around, however, I found the chief of police, the sheriff and the mayor all present, and learned from a reliable source that several aldermen and deacons were also on hand. Surely I had nothing to fear. The law was with me, to say the least. It was on this examination of the nature of my companions that I discovered among them my old friend of the afternoon and early evening. He evidently had been there as long as we, but sad to say, had not stood the strain quite so well. He had imbibed heavily, to say the least, and the meager three gallons being exhausted, had evidently found the main cache, for more than once he had been seen returning from the outside with an empty cup in his hand, and each time wearing a look of more pleased foolishness than before. In short, he was as drunk as a lord, and undoubtedly, I know, must have felt like the proverbial millionaire. But he was not one to let liquor swell his head, or give him an exalted opinion of his own ability and physical powers. He was humble enough, sleepily happy, and desired nothing better than to be let alone, and allowed to tell of his better days to anyone who would listen. He was a stranger in that section, evidently a drummer, judging from a part of his conversation with the mayor, which I overheard.

The minutes dragged on, and my friend and I were well-nigh at the limit of our endurance. At one o'clock, he remarked to me that the next car headed for town would certainly carry us, whereupon I entreated him to tell me something I didn't already know. It was almost immediately afterward that the mayor arose and expressed his intention of departing for the metropolis. He was a large, fine-looking man, had taken very little, if any liquor at all, and on the whole looked peaceful enough. He had been merely an onlooker at the poker game, and really appeared more as a guardian than anything else. He readily and graciously consented to our riding to town with him, and thus we informed our host.

There must have been a lull in the game just here, for one of the players seemed to find it so uninteresting that he could afford to leave it for a period and inquire into the personal affairs of our friend and "Director," for thus the "theological student" evidently thought himself, and I am afraid was so considered by a number of the men present. This new individual of whom I speak had been playing all night, with what luck I am not prepared to say, but very evident it was that he, too, had touched the bottle with no light hand. Like our friend "the Director," he had not known when to stop, but unlike this other gentleman, the continued imbibing of spirits placed him in somewhat of a belligerent attitude toward the world. He now walked up to our innocent "Director"and accosted him in this brutal

(Continued on page 29)

GUILT

A Sketch

By W. K. Wynn

WHAT FOLLOWS is a well established psychological truth: If a person is placed under restriction for a considerable period of time, when these restrictions are lifted he has an innate desire to drink the very dregs of those enjoyments which have been withheld from him. There is no happy medium for him. This medium is passed in his mad rush as heedlessly as the pendulum passes the center of its arc of oscillation. Restrict a hog from the mire, and you will see by the voraciousness with which he coats his body with the mud that this truth is not peculiar to the human race. The avidity with which one eats the heretofore forbidden fruit depends directly upon the length of time of the restriction, and the extent which he relished that fruit prior to the restriction. Could the precipitation into the forest, the hunt, and the war-path be made more eagerly by anyone than by one of our early aborigines who has been restricted for a year? Yes! Take a modern, red-blooded American boy, who has spent a large part of his life camping, hiking, and hunting; surround him for nine months by college walls, let him get no nearer the object of his adoration than a sight through the meager windows of his text-books. Now put him in his natural environments, out of reach of all restrictions. There, and there only, will one find a just comparison to the liberated American Indian. Should not an allowance be made for the actions of such persons and animals? If you think *not*—then for you this place is more suitable for the word "finis" than is the end. If you answer affirmatively, then continue, as I have attempted this sketch for *you*.

In the afternoon, during one of June's brightest days, a graceful canoe leisurely drifted down one of the tributaries of the Savannah river known as Stephen's Creek. As the canoe was near the source of the creek, the water was shallow; this made it necessary to strip the canoe of all unnecessary weight. Its contents were: One rifle, two paddles, two pairs of trousers, two shirts, and two hats. The last three pairs of articles named were enclosing two very ungraceful and untidy, but obviously contented forms—one in the stern, the other in the bow. These two boys, for that is what they were, possessed all the attributes of the red-blooded, nature-loving American boy referred to in the preceding paragraph. Theirs had been the lot to be allured and imprisoned by Minerva for nine months. The pendulum then was held at its maximum height.

The country adjacent to the creek on both sides had long since given up its trees to the axe of the farmer. The land was cultivated within seventy-five feet of the creek; and this left a belt of trees and underbrush of this width on each bank. As the canoe glided along this aquatic lane, the boys wore a trace of disappointment in their faces. They were now within three miles of their camp and had been on an all-day expedition up the creek in quest of excitement. Up to this time they had found no experience which would warrant the day being called perfect. Would this fourth day of camping break the precedent which the other three days had so firmly established? That was the predominant question in each mind. Excitement-hunting all day, and they were now returning without having had any. Anything savoring of routine life was extremely distasteful to them. Nine months of college life had saturated their systems with routine work. The boys now felt that an unpardonable sin had been committed, if they

let a single day of their vacation pass without having an unusual event to dream over at its close.

A sound came from the edge of the trees. The expression of both boys changed. Their eyes twinkled with expectation of excitement. It was a sound as familiar to them as the jingle of money is to a banker. They had heard it a thousand times before without any thrilling sensation accompanying it. But now their environment was different. They were free from all restrictions. Here was an opportunity to appease their desire for excitement. The very failing to satisfy a desire was itself a restriction. That ubiquitous demon, restriction, had had their consent, though unwillingly, to be in their presence while they were at school. Now, however, he was an uninvited, unwished-for, and an untolerated visitor. Chanticleer—for he was the author of the familiar noise—again gave vent to his emotions as he and his five wives indulged in a blackberry feast on the edge of the thicket—the pendulum is loosed and is now accelerating towards the center of its arc, the happy medium; would it stop there?

The heretofore silent occupants of the canoe now faced each other and conversed in rather low voices.

"Cab, you know we ate the last dab of our ham for breakfast this morning."

"Sho I know it, Rip, and we'll starve if we don't get something."

"Year, and I hear that something crowing over yonder right now."

Their plans were made and sealed by Chanticleer's third announcement of his presence. The canoe was run to the bank and tied. The two boys climbed on the bank, one had the rifle, the other was empty-handed but close by his gunner's side. They moved with unbelievable silence and rapidity through the underbrush. Their dexterous movements even baffled old Chanticleer, who arose on his toes for the last time to announce again his sovereignty of the barnyard. A crack of the rifle; a dart through the brushes; a canoe speeding down stream; five widows left in the lurch. These all bespoke of the successful termination of the plans—lo! the pendulum has sped past the happy medium and ascended to the maximum height on the other side of the arc. Another proof of the authenticity of psychology.

It would probably be incorrect to say that the canoe continued to gain speed after it was under way, but it would not be incorrect to say it lost none. In an incredibly short time their camp was reached. This was the first experience the boys had had which was even akin to theft. After the imaginary pursuit was over, they now found it more difficult to escape from the qualm of their consciences. A terrible remorse was present with the boys; it was rapidly assuming the dimensions of Frankenstein's monster. Every leaf that rustled brought the visionary master of Chanticleer. As the boys prepared to get out of the canoe, a shadow fell on the water. Upon looking up on the bank, they saw an elderly man coming towards them. The feathered burden was the first thought of the boys; he was thrust well into the bow of the canoe and covered with a hat. At a second glance the boys recognized the approaching man as the owner of the property upon which they were encamped. This allayed their fear, for they had secured permission from the man the previous day to camp on his land. The boys remained in the canoe for fear the fruit of their pillage would be seen by their sincere friend, and that he would become equally as sincere an enemy. When the old farmer had talked with the boys on the preceding day, he had been attracted by their care-free appearances and wished to make them feel at home on his land. For this reason he had paid them a visit late this afternoon. The boys now felt that it was their duty to entertain their old friend in conversation, but they also felt it was their duty to

remain with the deceased Chanticleer in order to preserve this friendship. For this reason the conversation was carried on from the canoe to the bank of the creek. Their companion had come to visit them and he filled his mission so well that it was almost dark before the boys found themselves alone with Chanticleer.

The job of preparing the fowl for the pot was immediately started. With the housewife, the job would not have occupied more than half an hour. With the boys, it seemed an endless task, for their ignorance concerning the anatomy of such a bird was appalling. It was another adventure for them, but not as exciting as the one which they had been craving for two hours before. After the process of picking the chicken was near completion, the boys saw that there would be no time left to prepare anything else for supper. So the next step was started, that of dressing, with the assurance that the only variety of food for two keen appetites would be chicken, rooster, fowl, bird, and Chanticleer. At the end of forty-five minutes the young butchers had rendered the distortion complete. To determine whether it was fish or fowl would have been extremely difficult.

A low murmur of voices interrupted their procedure. Apprehension again assumed the dimensions of a giant. The sound of strange voices was coming directly from the creek, and every minute drawing nearer.

"Here comes some men, Rip, and I bet you five dollars this is their rooster."

"Look here, Cab, let's throw him away quick and cover up these feathers with that blanket."

This was final. The dressed fowl was thrown as far as the strength of "Rip" could carry him into the mass of nearby trees. There was not the expected thud from the carcass striking the ground. The matted limbs had kept the fowl from falling.

A blanket was immediately thrown over the feathers which littered the ground. Two boys with angelical expressions on their faces were reclining on the blanket when their believed pursuers came into view. Two faces appeared in the light. One was the familiar face of their farmer-friend; the other was that of a negro.

"Well, boys, how yer getting along?" inquired the farmer, as he came nearer.

"Fine, sir; we are resting a little. Come up and have a seat."

"Nar, I jest been a trying to round up some cows what got away from me."

"We'd ask you to have some supper with us," spoke up "Cab," "but it's just this minute gone." The literal truth of this statement made it difficult for the boys to repress laughing.

"I got here too late, eh?" retorted the farmer. "Well, my wife is waiting supper on me at home, so I'll be er going. You boys make yerself at home and stay as long as you like."

"Thank you, sir, but our food is about all gone, so we'll have to leave tomorrow," explained both boys.

"Well, good-bye, and you all come back whenever you feel like camping again. My land is always open for boys like you." The boys thanked their friend profusely. Yet the last statement from the farmer caused guilt to again pierce their consciences.

When this conversation ended, the boys rolled over on the blanket with as much disgust as they had previously shown fright. The chicken could not be procured; so hunger, disgust and conscience forced the boys to bed without permitting them to prepare so much as a savory odor.

At the rising of the next morning's sun, two boys were already at the water's edge loading a canoe with camp equipment.

Two buzzards were in a treetop over a discarded camp site voraciously tearing into masticable pieces the source of two boys' excitement; the source of two boys' pained consciences; and the source of two boys' disgust.

THE HISTORICAL AND STRATEGICAL IMPORTANCE OF CONSTANTINOPLE

An Essay

By N. W. Bennett

THERE are four Mediterranean cities that belong in their significance to all men rather than to any one people. Each, in its turn, has loomed pre-eminent in the vista of History, and each, when its peculiar contribution to civilization has been made, has in its turn faded into comparative unimportance. The significance of three of these cities can be measured in the genius of the people who lived within them, and who developed within their walls the types of institutions and culture that distinguish them: Athens was the home of that people who taught mankind the beauty of life and the delights of culture, Rome brought forth law, and the genius of those who dwelt within the City of David gave to mankind his clearest conception of his relationship to God. But the fourth city, not the native home of any great people, has been coveted by all; not the seat of an original culture, preserved for Western Europe the culture of Athens; not the birthplace of law, handed down to us in its Justinian Code the inestimable gift of Roman law; and though not the birthplace of a divine messenger, was founded by the first Christian emperor, and saved Christianity in its most urgent hour from destruction at the hands of the soldiers of Islam. Its greatness in history has not been the result of efforts of a gifted people to make it so, but has been, almost entirely, the result of its natural position.

As Egypt is the gift of the Nile, so Constantinople is the gift of the Bosporus. Blot out the Bosporus, plant a plain or plateau over the space now occupied by its channel, and the Black Sea would be but another Caspian, shut off from the main currents of mankind, itself unmarked by any great event, and of only insignificant influence and importance to humanity; over the ground from which now rise the minarets of Sancta Sophia the Thracian shepherd would graze his sheep, far from the ambitions and struggles of modern civilization. That slender stream of such imperial importance winds for only a score of miles between the hills of Europe and the hills of Asia; it could be spanned by a bridge one-half the length of the Brooklyn Bridge; upon the largest map it appears to be hardly more than a crooked line. And yet that insignificant line has been the highway of nations from antiquity. From Rome and Carthage, from the Nile and Palestine, from the rolling steppes of Russia and the far-away Vale of Cashmere, have come heroes and statesmen, merchants and travelers to pay their tribute to the Keeper of the Gate. It has been the artery of Europe and Asia, drawing them closer together, and at the same time has been a moat between them, protecting one from the other. From the days when Jason sailed its waters, through centuries of the rise and fall of empires, now receiving the lashes of the baffled Persian monarch and now seeing the walls of Greek Byzantium rising on its shores, it has flowed on, bringing wealth and empire to those who were so fortunate as to hold it, and endless jealousies to those who were so unfortunate as to need it. It is unrivalled by any stream in the world.

Credit must be given to Constantine the Great for seizing upon Byzantium as the fit site for the seat of Roman power in the East. When he came to the throne in 325 A. D. he saw that a strong city was needed in the East to balance Rome in the West, a city which would at the same time afford great military

strength in itself and render easier the defense of the Danube and the Persian border against the barbarian hordes who were attempting to break through. Its military strength had long been proven. The small city and acropolis of Byzantium, which then crowned two hills on the end of the peninsular that juts out from Europe towards Asia, had withstood centuries before the prolonged assault of Philip of Macedon. Again, in the second century after Christ, it had repulsed for three years an attack by the forces of Rome commanded by the Emperor Severus himself, and had surrendered only when the small garrison had been reduced to starvation. Remembering this, Constantine chose it as the seat of his capital, and by doing so gained for himself undying fame. The treasures of Greece, Italy and the Orient were lavished upon the new city; and before he died Constantine looked upon a city on the Bosporus unequaled by any other in the world either in beauty, in grandeur, or in strength. "Of all the events of Constantine's life," says Dean Stanley, "this choice is the most convincing proof of his real genius."

From the death of Constantine until its capture by the Turks in 1453 Constantinople remained the most splendid and important city in the world. When London and Paris were villages of huts Byzantine civilization was at its height; while western kings were barely able to scrawl their names, culture was held foremost at the Byzantine Court, Justinian was codifying Roman law, and was creating the most magnificent example of Christian architecture, the church dedicated by him to Sacred Wisdom, and scholars were collecting and studying the great mass of ancient literature, which they afterward gave to the world which had lost them.

That long thousand years, which we almost ignore, was crowded with more material services to Europe. Constantinople was the bulwark of Christianity against the Moslem. Four times the Arabs attacked it, and four times they failed in their attempt. The most momentous occasion was in 717, when at the same time they were advancing up through Spain and were attempting to cross the Bosphorus. If Constantinople had fallen, it would very probably have meant the overthrowing of Christianity, for the Franks would have been caught between the ends of the Mohammedan pincers and crushed. The battle of Tours was a victory for the Franks very largely because of the victory of Constantinople.

In 1204 occurred one of the tragedies of history. Because of the commercial jealousy of Venice, the Fourth Crusade was diverted from its attack on Jerusalem, and turned against Constantinople. The city was totally unprepared, but withstood a siege of seven weeks before it was captured. There followed three days of as wanton destruction as history relates. Soldiers who had set out to rescue Jerusalem from the Moslem sacked and burned the city which had saved them from the Moslem. When finally the Crusaders, or more correctly the Invaders, were expelled, the richest treasures of Christendom were ruins, and the strongest citadel of the West was so weakened that it fell before the Turks two hundred years later.

Let us pass over the time from 1204 until the night of May 29, 1453. Let us enter the Church of Sacred Wisdom. A band of armed soldiers enters, led by the Emperor, Constantine XI. Solemnly they take the sacrament for the last time, for tomorrow the 8,000 within the city will be overcome by the 150,000 Turks without the walls. The last of the Emperors realizes the part which fate has given him, and with a courage that wipes out any blot which his ancestors may have incurred he resolves to fight to the end. The soldiers depart. The last Christian service in the Church of Sancta Sophia has been performed. Those eight thousand who have been left by Europe to their fate man the triple walls which

would have been impregnable if fully garrisoned. The day dawns over the Sea of Marmora. The long lines of Mohammedans sweep forward to the attack. Again and again they are thrown back, and it seems they will fail. Mohammed II orders his Janizaries to attack at the moment when the fleet attacks the sea walls. The defenders are too few to protect both points at once. The scimitar-like lines sweep forward again. This time they mount the walls, they pour over the summit, they overwhelm the eight thousand, Constantinople is gained, the prize of a thousand years' striving is won, the road into Europe lies open! And buried down under the mass of the invaders, with his sword still clutched in his hand, dies Constantine XI, the last of the Emperors!

In Sancta Sophia was crowded a mass of women and children, who had sought protection under its sacred dome. They barred the doors and filled the building with a dense, suffocating mass of Christians praying to God for mercy. But they prayed in vain. The doors smash in, the demons of war rush in. Crucifixes are crushed into atoms, altars are shivered into fragments, the floor is slick with blood. There is a blast of a trumpet, there comes a lull in the butchery, and then a hush. Mohammed II enters the door on horseback. Laying one bloody hand upon a column, he extends the other. Loud rings out his voice: "There is no God but Allah, and he has no Prophet but Mohammed." And the rule of the Turk in Constantinople had begun!

To chronicle meticulously the events of that rule is unnecessary. First one hundred years of expansion, then the battles of Lepanto in 1571 and of Vienna in 1683, followed finally by two hundred and fifty years of slow and tedious decline, and today we find ourselves at the end of this period of decay, when the Turk would have been expelled from Europe, except for jealousies among the Christian powers. Nation after nation has striven to grasp the prize that the Turk has been letting slip, but each has prevented the other from succeeding. The value of Constantinople has prevented the Turk from being deprived of it. It may profit us to study for a moment the real value of Constantinople today.

During the years since 1453 its economic and political value has been greatly enhanced. Its value as a gateway for Eastern products is not as great as it once was, but this loss has been more than counter-balanced by the development of the countries bordering on the Black Sea. Southwestern Russia in the last one hundred and fifty years has been transformed from a pastoral into an agricultural region, rich in cereals. Cities have grown marvelously, industries have sprung up, oil and manganese are exported in enormous quantities. All these vast regions, watered and drained by the Dnieper and Don, and the plain of Hungary, all sprang into modern industrial development with products to be sold and needs to be supplied. As inevitably as the waters of the Dnieper and Don and Danube flowed into the Black Sea, so the commerce of these regions was borne out through the Straits of the Bosporus and Dardanelles. From 70 per cent. to 90 per cent. of the exports of these regions went through these straits. With the completion of the Bagdad to Berlin Railway a new field of economic gain was opened up, and its value to Russia and England was consequently augmented.

And just as these lands became economically strong Constantinople gained in political and military importance. Since the days when in the hands of a few defenders it had resisted empires, the conditions of warfare had changed and had rendered many of the old citadels of the world valueless for modern military purposes; but although the massive and lofty walls of Constantinople could hardly offer, if restored, much protection under modern military methods, yet the essential reasons for Constantinople's strength remain, and

have diminished in no degree. The straits themselves are a moat against any attack from the East. By water there is no approach except down the Bosporus or up the Dardanelles, passages so narrow and so commanded by the hills which crowd down to the shore that passage by a hostile fleet is well-nigh impossible. On the rear, or eastward side of the city, barrier after barrier interposes itself against invasion by land. The Danube guards the whole north of the Balkan peninsula; south of, and almost parallel to the Danube extends from sea to sea the mountain wall of the Balkans, pierced by only a few passes, each pass capable of being made a new Thermopylæ; and south of the Balkans stands the mighty natural fortress of Adrianople, commanding the whole plain of Thrace. Suppose the Danube, the Balkans, and Adrianople are all overcome, there still remain nearly a hundred miles of marshes and shallow lakes and mountains, interspersed and difficult of passage. The defenders would have the inside position on a short line of defence; and with three sides of the city protected from attack by the Straits, all attention could be devoted to this western side. And so it is not strange that since the fall of the Byzantine Empire, Constantinople has but once looked upon a hostile campfire, has but once beheld a victorious army of her foes. The other capitals of Europe—Paris, Berlin, Madrid, Rome, Vienna, Moscow—have all been captured again and again; but Constantinople, although in the hands of a weak and decadent people, has not fallen. What a tribute it is to the natural defense of the city that although it was assaulted during the war by the combined British and French fleets, assisted by a land force, it was never endangered. To capture Constantinople would require both sea power and land power of the highest order, and it is doubtful if even then it could be accomplished against a determined and well-organized resistance.

Yet that situation, so capable of defense, could prove just as favorable for offensive action. Able to issue from, or to withdraw within, the straits, and to close them as doors, Constantinople has a position for attack that far surpasses that of any other capital. Asia and Europe, north and south, would be open to her; her navies could reach any port in the Mediterranean or Aegean or Black Sea, and in case of defeat would be sure of a safe haven; her armies could strike into the heart of Southern Europe or Asia Minor, and, if defeated, could be reorganized behind sure defenses. And all the while the resources of one continent would be available against the other. Well might Napoleon exclaim, when poring over a map of the region: "Constantiple! It is the empire of the world."

Such is the history and importance of the city on the Bosporus. Thus this prize of strong growing empires and last support of dying ones has passed the centuries. It has been variously described, but always with acknowledgment of its splendor and power. In the middle ages the Scandinavians called it Micklegarth, "The Great City;" to the Russians it was known as Tsarigrad, "The City of the Cæsars;" a writer of the sixteenth century mentioned it as "a city which Nature herself has designed to be the mistress of the world." But its own people best described it as the "City Guarded by God." In the future she can never revert to impotence. Her peerless site makes such a fate impossible. Though built upon the ashes of dead empires, she nevertheless survives them all; and while the world shall last, the "Sovereign of the Black Sea and the Marmora can never be dethroned; for God himself has set upon her brow the seal of immortality."

MR. HOUSER AND BUSINESS

A Story

By R. H. Hodges

HENRY B. HOUSER started and dropped his paper at the loud, raucous horn which had just resounded in front of his modest little home. Jerking off his glasses, he peered at the big, bright-colored new car in front of his gate.

"Mandy, who you reckon that is?" he inquired of his tall, thin, rather-oldish wife, who had been drawn to the door by the noisy horn.

"I don't know, but I do know you'd better get through with that man right quick if you want anything to eat." And drawing her gray-sprinkled hair out of her bronzed face, she turned toward the dining room.

The visitor, a tall, richly adorned individual, with pendulous jowls and a prominent bay-window, was at the steps.

"Well, bless me if it isn't Tom!" ejaculated Mr. Houser. "It does my poor eyes good to see your face again."

"Hello, Henry; I'm sure glad to see you again."

"Sit down, Tom."

"Oh, Mandy! come here a minute." And when she appeared, "I want you to meet my old classmate, Tom Evans; I know you remember me speaking of him."

"Mr. Evans, my wife."

"And, Mandy, he's going to eat dinner with us, so let us know when it's ready."

Mandy looked at him.

"Now, Henry, I'd like to stay to dinner, but—"

"Mandy," interrupted her husband, "let us know when dinner's ready. Now, Tom," he continued, turning to his friend, "dinner'll be ready in a few minutes and you got to stay—No, you got to stay."

In the combination dining room and kitchen, Mandy, with arms akimbo, was frowning at the table. "Peas, rice, cornbread, cabbage, potatoes, and fat meat cooked with the peas. And the rice dish's chipped and the potato dish's cracked." For a few moments she hesitated. "I wonder if I'm going to open those canned peaches for that fat man to eat— Isn't that just like Henry, too? It'd serve him right if I didn't add any trimmings at all." But her housewife's instinct prevailed, and when the two men entered the room, peaches and cream and cake were neatly laid out on the sideboard.

"Yes," continued Mr. Evans, when they were seated at the table eating, "that's your whole trouble, you're too blame kind-hearted. You let the other fellow skin you every time. Instead of getting and keeping what belongs to you, you sit back and let the other fellow take what he wants and then you take what's left. Why, man, you don't know a thing in the world about business; you swallow every hard-luck story, hook, sinker and all. But you did that same way in boarding school. I remember one time you gave away half your monthly allowance to a tramp who told a sick-wife story—and we found that same tramp drunk, three hours later. You remember that time?"

Henry smiled ruefully.

"That's your trouble, Henry. That's why you work and skimp and save and have nothing left. That's why your wife has an old, rusty stove to cook on; that's why your house is little and bare and you have no car to ride in. You're just too kind-hearted. You know him, Mrs. Houser; isn't that true? Now, just look at me," he continued without waiting for an answer, "I started off with nothing, absolutely nothing, and now I have a plenty, and why? And how? Just because I've been a

business man all along; I've been kind occasionally, but I never let my heart interfere with my business. I know I'm taking a liberty to lecture you at your own table, but Henry, I want you to succeed and make some money for your old age. You can do it, I know, if you just would. Why, man, in school you were smart enough; you made good marks, and you naturally ate up the little bit of Economics we had. I know you could, Henry; that's why I want you to."

"Yes, Tom; I guess you're right, but I just can't. I can't take the good end and give the other fellow a raw deal; I just can't."

"But you are giving a raw deal to those you love best; look at yourself and your wife. Would you rather treat everybody else fine and let them enjoy themselves while you and your wife work like slaves?"

"Henry, I'll have to apologize to you for talking so much, but I know you can make money, and I want you to."

"I guess you're right, Tom, but—I'll think about it some, anyway."

"Tom, let's go out and see my pigs," Henry suggested when the meal was over.

When Henry was bending over to catch one of the little, red, plump pigs, Tom noticed the frayed edges on his coat and pants, the run-over shoes, the sandy hair, which was almost gone, the spare, wrinkled body, and the tanned, creased face. There was, indeed, a marked contrast between this thin, hesitant little man and the tall, fat, cigarette-puffer who stood with head up, arm behind his back—for all the world like a large edition of Napoleon.

"What do you think of my pigs?" asked Henry, straightening up with a little red, plump ball in his hand.

"Those are certainly fine pigs; I didn't know you raised blooded stock."

"This is my hobby," explained Henry. "And that makes me remember I sold the old mother. Some people down in that house—Here comes the man for those seed potatoes," he remarked, as a short, stocky negro came up.

"John, you want those potatoes?"

"Yes, Mr. House; I want to get my fall potatoes in while the moon's right."

"All right, John; there they are, right inside the barn."

"Thank you, sir."

In a moment the darky came from the squalid barn carrying a bushel sack of potatoes.

"What you going to charge me for these, Mr. Houser?"

"Well, John, they cost me two dollars a bushel," he stopped a moment to scratch his sandy hair. "I guess I can sell them to you at that price."

"Thank you, Mr. Houser; you shure is kind to me. I'll be shure and pay you next week."

"All right, John; that's all right."

The tall man smiled to himself a moment or two.

"Who's that, Henry?" he finally asked.

"That's a darky that lives on my place. His invalid boy died the other day, and I can't help but feel sorry for him."

The tall man smiled again.

"So you buy seed potatoes, pay cash for them, haul them, store them, and then sell them to your darkies for exactly what they cost you. You actually lose about fifty cents on every bushel you sell at that rate, besides taking a chance on getting your money."

"Tom, I know you're right, but that man's boy died the other day and his wife's not well."

"Hard luck stories."

"Yes, but it's true."

"Yes, and it's true your wife has to work like a slave."

"I know it," and his head slowly sagged downward. "But Mandy wouldn't want me to be hard on the poor negro."

The other looked at the retreating darky and intimated, "I'll bet he owes you a lot of money, too."

"Well, yes; he does. I have a mortgage for one hundred dollars that he ought to have paid out of his first tobacco money and didn't."

The tall man smiled again, condescendingly. "Henry, old man, you lose money on what you sell to your darkies; you let your heart interfere with your head, instead of collecting what belongs to you. You're entirely too kind-hearted. How do you ever expect to make any money at that rate?"

In a moment he continued. "It's getting late. I guess I'd better be getting back to town, but I just want you to remember what I've said. Henry, remember it; come out of the trance and make some real money."

"Can't you spend the night with me, Tom?"

"Wish I could, Henry, but friend wife'll be expecting me."

They walked together to the front gate and Henry watched with a speck of envy his prosperous classmate drive off in his sumptuous car.

He walked slowly back to his home, which now seemed little and cramped. The weather-beaten, unpainted boards, the rotting steps, the dilapidated screen door, all seemed to spell poverty and failure. He had worked hard, and what had he gained? Enough to eat, a shabby house and shabby clothes. And Mandy's clothes were just as bad. How long had she worn that old gingham house dress! How long since she had bought a new hat! And the cracks in her Sunday shoes showed through three coats of polish.

And look what Tom had made! And he hadn't worked a bit harder—

What if Tom were right, after all? Was there really any sense in working so hard and letting everybody impose on you and take what you made?

A sudden belief and determination began to take possession of him. Tom must be right. He was right. He *would* make and keep enough money to take care of Mandy.

The more he thought about the idea, the more alluring it became; money and more money. And he could paint his house and fix those plague-taked steps and buy Mandy all the clothes she needed, and he might even be able to buy a car. It was worth trying; he *would* do it.

After supper, seated in the combination dining room and kitchen where Mandy was drying the dishes, he began the topic that was filling his mind.

"Mandy, what do you think about what Tom said? Do you think he's right?"

Mandy snorted.

"Henry, didn't I drill that into you for twenty years? Was I ever able to persuade you?" And she continued to dry her dishes.

Henry puffed at his pipe for a moment or two at an increasing speed.

"Mandy, I sold my old red sow. I'm going to get the money tomorrow when I deliver the sow, and you can go to town with me and buy a new hat and some shoes— Course, I was going to advance the money to a negro on the place, but I don't guess he needs it."

Henry went to bed with a full, excited feeling. He woke up with a new, exciting interest in life. Today was another chance; he would make money today!

When Henry caught the old red sow, he noticed she was droopy and seemed to be sick. Could it—could it be the cholera? It might be. And that meant he couldn't sell his hog, but it would die on his hands, and Mandy couldn't buy those new clothes!

He leaned against his rickety wagon, faint, weak, sick. Was he always to be a failure? Could he never do anything in life but fail—and fail again? Was he no good?

Then to his dazed mind came some words: "You're just too blame kind-hearted; you always let the other fellow take what he wants, and you take what's left."

A daring but fascinating thought seized him. Could he—would he—would he dare send the sick hog anyway! Would that be

wrong? The hog might not be sick, and what if it were; didn't everybody take a chance on everything he bought and everything he owned? And Mandy had gone ahead; suppose she went on to town and he didn't bring the money, what would she think?—"kind-hearted—business is business—I'll carry the hog," decided Henry.

When Mr. Houser reached town with the thirty dollars in his pocket, he felt something rising in his breast. It filled him and almost choked him. He had seen that hog, his sick hog, put in the lot near a number of other hogs. Suppose Mr. White's hogs should catch the cholera or some other disease from his hog! But when he left town with a new pair of shoes and Mandy had a new hat and some new shoes, all doubt and fear left. Of course, his hog might have been sick, but so might Mr. White's, and he might be sick himself and almost anything *might* be.

When he drove into the lot while the long slanting rays of evening were bathing his barn in gold, he whistled like a boy. He had begun a new life! He had taken what belonged to him and not hesitated because of any squeamish notions. He had started right. He looked at the great sloping bars from heaven and scratched his head. "Guess I got just about enough time to go over to John's and get my money or my horse. I'll do it, too; business is business, and I can't afford to let any foolish notions get in my way."

So deciding, he turned and started down the plantation road at a pace so rapid that he could scarcely keep his seat in the jerking wagon.

Ten minutes later he stopped in front of a rickety cabin and was met at the door by John.

"I'se shure glad to see you, Mr. Houser," began John. "I'se been a-wanting to see you all day. You're so kind, Mr. Houser, and you're always so willin' to help your darkies out, I just been a-wanting to see you. If it wasn't for you, I don't know what we'd do. You see, Mr. Houser, you're so willin' to help —and may the Lord bless you for it, and I pray for you every night—and 'cause you're so kind, I just know you'll help me send my wife to the hospital. The doctor says she's got to go, or she'll die."

Mr. Houser felt a cold something gripping at his heart while something inside answered for him; he hardly recognized his own voice.

"John, I'm sorry, but I'll have to have the money for that horse. I wish I could help you, but I got to live, too."

The negro's mouth sagged and his eyes grew wide in astonishment.

"But, Mr. Houser," and his voice was half astonishment and half despair, "how can I pay you when I got to send my wife to the hospital and haven't got enough money for that? I know I promised to pay you out of my first tobacco money, but I had to spend that, and the storm ruined the rest." The negro ceased, but looked up at Mr. Houser with pleading eyes.

"I'm sorry, John, but you'll have to bring the money or the horse to my barn tomorrow morning." And not trusting himself to hear more, Henry turned and drove back to his home at a rapid speed.

That night after supper, he turned to Mandy, who was straightening the table.

"Mandy, I told John to bring over the horse in the morning."

Mandy ignored the statement. "How's his wife getting along?" she asked.

"Pretty sick, I think; she's got to go to the hospital."

Mandy looked at him.

"And you told that poor darky to bring over his horse and leave his poor wife while she is so sick? You added worries to what he already had?"

"I—I guess so, but you always told me I was too kind-hearted and let other people impose on me. And, besides, how can I afford to let that negro keep my horse when he'll

never pay out? He might could pay out next year, but he'll never do it on this year's crop."

"But if you take his horse, how can he pay your rent?"

"Well, he can't pay it, anyway, so what difference does it make? And, besides, he can do about as well with his mule as he could with the mule and horse. I can sell the horse and get at least my money and my interest."

But somehow Mr. Houser did not feel so very comfortable.

And next morning he felt worse when he learned two of Mr. White's big hogs had died of cholera and several of the others were sick.

All the morning something seemed to grind away in his breast and buzz in his ear. Suddenly he realized he didn't want those hideous new shoes, he wouldn't have them, and besides, they didn't fit well.

He tried to work, but he couldn't. When he settled to do one thing, he decided to do something else, or something else, or something else.

About eleven o'clock he wanted to hide when John brought the horse and put it in the lot without a word, and walked away so listlessly.

Then his mind went to the hogs. Two hogs were dead and most of the others were sick. And he had caused it all—all for thirty dollars.

And John's wife was sick and might die—and the hogs were dead.

Henry could stand it no longer. He must do something. Hitching up his horse, he drove rapidly toward Mr. White's.

No, he couldn't come in; he would go out where Mr. White was doctoring the hogs.

With a guilty conscience and a palpitating heart, Henry went out to meet what he deserved.

Mr. White met him with a resigned smile.

"Mr. Houser, I'm rather sorry I didn't let you keep that sow."

And his greed had caused it all!

But Mr. White was still talking. "The cholera got mine, and I'm afraid your old sow'll catch it, too. She's all right now, but I can't tell how long before she'll become infected."

Henry's heart was singing. He did not know what he said after that; he did not know what he did; he did not know how long he stayed. But soon he went home feeling as if he could fly or walk in air.

That night after supper, Mandy surprised him.

"Henry, I'm going to carry this hat and these shoes back. I can get the money for them, and I really think you ought to help John send his wife to the hospital."

"I think you're right," Henry agreed. "I'm going to let him keep the horse, too; I don't need it— And, Mandy, I've done found out the Lord never intended me to be a business man, or to make money."

———o———

WHO ARE WE?

By B. E. Elks

Pray, who are we to e'er complain
When God sees fit to send us rain?

And who are we, so weak, so small,
To censure Him who made us all?

We seek for pleasures, He for lives;
To be our Shepherd He always strives.

He takes from us a little joy,
But saves to us a beloved boy.

Thus God in His mysterious way
Watches o'er us night and day.

Him we should always praise and trust;
For He knows best what's best for us.

SUNSET

A Sketch

By E. B. Stevenson

IT IS Indian Summer. To enjoy the close of one of those perfect days, I leisurely saunter to the front porch of our cabin at the Inlet and sink into a convenient chair. I lazily cross my legs and with half-closed eyes regard the scene around me, w hich, awe-inspiring and beautiful as it is, seems like a mirage to my tired, dull senses.

The sun, a glowing disc of fire, has passed its zenith and now hangs low in the western sky. Its fading rays penetrate a mass of thick vegetation growing farther down the swash and turn the waters beyond into streams of molten gold. A number of fishing boats are anchored nearby and their large, white sails, now spread by a stiff breeze, look like giant birds opening their wings in flight. On the shell-covered shore a group of children are shouting at play. A crane, flying low over the waving tops of the marsh grass, disturbs a flock of marsh hens at supper, but continues his flight—heedless of the indignant cries behind him. Beyond the stretch of green marsh rises the series of low sandhills that form the beach. A scant growth of peculiar colored grass is slowly covering their sides, and here and there a decaying tree rears its gnarled limbs skyward. In the background is the sea, placid as a lake in the glow of the fading sunlight.

The hushed stillness in the air is only broken by the lazy drone of numerous insects; the thud of a nut as it rolls among the dry leaves; the cry of a wandering bird as he wends his way homeward; and the gentle lapping of water against the side of a canoe. A gentle breeze is playing among the needles of a nearby pine and the resultant sound harmonizes perfectly with the distant murmur of the Atlantic.

The sun is now sinking in a glow of fiery splendor. The serene heavens are transformed into a sea of fiery clouds; now they are gory red, now the color of vermilion, of amethyst, of pearls. In awed admiration I watch this magnificent work of nature. The heavens are her field, the hues of the rainbow are her colors; and with the deftness of the master artist she blends the various colors into a picture of surpassing charm and beauty. But, alas! these scenes are only transient and in due course of time must surrender their beauties to the forces of darkness and reluctantly await the coming of another day.

Meanwhile, the sea, as if to ward off the mantle of night by its fury, has cast aside its pacific appearance and angrily lashes the sandy beach. A fisherman is laboriously working his boat through the tumultuous waves to his own quiet harbor; a white sea gull is fishing for his supper. Now he swoops downward, for a moment is lost in a large breaker, then soars upward—his drenched coat glistening in the sunlight.

At length the sun sinks; the veil of darkness falls; and, twinkling bright, the stars, those heralds of approaching night, appear. The faint sound of a distant locomotive whistle awakes we from my revery and, arising with a start, I quickly re-enter the lighted cabin.

A TRAIN

By B. E. Elks

A train.
A noisy, dusty, rushing being.
A messenger, a pleasure craft, a beast of burden.
A disturber of dreams, a disturber of nature, a thriller of youth,
Piercing the earth, leaping rivers, conquering space.
A drudge, a demon, a dream.

THE RECOMPENSE

A Story

By E. O. Shealy

EVENING had come to Triangle A. As the sun's huge red goblet cast shimmery rays across the shadowing ranch lands, far to the south the mountains gleamed like rich sapphires. It was the time of fire and coolness, of glare and shadows, of persistent energy and ascendant quietude.

Near the bungalow, in the porch of which sat the long, lean, blond-headed figure of 'Gene Roberts, a windmills queaked erratically. The squeak and clank of the windmill did not trouble Gene in the least; it fitted the mood he was in as he sat there, his keen blue eyes staring into the purple dusk. Only the occasional emitting of a cloud of blue smoke from between his firm-set lips, which curled gracefully over the black stem of a battered pipe, showed that he was not the product of some sculptor's fertile imagination. The sun sank lower, casting lengthening shadows across the plain, which seemed to stretch endlessly to the east. An occasional whinny from the corral broke the monotony, as the soft shades of twilight were bringing the day to its close. Immobile, Gene smoked on till only the red glow from the pipe marked his presence. The bungalow was dark. Far in the east came the first mellow ray of the full moon as its yellowish-red rim appeared on the horizon. Gene dreamed on, the cool breeze fanning his smooth-shaven cheeks as his air castles rose to precipitous heights, magnificent in beauty, ethereal, transparent.

His mind was on the date, not far distant, upon which he was to wed the beautiful Violet Kimbal. Violet had just returned from college, lovely, alluring, a little wisp of a creature, too beautiful to adorn the poor ranch of old John Kimbal.

Motherless, there she had wandered over the plains gathering wild flowers. In her childhood, her merry, silvery, tinkling laughter was wafted on each stirring breeze as she beheld the wild antics of some colt or yearling confined in the big pasture near her home. There she grew into lovely young womanhood. A wild little creature, yet embracing all the refinement and culture of the modern young lady—tender, wildly alluring, emotional, impulsive, truly a gem in the rough. Just as the great West in its deserts grows the most delicate and beautiful of nature's flowers and in its most repulsive regions there is found gold, pure and yellow, right beneath the parched and withered grass roots; just so, it gives such beautiful gifts to those who live and love its great expanse of treeless plains, its tall mountains reaching their hoary heads high into the infinite blue of the sky.

Gene was proud of his girl, proud of his ranch, spread so comfortably over the neighboring plains, proud of his neat little bungalow, furnished so comfortably, luxuriously. He had come to this place ten years ago, scarcely twenty, with the downy growth of youth still upon his cheeks, but with very little of worldly goods that he could claim. It was only by hard, persistent effort he had begun to rise. First a few head of cattle, then as the herd grew, he, by applying all the science that his university course had given him, saw the calves and yearlings grow and the herd increase till now he could sit in perfect comfort and see the results of prosperity on every line and fense, every building, even the garage that housed snugly his new Cadillac roadster. There he enjoyed the luxurious dreams of the happy date so near, of the dear girl that was so soon to be his. Now as he sat silently watching the moon as it climbed higher and

higher in the heavens, he could see her standing before him, her snowy gown fluttering in the breeze, dark tresses piled high, cherry-red lips slightly parted in a smile, showing the purest ivory-white teeth, her large brown eyes so deep and mysterious, hands outstretched in joyful abandon.

With a sputtering sound the pipe was out. Every grain of tobacco consumed, the tiny red glow had gradually faded into darkness. The vision fled. Gene arose, knocked the dead ashes from his pipe and walked into the darkened living room and through this to his own room. "It's all too perfect; something's bound to happen. I don't deserve all this," he muttered frowningly as he undressed for bed. Then, glancing at Violet's picture smiling at him from his dresser, he blushed guiltily, for there was one thing that he had never told her, one thing that she must never know that had transpired in his life some years before. He was to learn later how near those muttered words had come to prophecy.

One afternoon a week later as he sat peacefully smoking in his usual place on the porch, there appeared in the distance down the wide, white-stretching road a high, thin column of dust. As it came nearer he saw a speeding car, the roar and rattle of the motor growing louder as it came tearing down the road. Nonchalantly he watched it till with snort and creak it skidded to a stop at the gate and a short, stout man alighted and started up the gravel walk. He was rather flashily dressed and there was a cock-sureness to his step; but his bloated face and fishy eyes showed distastefully the cruel lines around his mouth as they drew themselves into a perpetual scowl.

"Howdy," he grunted as up the steps he came. Gene, now on his feet, acknowledged the greeting only with a slight nod, his eyes staring keenly at the newcomer, who, without invitation, drew up a chair and sat down puffily.

"You seem pretty well fixed here," he remarked, waving around in a broad gesture a pudgy hand.

"Yes, very well," replied Gene, still staring wonderingly at the stranger. Somehow he felt apprehensive of this visit—some inner voice warning him to beware of his assuming guest.

"Well, stare all you d— please, you should know me, and since I'm here for business, I may as well tell you what it's all about," he smiled blandly, then added, "you'll be quite ready to talk when I begin my sad story.

Silently Gene resumed his seat and waited expectantly.

"To get down to tacks, Roberts, I'm Smith, B. E. Smith, guard number five of the Illinois State pen—you remember me quite well."

"Yes," the word snapped between Gene's teeth, "I remember you. What do you want?"

"Well, it's quite a long story, but I'll say briefly that being in a little streak of hard luck and knowing your situation here, I've come to ask a little favor."

"A loan?" questioned Gene, his face brightening.

"Call it anything you like, Roberts, only I've got to have $10,000.00 right away."

"Ten thousand dollars!" gasped Gene. "Why, Mr. Smith, that's more than I'm worth all together!" A little pucker of wonder came between his eyes.

"Bah!" hissed Smith, his lips curling scornfully, "you've got that and more, too, and what's more, I must have it right away. I'm planning a little trip, mebbe a honeymoon, who can tell."

"But, man, you're wild!" exclaimed Gene, "I haven't that money, nor could I loan you such a fabulous amount if I did."

"Well, mebbe you can arrange when I tell you that I know you are planning to be married in two weeks, and I also happen to know your precious intended thinks you a saint of the old hard-work-your-way-up kind; further, you've been sweet enough to hide that little

occurrence which caused us to know each other so well during that six months in the Illinois pen. I further know exactly what she and old John would say if they knew of it."

"But you wouldn't—you damned blackmailer!" Gene rose threateningly, his fists clenched.

"Not so fast there, son," called Smith, a dangerous gleam in his eyes, "Old Ben doesn't go into this without his friends." He motioned with his left hand inside his coat pocket, where something bulged heavily. Gene sat back down.

"But—" he began, moistening his dry lips.

"There's no 'buts' in this game," smiled Smith, as he saw a hopeless look slowly replace the angry gleam in Gene's eyes. The utter hopelessness of the situation bore down upon him. True, it was only a small matter of a six months sentence he had served and under an assumed name, too. And for just a bit of folly during his "celebration" after graduating from the university. A group of students, including himself, had gone on a rampage, rambled into a cabaret and had there imbibed too freely Mr. Volstead's prime hobby, then out again. Somehow they had met a taxi-driver, beat him unmercifully, took his car and then, when miles out in the country, the car turned turtle; he was the one to get his skull bumped. All had left him in their rush to evade the police, whom they knew to be following, and poor Gene had awoke from his night of revelry a sadder and wiser man, to face serious charges. Of course, he was too good a sport to tell on the others. The Judge was in for making him an example, but thanks to his good friend Charley Fields, LL. B., he was let off with only six months. Then when free again, he had changed climate. There, hard work, clean living, and Violet—how he loved her—had almost made him forget the unfortunate incident. But now he realized what a fool he had been to keep his secret from Violet and her father, old John, the typical "old" Westerner. They might have sympathized with him then—might have even forgiven him then—but now, after he had posed as a real gentleman to Violet, had won her confidence and love—he knew there could never be forgiveness in those stern hearts, which, growing up there where everything is a battle, life itself a struggle, had absorbed enough of the strength of the great open, the contempt for deception of any kind, that they would never forgive him now. A movement by Smith brought him back to the present, brought his eyes straight into the gaze of the fishy, filmy, yellow eyes of his enemy.

"Well, have you thought it over enough? If you haven't, here is something that might interest you." He held out a picture and the finger print records used in the penitentiary.

Gene reached for them, but quickly drawing them away, Smith laughed. "Not so fast, my boy. I'll keep these. I know Miss Violet would be glad to see them. Then mebbe you wouldn't be sittin' so pretty, eh?"

"But, man, listen to reason; this isn't worth what you ask."

"Well, turn it down if you like," sneered Smith. "It'll be enough to ruin you here with all your hypocritical pretentions. Think it over and tomorrow have five thousand cash at the old dried-up waterhole, and I'll talk with you there at six-thirty." He arose and waddled out to the car and in a cloud of dust was gone.

Gene found himself staring vacantly after him, his mind containing a multitude of thoughts. He could raise the five thousand by selling his new car and using the little he had in the bank, but he knew it wouldn't ever satisfy that greedy dog Smith, for hadn't he first asked ten thousand? Sure, it was an old trick for blackmailers to ask more than they really wanted. Still, they are seldom satisfied with the first payment. And just as soon as he

(Continued on page 33)

A TRUE FRIEND

An Essay

By C. C. Herbert

THERE was once a great plain. In it there were no trees, save two oaks which stood together near its centre. These stood side by side, and their mighty branches interlocked one with another. Occasionally terrific storms would strike the plain, coming from the southwest. When these storms would come the tree that was on that side would be almost torn up by the roots. But the wind would blow it over against the other tree, and, leaning against it, it would find support. One day a storm came from the northeast, the opposite direction from usual. It was the first time that one had ever been known to come from that direction. The wind was fearful. The tree which had so often supported the other was this time compelled itself to bear the brunt of the tempest. As the wind whistled and tore through its branches, its mighty trunk shivered and far down in the earth the great sinews of its roots began to strain and crack. It seemed as though the giant oak must fall. But as it leaned farther and farther over in the gale it felt itself held up by the strong, sure support of the tree which it had borne up. And as the wind subsided, it stood again erect, saved by the friend which it had helped in former times. This is true friendship, each friend supporting and bearing up the other.

There have been a great many books written about friendship. Both ancient and modern authors have expressed beautiful thoughts on the subject, and it seems a well-nigh inexhaustible one. It is also universal in its popularity, for everyone, no matter whether he be a wretched cannibal in Central Africa or the most wise and intelligent man of the day—everyone has those toward whom he has a feeling of affection and those who in turn have that feeling for him. Yet perhaps everyone is able to pick some flaw in each of his so-called friends. There are some who seem to need only one good quality added to make them perfect friends, and others who, if one little disagreeable thing were lacking, would be perfect friends. And so in all of us there is the desire for a true and ideal friend. For as the mind constantly seeks perfection and the ideal in everything with which it deals, and as the heart is always looking for one with whom it can be in perfect sympathy and concord, so both mind and heart united seek for that rare and beautiful thing—true friendship.

Without having had an ideal friend, no one is able to imagine completely what must be the wonder and beauty of such a perfect friendship. Neither friend would have any thought, any emotion without wanting the other to share it. And the other, whether it be grief or joy, sadness or pleasure, would delight to share the feeling with his friend. The bond would be so strong, so wonderful, and so entirely selfless that it not only could not be expressed in words, but could not be fully understood even by the friends themselves. Their very natures would be united as in the beautiful union when "the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David."

Nevertheless, I have tried to imagine a perfect friend. Between him and myself there would be no constraint whatsoever. I would talk with him about all matters just as easily as I would think of them in my own mind. And he, in turn, would be absolutely free with me. No thought that he uttered would fail to awaken in me similar sentiments. To talk with him would stir deep chords of feeling far within me, and my whole being would become attuned with the sublime.

I would never tire of him, nor he of me. His strength of character would support me in my tests and tempests as the great oak supported its fellow. He would bear with me in my weaknesses and inconsistencies, show me my errors, and by his aid I would be able to overcome these faults. If ever I was in any doubt about a matter I could go to him. He would be as interested in it as if it were his own. Together we could consider it, and he would not hesitate to tell me what he thought I should do.

We would like the same amusements, and we could enjoy them together. We would like to read the same books, and it would not bore him to discuss them. He would be fond of music and art, and by association with him I would learn to appreciate and enjoy the works of the great masters. He would be noble, generous, kind, and good; and by being with him I could learn true nobility and greatness of heart.

Needless to say, my friend would be brave and he would inspire me with courage, for "perfect love casteth out all fear." For him I could fight any beast; for him I could withstand any man; for him I could dare to oppose any issue and could refuse to do any ignoble thing.

How splendid it would be to have a friend like that! Life would lose all its dullness and unpleasantness; and in the thought of soon again being with my friend all periods of sorrow would pass as mists before the morning sun. So closely would I be bound to my friend, and he would have such a deep and powerful influence over me that, although we should be separated for a while, his calm and gentle personality would stay with me and make me rejoice just to live. Why, then, is it necessary to speak as if there could be no such friend and to say that it "would be" fine to have one? Are there no such people? Are such friends impossibilities?

Emerson once said that to have a true friend you must first be one yourself. Ah! There is the secret. That is the golden key that unlocks the treasure house of friendship. What would be the pleasure of having a noble and true friend if we were sordid and mean ourselves. Indeed, such a friendship is impossible, for we could not be in perfect harmony with a great and good person if we were base and foolish.

The way, then, to find our perfect friends is to make ourselves as near like him as we can. If he is kind and sympathetic, let us for our part so train our sympathy and kindness that when we meet our friend we will not seem repugnant to him. If our unfound friend is wise and thoughtful of others, let us in all things and with all people seek to be wise and thoughtful. If he is noble and generous, let us also learn to be noble and generous. If he is pure and good, let us be pure and good, so that when we find him, he will find in us his ideal friend, and together we can find that perfect happiness, that surpassing joy of companionship with a friend.

One day a tiny seed fell between the two great oaks. It sprouted and grew for a short while, but as the two trees were using all the food in the soil there, the little plant soon died of starvation. Again, another fell there, but after growing for perhaps a longer time it also died. One fatal day an unusually hardy seed fell between the trees. Tenaciously it clung to life, using every possible morsel of food in the earth. The tiny rootlets wormed themselves among the great roots of the oaks. It seemed as if the great trees had not been using so much of the food in the earth, for there was an unusual supply, and as the little tree grew larger and larger it pushed the oaks farther and farther apart. The insidious little plant seemed Herculean. At last the larger oak could stand the strain no longer. The tree that had withstood a thousand tempests

(Continued on page 37)

Wofford College Journal

Established 1889

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief—R. H. Hodges
Business Manager—M. B. Wilson
Literary Editor—J. E. Sprott
Literary Editor—A. F. Graham
Literary Editor—M. L. Meadors
Exchange Editor—J. M. Bailey
Circulation Manager—W. S. Hoole
Advertising Manager—A. H. Stokes

Entered at the postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as second-class matter.

The Wofford College Journal is published seven times a year, on the fifteenth of the month, by the Student Body.

Subscription per year, $1.25; single copy, 20c.

EDITORIALS

A poet, a poet, two bits for a poet.

Our idea of asininity—coats in August!

And wisdom—one-piece bathing suits.

Advice and measles are appreciated alike.

Something to weep over—onions!

Any man is willing to repay a kindness. Those who advertise with us make possible a bigger and better JOURNAL. Our advertisers are our friends.

We of THE JOURNAL staff find ourselves, with scant warning, intrusted with the publishing of a college magazine. Having had no experience in this work, we have no mistakes or successes to profit by, but can only promise you to do our best; but that is insufficient. It is necessary that each member of the student body do his best if we would publish a magazine of which Wofford may be proud. How can each help? The first way is easy; write, write, write, if you even suspect that you can compose grammatically correct English sentences. Submit something to THE JOURNAL. We are publishing this month practically all material submitted. Can a staff publish the magazine you want when it has no choice of material? But suppose I can't write? Then suggest, criticise constructively, show the men who do write that you are interested in their work. The Editor will appreciate any suggestion for the improvement of your magazine; especially any constructive criticism pertaining to his work will be appreciated. We will also be glad to publish on this page any letter of general interest from any member of the student body or any member of the faculty. Fellows, let's make THE JOURNAL a real magazine this year.

This page is, in the nature of things, the Editor's very own. Here, from time to time, we expect to discuss any subjects of interest as frankly as possible. We realize that most of our ideas and our general perspective on life are largely dominated by our environment; so here, we mean to disabuse our minds, as nearly as possible, of all inherited or acquired notions, prejudices, biases, and every prepossession of every kind. We pledge allegiance to no sect, group, class, or clique. We hope to see every issue as it really is and treat all things with fairness. Whether we succeed or not in this purpose is for you to decide.

THE JOURNAL Staff is offering this year fifty dollars in prizes to its contributors. One ten-dollar gold piece each will be given for the best original short story, essay, sketch, poem, and one-act play published in THE JOURNAL by any regularly enrolled undergraduate now at Wofford. There must be, however, at least four or any form of composition published before a prize will be awarded for that form.

The Annual Roll Call

Wherever in the world we find flood, famine,

pestilence, fire, or suffering affecting great numbers of men, there you will find the American Red Cross, ever ready to mend the broken, save the helpless, succor the distressed, and do all that man can do to alleviate the suffering among mankind. The Annual Roll Call of the American Red Cross (which is the only request for funds made during the year) will be held from Armistice Day, November 11, to Thanksgiving Day, November 29. Men of Wofford, you will not fail to hear a call from suffering mankind, from the heart of humanity.

Advice

'Tis wonderful, the avidity with which all human beings seem to delight in giving advice. We can't say why this is true, but must leave it to the psychologist and whoever else is inclined to deal in obstruse and recondite matters; but it *is* true. On the spur of the moment, we can, however, think of two or perhaps three ways to explain this vagary of human nature. First, we might say that man is really very kind-hearted and sympathetic and would prevent any fellow mortal from duplicating many of the mistakes he has already made. The second reason that occurs to us is not quite so complimentary, being that man talks of himself and his experiences because he knows of nothing else to discuss. And the third is like unto the second—only more so. Man discusses himself and gives his own experiences in lieu of anything *more interesting* to converse upon. And now that we have enumerated three possible reasons, we must admit that the underlying cause is probably none of these reasons; possibly it is a combination of two or more of them.

But frankly, we began this with the idea of giving some good advice to all good Freshmen and whoever else is inclined to give heed.

What I would do if I were again a Freshman is a great and fascinating subject. For we think we would do differently if we were Freshmen again; but we doubt if we could gain our consent—were it possible—to *be* Freshmen again. But that is beside the subject.

If I were a Freshman, I would pick out some athletic sport that was of great interest to me and try for the team for four years if that long was necessary to make the team. The fellowship and camaraderie, the exercise and training of a college team, are great and important aids to any well rounded man. We hesitate to recommend the most popular sport of the day. That three months of such hazardous and extremely strenuous exercise followed by nine months of lassitude can be good for the human system is, to my mind, doubtful. I would choose some athletic sport and pursue it.

If I were a Freshman, I would try to make myself take every opportunity to speak and learn to express myself on my feet. There lies opportunity and leadership. It is worth what it costs. I would also write—and keep at it. He who masters his mother tongue is a potential power.

If I had a pretty good idea that I belonged to the upper ten per cent. in college in native ability, I would take Greek. There is a time coming when you will need every bit of intelligence and mental acumen that you may have. Develop it now!

I would take a moderate amount of work, but I would do everything I did thoroughly. I would put my level best into whatever I undertook to do. It makes little difference what you study in college; but it makes a great deal of difference whether you make for yourself habits of mental diligence; whether you train yourself to work hard, arduously, with care to accuracy and details. If you do that, your education is worth while. In words which are almost a kant, train your mind; this is the day of trained, prepared men.

What else would I do were I a Freshman? I would have a "big time" and "enjoy life."

Youth, the glorious, comes but once. I would not, however, sacrifice my chances of mental development to evanescent pleasures.

And so, with apologies to Kipling, Be warned by my lot, (which I know you will not), and learn my mistakes from me.

ANNOUNCEMENT TO HIGH SCHOOLS

IN THE INTEREST of better poetry and prose in the high schools of South Carolina, THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL is offering this year fifty dollars ($50) in prizes to high school students. A first prize of twelve dollars ($12) is offered for the best original short story; a second prize of eight dollars ($8); and a third prize of five dollars ($5) is offered. Like awards will be made for the three best poems. The contest is open to students in all accredited high schools in South Carolina.

THE JOURNAL Contest Editors will select the twelve best short stories; the final judges to decide among these will be Dr. W. L. Pugh and Prof. J. W. Harris, of Wofford College, and a member of THE JOURNAL Staff. The Contest Editors will select the twenty best poems; the final judges among these will be Dr. H. N. Snyder, of Wofford College, Dr. Myers, of Converse College, and a member of THE JOURNAL Staff.

The contest will be governed by the following rules, which must be observed:

1. Only one short story and one poem may be submitted by each contestant.

2. Short stories are limited to two thousand words.

3. Manuscripts must be typed or legibly written on one side of the paper.

4. They must be in the hands of the Contest Editor on or before January 10, 1924.

5. Manuscripts must not be accompanied by letters. Inquiries or letters should be sent to the Editor of THE JOURNAL.

6. Manuscripts should contain nothing by

Home of

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES

AND

FLORSHEIM SHOES

Spartanburg's Best Clothing Store

Greenewald's

INCORPORATED

Spartanburg, South Carolina

which the author may be identified; but attached to each manuscript should be a plain, sealed envelope containing the name and address of the contestant.

7. The receipt of no manuscript can be acknowledged and no manuscript will be returned. Each contestant should, therefore, keep a copy of his manuscript.

8. The three winning short stories and the three winning poems will be published in the February issue of THE JOURNAL. The submission of any manuscript, whether it receives an award or not, gives THE JOURNAL the right to publish the same, wherever and in such manner as it may choose.

9. All manuscripts should be sent to THE JOURNAL Contest Editor, Room 201 Senior Hall, Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

J. M. BAILEY, *Editor*

AS EXCHANGE EDITOR of THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL, it shall be my duty to criticize the various poems, short stories, and articles printed in the college publications that we receive.

In order to be a critic of literature, one must have practice; but this would be useless without an intimate knowledge of the great authors and poets. I have neither accomplishment! However, I can say that with study and patience I hope to perform the duties of this honor so that every publication may receive justice.

If the Exchange Editors of the magazines sent here will treat our JOURNAL as I expect to treat theirs, the year's work will be a success. The mutual criticism of our Exchange Departments should aid us materially in putting out worthy publications.

Prohibition?

(Continued from page 7)

manner: "I'sh been wa'shin' you all night, an' I wansh t' know who y' are and where y'u come from!" The other poor bloke very good-naturedly made some unintelligible reply. "Doc"—as the hunter for trouble was called—was not to be satisfied so easily, and he continued to harass our poor innocent friend. They gradually moved toward the door and out into the clearing, mumbling incoherently and jostling each other, more or less in good humor. The mayor informed us that he would be ready to go as soon as he could "get these boys off."

The night was perfect. The tall, dark pines swaying slightly in the wind, lent an air of weird adventure to the place, and the golden light of the rising moon cast fantastic shaddows through the openings in the foliage. We

WE SELL
"GIFTS THAT LAST"
of Known Reputation
Gifts for All Occasions

IF IT BE A READY-MADE WEAR_____ **Kuppenheimer**

If it be a Made-to-Order, It should be made by____ **Ed. V. Price & Co.**
CHICAGO

HARRY PRICE

116 EAST MAIN STREET

The Store for Better Merchandise Spartanburg, S. C.

THE DuPRE

Book Store

THE LARGEST BOOK STORE IN SOUTH CAROLINA

Students Cordially Welcomed

stood around listlessly, enjoying the scene somewhat, but much preferring to be in the car and on the way to our beds. "Doc" and "the Director" continued to "jaw" at each other, the former's ire rising with every passing moment, while "the Director" remained as peaceful, calm, and unruffled as a summer's day. Soon "Doc" began to rave about his pugilistic tendencies and abilities. He seemed somewhat inclined toward the opinion that he would make a fit match for the great Dempsey, so quick and terrible was he. He staggered nearer to "the Director," took him gently by the lapels of his coat and said, "I'll betcha shree hun'erd 'n fifty dollarsh I c'n lick y'u in two rounds on th' club room floor."

The other, not to be outdone in the betting, and hoping, no doubt, to pacify his tormentor by a tribute to his prowess, blissfully replied, "I'll betcha five hun'erd dollarsh y'u c'n do it in one round."

This retort, though it provided great merriment for the onlookers, did not satisfy "Doc," who, seeming to think the "Director" had not understood him, repeated his offer with added emphasis and vehemence and perhaps with somewhat rising passion. The sober members of the party tried to soothe him and to convince him that a much better offer had been made, which really did not warrant any match of skill and strength at all. "Doc," however, was not to be persuaded, and he continued his ardent attentions to his poor, tortured victim.

We were growing somewhat disinterested and weary of the interminable haggling, when suddenly, the pair having gradually worked away to a spot by themselves, a flat "biff" was heard, followed by the sound of a falling body, and we turned to see our beloved "Director's" heels flying into the air, while the rest of his body reclined upon the bosom of mother earth. The mayor and a couple of others rushed in before more licks could be passed, but an oath or two escaped, and the fallen one arose, his ire aroused at last, breathing vengeance and dire threats with every beat of his throbbing pulse. The other, of course, was ready to carry on what he had begun, and to a much more fatal degree, but was prevented by strong arms which held him on either side. They were finally separated, and "Doc" wandered over to where my partner and I stood, and inquired if "any of you shentlemen wanna take it up?" Needless to say, the earth reeled before my eyes, and I prayed for a hole into which I might sink, all the while endeavoring to assure the honorable gentleman beyond all doubt that never in my life had I any such intention. We were saved by one of his friends, who was sober and who immediately informed him that we were "fine fellows," and not to be bothered. Evidently satisfied, he said, "Oh, yes," and, stretching out his hand, "Didn't I knock th' h— out of him?"

I took the proffered hand, and with warm pressure and enthusiastic voice convinced him,

DRINK

IN BOTTLES

Spartanburg Coca-Cola Bottling Co.

THE ELITE

CANDIES, SODAS

ICE CREAM AND LUNCHES

WELCOME WOFFORD BOYS

MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT

THE ELITE

The Rex Theatre

COLLEGE AMUSEMENT HEADQUARTERS

— THE HOME OF —

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

WOFFORD STUDENTS ALWAYS WELCOME

as far as it was possible, that in my estimation, at least, he certainly had "knocked th' h— out of him." He then proceeded to inform us of the times when he, his friend here, and his friend's father were wont to "run together," and how, when they hit a man, and he failed to fall, it was invariably their custom to procure a doctor forthwith immediately to see what their trouble was.

This went on for some few minutes, at intervals during which he or the other combatant would arouse suddenly from his lethargy, and breathing out vile epithets, charge out upon the warpath, only to be brought back and held in check by their more sensible protectors. It was with some difficulty that the mayor and his assistants finally convinced "Doc" that he had meted out sufficient punishment to his victim, and to bring "the Director" to the realization that in spite of the fact that the other had "cussed" him, it was "only a drunken brawl," and that "tomorrow they would shake hands and be good friends." At last it was accomplished, and "Doc" was sent off in safe hands, while "the Director," somewhat sobered by his lick, got into the mayor's car with the rest of us. He was by no means entirely satisfied, and continued to impress upon us how he would have defended his fair name and punished his persecutor if he had only been given a chance; but occasionally, in the midst of one of these tirades, he would stop suddenly, remove his hat, and passing his hand across his aching brow, remark feelingly, "I ain't denyin' it though; he did knock forty h— out of me."

When we dropped him at his hotel, he was in fairly good humor, and turning wearily to us, he said: "Well, g'-bye, boys; good luck t' you. The next time you see your director, he'll be in better condition." We assured him that such was also our sincerest hope, but the truth or falsity of that prophecy is yet to be fulfilled.

The mayor, having impressed it upon us as far as lay within his power that in spite of the fact that "the club" had been in existence for five years, nothing of this sort had ever before occurred, let us out at our door at 2:00 a. m. and we stumbled as best we could into bed. Our gracious host "checked in" at 2:30.

The Recompense

(Continued from page 23)

could spend that he'd be back again for more. Oh, what a fool he had been never to tell Voilet before now. It meant the fading of all his dreams, the blasting of all his hopes, all the work of ten years would be lost, gone for nothing—his life ruined!

Silently he paced the floor, his brow wrinkled, his face troubled. Back and forth, back and forth, he paced, trying to see some ray of hope some way. All kinds of wild schemes came to him, but none of these were worth

SNAPPY FOOTWEAR
For the College Man

Square Toe Effects in Shoes and Oxfords, Dancing Oxfords in Patent and Dull Calf, Silk and Wool and all Silk Socks in the New Shades. : : : : : : :

IF IT'S NEW AND POPULAR, WE HAVE IT

Wright-Scruggs Shoe Co.
"THE SHOE STORE"

ITS INFLUENCE—

A strong, progressive Bank wields a powerful influence in the business affairs of a community. It is gratifying to know that the aims and efforts of our officers and directors are so generally understood, and so thoroughly appreciated.

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK

U. S. DEPOSITARY

J. F. MANNING

Annual Photographer

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

trying. Battling, his better conscience pleading to go to Violet, tell her the truth, surely her love would help her to forgive him—but there was the old man, hard, stern, but just. He could see himself being driven away—while his other self begged to take the chance, pay Smith and take chances or kill him and get the records and the picture. That would only stain him worse.

Daylight came and found him still pacing the floor, worn and haggard and almost mad. He threatened to kill the Chinese, his only servant, who came to wake him for breakfast.

Then as the sun rose higher and higher in its seemingly endless flight, and as evening came on again, there came a sweet sense of relief. As the descending sun cast its rays out across the plains, touching the mountains and the clouds in the distance with their magic fingers, there rested on his brow the softness of evening's benediction. There was, at last, peace in his soul. Right had triumphed. He would go to Violet and tell her all and ask for forgiveness. If he didn't get it, he would be man enough to stand the torture it would bring. Like a man, he would try to collect the torn threads of life and start to build anew the beautiful castles of his dreams on the shattered hopes of the past.

With great care he bathed and dressed. Then slowly, just as the sun sank from view, he glided out into the smooth white road toward Violet's home.

A feeling almost of surprise went through him as he saw Smith's car stopped beside the road. He had almost forgotten him in his great battle to this decision. He drew up and stopped. Smith was already on the ground, his pudgy, fat body fairly wriggling in his excitement.

"Where's the money? I'm in a hurry," he demanded.

"You go to hell and stay there—you—you dirty hound, with all your blackmailing paraphernalia, and if you want to tell anybody about me, just you do that thing, but be mighty careful it's the truth." With a spurt of the motor he was off, leaving Smith staring after him open-mouthed.

In the cool quiet of the deepening shadow, Violet sat in the swing on the vine-covered porch. A car halted at the gate—she knew it was Gene's. Up the walk he came slowly, his face set and a determined look in his eyes.

"Oh, Gene!" an exclamation from the wraith-like figure as a pair of lily-white arms encircled his neck and soft warm lips were pressed to his. "Why, dear, what on earth is the matter?" she asked, as no answering kiss met hers. A statue, he stood, arms hanging helplessly by his sides, eyes looking straight ahead.

Violet withdrew a step and stared at him, as he began in a hoarse, cracked voice, "Violet, I've only come to tell you that it's all over—

Agents for Schloss Bros. & Co. and Adler Collegian Suits and Overcoats.

Boys, make our store your headquarters. We carry a full line of high grade Clothing, Shirts, Neckties, etc.

We Cash Wofford Students' Checks

IT PAYS TO TRADE AT

118 East Main St. Spartanburg

Chero-Cola

THERE'S NONE SO GOOD

J. T. BOOTH

JEWELER

102 Kennedy Place Phone 528

EVERSHARP PENCILS,
FOUNTAIN PENS,
WATCHES,
CLOCKS, JEWELRY, Etc.

Watch Repairing My Specialty

Typewriters for Rent and for Sale—Your Patronage Appreciated.

The Ford Leads the World in Automobile Value—We Lead the State in Automobile Sales.

Ford

ERNEST BURWELL

Spartanburg Ford Dealer

199 West Main St. PHONE 402

A. LEVIN

FINE TAILORING

Suits made to order

$35.00 AND UP

Altering, Repairing and Pressing

117 North Church Street

PHONE 896

now." He halted to wet his dry lips and clear his throat.

"What is it, Gene, dear?" so softly.

Her sweet voice swayed him. Still he clung tenaciously to his mission. "Violet, I'm a hypocrite—an ex-convict. I've never had the courage to tell you before—forgive me." His voice broke.

"Gene, you dear, silly old goose, what do you mean?" she asked, advancing. "Come here in the swing and tell me all about it."

Slowly leading him by the hand, they went to the swing and sat down. There his battle was all the harder. As her sweet nearness penetrated his senses, his courage fled, he was convinced of a deep longing for her, a heart hunger that would know no satisfaction without her.

He brought himself back with a start and then haltingly he began with his graduation day and told her all. How he had not intended such things; of his capture and sentence under a false name; how he had come there to live and had met her.

Silently she waited till he had finished. Then again those soft white arms were about his neck and a smiling face was upturned to his. "You dear old silly thing! I've known all about that escapade of yours for a long time. And I think your life here has made full atonement."

Surprise gave way to wonder on Gene's countenance. "But your dad"— he began doubtingly.

"Oh, he's the one who found out. When you began coming here regularly, he had your record looked up, because he thought it was best. Now he is wild about you for the heroic struggle you have made here. And your success here has made him—" The sentence was never finished, for with a sigh of relief and joy he clasped her close. And in the touch of those sweet, warm lips he found recompense for all his worry.

A True Friend

(Continued from page 25)

snapped off close to the ground and fell with a great crash. Why had it fallen? It was found to be rotten at its heart, and the force of the little tree was all that was needed to send it toppling. So also in our friendships—the seed of discord dies when friends are in perfect harmony and sympathy. But when we allow our mutual affection to diminish, and cease to love our friends even as ourselves, the seed of discord and contention finds lodgement, flourishes, and even a once perfect friendship is broken.

Everything in DRUGS, SODA, CIGARS,

but especially for

Y—O—U!

Norris Candies, Waterman's and Parker Fountain Pens, Eversharp Pencils, and a select assortment of Stationery.

Yours for Quality and Service,

WILSON'S DRUG STORE

THE REXALL STORE

152 W. Main St. Spartanburg, S. C.

"The Best in Drug Store Service"

FOLLOW THE CROWD TO——

BISHOP'S

Rex Theatre Building

——FOR THE BEST——

Sodas, Ice Cream and Candies

TOILET ARTICLES

KODAK FILMS KODAK FINISHING

DR. WEBB THOMSON

DR. H. A. FEEMSTER

DENTISTS

Dental Bldg. 153½ N. Church St.

Clothiers and Furnishers

To Men Who Care

Agency Society Brand Clothes

MEYERSON'S

The Man's Store

379 N. Church St. Phone 1307-J

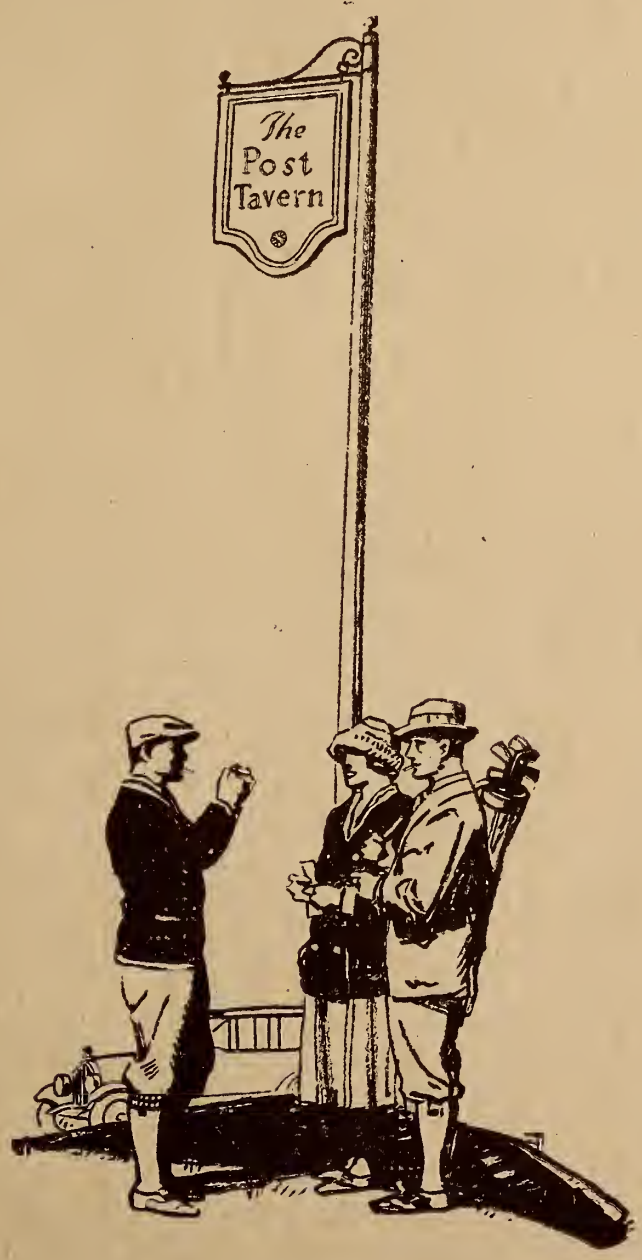
PEARSON'S

Between Calhoun and College Streets

A FULL LINE OF SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Also Hot and Cold Lunches, Milk, Cold Drinks, Crackers and Cakes of all kinds.

Wofford Boys Are Always Welcome



"What a difference
just a few cents make!"

FATIMA

Imagination--Master Force

Emerson.

"There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many more. Society is a troop of thinkers, and the best heads among them take the best places. A FEEBLE man can see the farms that are fenced and tilled, the houses that are built. The STRONG man sees the possible houses and farms. His eye makes estates as fast as the sun breeds clouds."

STRONG MEN, TRAINED MEN, EDUCATED MEN, CHRISTIAN MEN, the world needs more than ever today. They always have been, and always will be, fired by IMAGINATION; but this is not all—Self-Control. THRIFT has been their handmaid. It is the mission of this bank to help you in your THRIFT, your self-mastery.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

A. M. CHREITZBERG.....President
J. B. CLEVELAND.....Vice-President
FRANK C. ROGERS.....Vice-President
ROY E. LEONARD.....Cashier
W. FRANK KLUGH.....Assistant Cashier
J. WESLEY ISOM.....Assistant Cashier
H. B. CARLISE.....Attorney

ALL WOFFORD COLLEGE GRADUATES

RESOURCES OVER 3½ MILLION

D/10/13/66-14

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

NOVEMBER
1923

Vol. 34 No. 2

SKETCH-POEM
NUMBER

Christmas Just Around the Corner

CHRISTMAS, that holiday of the year so eagerly anticipated by youth, and enjoyed by all, with its home-coming of the family to the parental home, is just around the corner.

¶ We wish you to know we have a large stock of beautiful CHRISTMAS CARDS, on which we can print or engrave your name, that you may send the season's greetings to your friends, wherever they may be.

¶ Or it may be that you would like to use CHRISTMAS CARDS as a gift to some one in the family or some friend, and you could find no more appropriate or attractive remembrance.

¶ See us before our stock is picked over. The early buyers get first choice. We sell them in lots from twenty-five up, with envelopes to fit, ready for mailing, at prices ranging from $5.00 to $20.00 per hundred, printing or engraving name extra.

Band & White, Printers

142 SPRING STREET **PHONE 363**

November 1923

Come to—

Ligon's Drug Store

for Courteousness, Service and Good Treatment

Prescription Specialist

Pure Drugs - Best Toilet Articles - Safety Razors and Blades to Fit All Safety Razors : : : :

Exclusive Agents for Eastman Kodaks and Films

When You Send HER Whitman's You Have Sent the Best

Largest and Best Assorted Stock of Fountain Pens and Eversharp Pencils in the City

We are always glad to see you

Ligon's Drug Store

Phones 30 and 31

Wofford College

HENRY N. SNYDER, LL. D., Litt. D., President

All courses leading to A. B. Degree. Fourteen Professors. Departments: Ethics, Religious Education, Astronomy, Mathematics (pure and applied), Physics, Chemistry, Biology and Geology, Latin, Greek, English, German and French, History and Economics. J. B. Cleveland Science Hall, Whitefoord Smith Library. Carlisle Hall, a magnificent new Dormitory. Athletic Grounds.

Next Session Begins September 18, 1924

For catalogue or other information, address the President, Spartanburg, S. C.

Progressive Banking--

The earnest desire of our organization is to help you transact your business pleasantly and satisfactorily.

Bank of Commerce

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

B. T. EARLE, President
J. W. BELL, Vice-President
C. W. BOYD, Cashier
H. C. HICKS, Asst. Cashier

May We Serve You?

November 1923

CONTENTS

		Page
Somebody's Darling (Poem)	B. E. Elks, '24	40
The Unknown Seaman (Narrative Sketch)	E. H. Gregg, '26	41
Loony, Nutty, or Simply a Fool? (Story)	M. B. Wilson, '24	43
By the Fireside (Poem)	H. M. Patrick, '26	45
An Old Sweetheart of Mine (Humorous Sketch)	Williams and Floyd, '25, '24	46
I 'Member (Poem)	B. E. Elks, '24	47
Belgium (Essay)	R. H. Hodges, '24	48
Autumn (Poem)	J. C. Bailey, '26	49
The Life of a Cub Reporter (Sketch)	J. M. McKnight, '24	50
All is Not Gold That Glitters (Story)	A. Nut, '24	52
Twenty (Poem)	R. H. Hodges, '24	54
Zack and the Mud (Sketch)	S. J. McCoy, '25	55
Tameor Timur, the Rani (Story)	P. M. Camak, '26	57
The Eschewed Past (Poem)	W. K. Child, '25	58
Sights From a Ferris Wheel (Sketch)	W. K. Wynn, '25	59
November (Poem)	E. H. Gregg, '26	61
Editorial Department		62
Exchange Department		64
Announcement to High Schools (Reprinted)		67

SOMEBODY'S DARLING

A Poem

By B. E. Elks

He was a little pest in school;
He had a will just like a mule;
And all day long,
He'd slyly throw chalk at the girls,
He'd pinch their arms and pull their curls.
But right or wrong, he, weak or strong,
Was somebody's darling.

At home all toil he tried to shirk;
He would get sick at signs of work;
And all day long,
Instead of bringing in the wood,
He'd play soldier or Robin Hood.
But right or wrong, he, weak or strong,
Was somebody's darling.

When he grew up an' afield he went,
Long letters home he seldom sent;
But, all day long,
Instead of writing to mother, dear,
He'd play poker and solitaire.
Still, right or wrong, he, weak or strong,
Was somebody's darling.

His moral tone began to sink.
Becoming enthralled with dance, with drink,
With cards, and song,
He drifted then from bad to worse.
But till they laid him in a hearse,
Right or wrong, he, weak or strong,
Was somebody's darling.

THE UNKNOWN SEAMAN

A Sketch

By E. H. Gregg

I AROSE early, and having quietly slipped on my coarse outing clothes, stepped from the door of the cottage and leisurely sauntered down to the seashore, where I was in the habit of going every morning to enjoy the freshness of the sea breeze and to fill my lungs with great draughts of the salt-flavored air. It was a glorious September morning at the magic hour of sunrise. On all sides great flocks of seagulls swept hither and thither, and far up in the reddening sky, a lone hawk wheeled in ever-widening spirals, at intervals uttering a peculiar, sharp cry. The tide was still high, and from the abundance of foam it had cast upon the beach I concluded that there had been a recent storm at sea.

Slowly the eastern heavens changed from a ruddy glow to a fiery red and the sun burst into view, showing a million bright beams over the undulating waves. As I gazed across the sparkling water, my whole being fired by the splendor of the glowing scene, an object at sea arrested my attention. All those who have enjoyed the companionship of the ocean for any length of time know that anything, however small or distant, which breaks the monotony of the broad expanse of water immediately draws attention to itself, if seen. When my eyes fell upon the strange bulk, all thoughts of auroral beauty vanished from my mind, and I became deeply absorbed in watching the movement of the thing, which now rose into full view, now sank into the trough between waves.

It was soon evident that this was the hull of some type of sailing vessel, her masts gone, leaving her drifting and helpless. Try as I would I could make out no sign of life on board, nor could I determine how far the disabled ship was from shore. By this time I had become intensely interested, and finding that I could make but little progress with my naked eyes, I returned to the cottage for my telescope. Up the steps I bounded, and through the doorway. Aroused by the rough shaking I gave him, Arthur sat bolt upright in bed and demanded the trouble. I told him what I had seen, and while I dug down into an old chest for the telescope, he jumped out of bed and hastened to dress. By the time I succeeded in laying hands on the instrument, Arthur was dressed in some manner, and together we rushed from the room and down to the shore. There, I turned the telescope seaward and adjusted the lenses to the distant wreck.

Perhaps it is high time for me to inform you why and how I came to be at this particular spot. Arthur Henry, to whom I referred above, and I had always been the closest of friends, and, as is the case of true friendship, we both had temperaments of almost identically the same calibre. Indeed, we would not have been here had it not been because we both held exactly the same philosophy of life. Arthur was my bosom friend and "a prince of a fellow." His was a gallant, dashing spirit, tempered by a deep and affectionate heart. And since my feelings are stirred thus in recalling him so vividly before my mind, it is only fair for me to inform you that, three months ago from the time I begin this account of our remarkable experience, he died. Just in honor to his memory I must say that there never was a truer, nobler friend than Arthur, and that, during my acquaintance with him, he never once failed to look upon the better side of life or to live up to what he thought

just and honorable. But let me back to my tale. As I said, our philosophy of life was identical, and so much were we affected by the conventionality of modern life with its dainty frippery and frills that we swore a solemn oath between ourselves to retire to a secluded haunt for three months, casting off all intercourse with the outside world and laying our souls bare before nature. With such an unusual purpose in view, we decided, after some little quibbling, upon the very spot where we were now standing—one of those low-lying, sandy little islands off the coast of South Carolina.

As I focused the telescope full upon the object at sea, an exclamation burst from my lips.

"By jove!" I cried, "it's an old schooner, and she looks like she's seen some rough weather."

"Anybody on board?" queried Arthur.

"Not a soul. She's evidently deserted, and by the heavy way she takes the sea I don't believe she can last long."

"Let's go and examine it!" Arthur exclaimed. "There's a smack of adventure in an old wreck like this, and maybe we can find out something about her."

"But what if she should sink with us near her? We'd be sucked under!" I objected.

"Never mind!" he added. "Let's go anyway!" And there was a strange, dancing light in his eyes, the light that reveals a dashing, adventurous spirit, the "never say die" kind.

I nodded my consent and raising the telescope once more to my eyes, continued to study the distant ship. Without further words Arthur turned from the shore and started for the cottage from which he presently emerged, shouldering two pairs of oars. He threw these into our row boat, dragged high up on the beach, and called me. I dismounted the telescope and joined him. In a moment we had the boat at the edge of the water, and after a short struggle with the surf, succeeded in launching it clear of the breakers.

The open sea was a glorious panorama of sparkling water, ideally suited for rowing; and since Arthur and I both were excellent oarsmen, our little boat fairly skipped across the waves. With steady strokes we raced forward, and every sweep of our oars caused the boat to surge forward like a thing endowed with life. It was exciting, it was exhilarating, this mad race of ours, with a storm-wrecked old schooner as our goal. On and on we swept, bending and pulling in perfect unison. On either side of the boat the eddies, caused by our oars, whirled and spun and widened until lost in the boundless waste of water. Ah! the mad joy of riding the swell in a little boat far out on the open sea.

Our vigorous rowing soon brought us to the schooner, and shipping our oars we began a minute survey of the wreck. It had now settled so low that the bulwarks were almost level with the water line, and every wave sent a flood of spray surging through the scuppers and across the deck. The rigging was a disordered mass of sails, spars, and cables; the mainmast was gone, leaving but a broken stub to make the place where it had stood; and the foremast, broken off near the middle, hung, a tangled heap of torn canvas and broken yard-arms, over the side of the ship and trailed along through the water.

We rowed once around the wreck, and having failed to see anything that would warrant our going on board, were on the point of leaving when Arthur cried:

"Look! Somebody's on board."

I looked where he directed me and saw a ghostly figure rising up in the bow of the schooner. The form was that of a man evidently in a weakened state, for he pulled himself slowly up by means of a hanging stay.

At first we were both startled by the unex-

(Continued on page 70)

LOONY, NUTTY, OR SIMPLY A FOOL?

A Story

By M. B. Wilson

THE POPULATION of small towns generally consist of a variety of unique, perhaps we had better say, peculiar, characters. Certainly Lanesville had its full share. To a stranger stopping there for a few hours, nothing about the place would appear unusual. He would probably hear the same endless chatter, the same time-worn jokes, the same learned discussions about the boll weevil, that he would hear in other small towns of lower South Carolina. But, my! if he could just know some of the folks who live there.

Why, it is the home of Amelia Jones, an old maid 'tis true, but as far as I can observe, very different from most old maids. She is not of the variety that sours with old age. Nay rather, for forty-eight years she has been growing younger day by day. Her hair during the last decade has gradually become a deeper brown—all credit due to the improvement in modern dyes. Her snowy white teeth are absolutely perfect and even—all praise be to the manufacturer of same. Her rosy complexion reminds one of a picture—both credit and praise due to Amelia's own artistic nature.

And then Squire Jones lives there. This husky old man, during the ninteen years since he has become a widower, has managed to accumulate a fabulous sum of money. Some call him a miser. Perhaps he is one. His shabby appearance testifies to the fact that he spends little for himself. Moreover, no one has ever accused the old gentleman of being charitable. And yet, he seems to be as peculiar for a miser as Amelia is for an old maid. His greed for money does not prevent him from enjoying a good joke, nor does it interfere with his social pleasures. He is one of the habitual loafers at the Black Snake Tavern. Now surely misers are not usually jovial nor are they habitual loafers. Furthermore, there are two things upon which the Squire does not economize; the one his chewing tobacco, the other his only son.

Now, Steve, the only being who enjoys the Squire's wealth, is as peculiar a son as the old man is a father. He has passed his twentieth birthday, but no one has ever heard him pass an opinion on any topic. He seldom talks and he never works. As the boys say, "He just hangs around." On being asked a question he habitually responds, "I dunno," and on being informed of anything he grunts, "Um-huh." The girls say he is *loony,* the boys say he is *nutty,* the old folks say he is simply a *fool.*

Remember that Amelia, the Squire, and Steve are only three of several peculiar folks who live at Lanesville, and you will be ready to hear what has recently taken place in the little town.

Several weeks ago the usual group of loafers were assembled in front of the Black Snake Tavern. Squire Jones was vigorously chewing on a wad of tobacco; Bill Slemp was engaged in cutting his initials on the back of an old chair; Red Still and Roy Oates were playing checkers; Steve was puffing lazily at a cigarette. Presently, a glare of bright colors, a ruffle of skirts, and a waft of cologne announced to the assembly that Amelia had turned the corner. She tripped by airily, favored the gentlemen with one of her lavishing smiles, and entered a neighboring drug store.

"How like a summer breeze that comes and goes!" exclaimed Bill Slemp.

"A summer breeze all laden with the perfume of flowers," chuckled Roy Oates.

"The old girl is a steppin' lively, ain't she Steve?" laughed Red Still.

"Um-huh," responded Steve, flicking the ashes from his cigarette.

"Boys," cried the Squire, "if you was enyways account at all you'd have some fun out the old bird. Jest one of you pretend to be a settin' up to her and Amelia Jones *would* blossom out."

"Do it yourself," advised Bill. "She is closer your age than ourn."

"Aw, now, you know that's outen a old man's line."

"Tell you what we'll do," cried Roy. "We'll match to see who goes to call on her."

"Sure thing!" agreed the crowd.

"Come on, Steve, ain't you gonna get in on this?"

"I dunno," drawled Steve.

"But it ain't fair that you don't. Dig out a coin," demanded Bill.

And so, by the process of flipping a coin, they determined who should be gallant and chivalrous enough to flatter poor Amelia. The lot fell to no other than the Squire's own son, Steve. Now the Squire was very much disappointed that his son would have to carry out the joke that he had instigated. Steve was indeed "the apple of his eye," and he hated to see the boy placed in such a ludicrous position. Be that as it may, there was no way out of it.

The others were asking eagerly, "You'll do it, Steve. You'll do it, won't you ole boy?"

"Um-huh," was the affirmative response.

And Steve did it. The people of Lanesville were astonished that the boy had so much fun in him. Every day for one week he and Amelia went to ride in the Squire's new buggy. Furthermore, true to the Squire's prophecy, Amelia blossomed—blossomed into a gay, lively, grinning Amelia. She was continually saying, "We *girls* did this," and "we *girls* did that." The joke was a success beyond all expectations. The boys would sit around and laugh about it for hours at a time. Even the Squire was beginning to enjoy it.

"I'll vow!" exclaimed Bill, "if the old gal don't act like she thinks she's sweet sixteen."

The crowd laughed.

"Don't it get you to hear her talkin' 'bout *'We girls,'*" cried Roy.

"We'll have to hand it to you, Squire," said Still. "You sure caused us to pull off a big one."

"No, not me. Steve did it."

"You're right, Squire, he's a darn good sport," Still agreed. "But, why don't he ever hang around enymore? We ain't had a chance to congratulate him yet."

"Well," beamed the Squire, "he's jest sorter quiet you know."

The next day the annual beauty contest was to take place in Lanesville. It was customary for the town to elect each year one from its number as the most beautiful. This contest was held in an unusual way. The votes, for instance, were bought, each vote costing fifty cents. Naturally, the boys of the town who were especially interested in certain young ladies were the only ones who went to the expense of buying votes. Then, too, by experience they had learned that the only logical thing for them to do was to take turns in electing their girls. Competition made such a contest too extravagant. And so, it was generally understood among the voters ahead of time whose turn it was to elect a girl. The boys had all agreed that Bill Slemp's turn had come, and no one doubted that Rose McNally would be elected this year.

But the next morning held a surprise in store for the people. They were all gathered in front of the Black Snake Tavern waiting to hear the result of the election. Finally, the manager stood up on a small platform and cried out, "Gentlemen of Lanesville, you have fifteen minutes more in which to vote. So far Miss Amelia Jones leads all other contestants

with fifteen votes. Miss Rose McNally comes second with ten."

For a moment there was a dead hush in the crowd. Then there broke out a veritable roar. Some laughed, some yelled, some threw their hats in the air. All realized that Steve was playing the game to finish—that he was bringing his joke to a great climax.

"But," cried Bill, pulling Roy Oates by the sleeve, "I've got to elect Rose. I told her I would."

"You'll play the dickens doing it," roared Roy.

"Help me find Steve. Where is the fool? I've got to win!"

"Steve ain't in the crowd. He must have somebody votin' for him."

"But I'm broke. I can't buy many more tickets," moaned Bill.

"You're a *fool* if you buy *any* more," exclaimed Roy.

"But don't you see? She'll never forgive me if she don't win."

"Well, it's a known fact that you can't out vote Steve when he's got the Squire's money behind him."

This did not satisfy the disconsolate Bill. He spent his last penny on votes for Rose McNally.

Finally, the manager called the people to order. There was another hush throughout the excited crowd.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "Miss Amelia Jones has been elected by a great majority the most beautiful er-er-er-*girl* in Lanesville."

The crowd, although expecting this result, broke out in another roar of applause. There were yells and hurrahs for Amelia. Some cried, "Who would 'er thought it?" Others blated, "She's been forty-eight years among us. May she be here forty-eight more."

Twenty minutes later, after the crowd had scattered, Steve walked down town and sauntered up to a group of men among whom were Squire Jones, Roy Oates, and Red Still.

"Well, Steve," cried Roy, "shake my paw. You're to be congratulated. You're a sure game sport."

(Continued on page 69)

BY THE FIRESIDE

A Poem

By Harold M. Patrick

When the snow is on the housetop,
  And the ice hangs from the trees,
And the window panes they rattle,
  As they're shaken by the breeze.
There is nothing quite so pleasant
  As to while the time away,
Just in sitting by the fire,
  Dreaming lazily all day.

Just to gaze into the embers,
  Hear them crackle, watch them dance,
See the queer fantastic figures
  O'er the glowing ashes prance.
Just to smell the logs a-burning
  And enjoy the cheerful glow,
Is enough to start us thinking
  Of the days of long ago.

Soon, our minds forsake the present,
  In the fire's mystic spell,
And in fond remembrance turn us
  Back to times we loved so well.
Yesteryears seem just departed;
  And our mem'ries come in train,
As the shadows 'round us flicker
  And the glow begins to wane.

And we dream until the fire
  Hovers low upon the coals,
And the smoke begins to vanish
  As it up the chimney rolls.
And the tiny, dancing figures
  Steal then cautiously away,
And we doze in restful slumbers
  To awaken when we may.

AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE

A Humorous Sketch

By Williams and Floyd

THE TITLE of this piece of literature is slightly erroneous—it should be "An Old Sweetheart I Thought Was Mine." Several years more than a few years ago we were in love, but we were in a fog because neither one of us could see our way clear.

She was a wee bit of a lass, who stood about six feet in the feet of her only pair of Lisle hose. She was weighed in the balance and found not wanting a cwt. Everybody in our township knew Veronica. She was not responsible for her cognomen, for she was named before she was able to object. Her father was an Italian tombstone distributor. He insisted that her name be Veronica because it means "Uncertain." And he was uncertain whether she would ever get married.

Her eyes were the shade of a brown-stone front; her hair was as black as Poe's bird that sang the drunkard's awakening hymn, "Nevermore." A beautiful Roman nose was hers—it roamed all over her face, for you could see it wherever you looked; but it never was out of place. She was a mere wisp of a form. She was so thin that she had to stand in one place twice before she could make a shadow. But yet I loved her.

The petiteness and daintiness of her feet made it possible for her to dance around on the lawn as lightly as a calf's mother in high clover with hobbles on. When Veronica reads this she will wish that she had not jilted me, for had she become my wife this information never would have crept out.

To get back to her brogueraphy, Veronica possessed a wonderful mouth—just as graceful as a knot hole in a wooden leg. And such tempting lips—they always suggested molasses and wheat cakes. How could a woman with such delicate features, but very little future, fall desperately in love with me? It can't be explained—just another mystery. To increase the delectable flavor of these reminiscences, I will now animadvert for a space upon our courtship. As has already been hinted, she and I really had "it," but we couldn't keep it.

Every Saturday evening when I had finished mowing my grandfather's facial alfalfa, I betook myself down to the Sylvan bath house and made myself ready for the occupancy of a clean shirt. After all these necessary duties had been performed, I attached the old clay-bank horse to the H. M. T. buggy and rode over to pay my lady-love an affectionate call. She and her old man were both overly fond of me. I knew that it was natural for the Princess to be enamored of me, but I couldn't understand why the old man liked to serve my soup so well. The only explanation was that I looked so much like a monkey that it was impossible for him to dislike me. Take that for what it is worth, however.

The old man's bitter half was kind, but she was mighty stingy with her kindness. She was nice to herself and thought that everybody else should be nice to her too. Sibylla felt it her duty to link her daughter to a wealthy count, and it happened that none of my grandsires had ever learned the meaning of the word "nobility." The readers of this scandalous report will understand why the old woman was opposed to our engagement. In some cases "a man may be down but he's never out," but in my particular case a man may be down but he's never out until he is kicked outside by the female boss of the house and lot. The aforementioned accident occurred several times, but I still refused to

give up. Every time I felt the force of the sharp-toed boot my sweetheart would wring her hands and cry like a young mink. Who could help but be encouraged by such rare displays of emotion? Hence the reason for my weekly visit to my beloved.

But to everything there is always an end, and sometimes the end doesn't come soon enough. If this termination hadn't have arrived when it did I would have been forced to endure pain and anguish throughout my life. O, how I rejoice when I realize that life would have been just one darn mishap after another had not my old man's supply of corn exhausted before it was due to.

On one of those Saturday nights, after I had bathed my baby brother and trimmed the horse's hoofs, my pater approached me slyly and asked me if I were going over to insult our distant neighbors. Naturally, I admitted being guilty of the offense. "Well," he says, "you've been driving my horse on your weekly courtship tours and you have never brought anything home yet. There ain't a y'ear of corn in the barn and that hoss must be fed. Afore you leave tonight you had better by a darn sight put two of them big sody sacks in the back of the buggy and don't you fail to bring 'em back full."

All such orders had to be obeyed. As per instructions, I took the sody sacks with me. I arrived at her house and drove Sol around near the barn and hitched him. My sweet little porcupine came running out to meet me and we embraced timidly. But all the time my heart was beating fast because I was beginning to feel mean. I didn't like the idea of stealing corn from her father. We entered the night-time parlor, which was used during the day by the only cook. We loved a little and I stammered the three words in her ears several times. You couldn't blame me for repeating them; for every time I would say them we would clench and she would seek my lips with hers. Oh, what bliss!

But soon our love song was finished and we separated unwillingly; for she clung to me like a cross vine clings to a decaying tree.

(Continued on page 69)

I 'MEMBER

A Poem

By B. E. Elks

I 'member when I fus' saw Mary Lee,
'Twas in the ole stone church on Parkers Square.
I 'member when she look'd across at me
'N' how I seem'd a-floatin' in the air.

I 'member how my heart beginn'd t' beat
'N' how it 'gin t' swell, 'n' rear, 'n' kick.
I 'member how I twist'd in my seat
'N' felt peculi'r, though I wasn't sick.

I 'member when she gin a little smile,
'N' then duck'd down behind her Jap'nese fan.
I 'member how my blood beginn'd to bile,
'N' how I crush'd my hat in my fool han'.

I 'member how her dark brown eyes did shine,
'N' how her teeth did seem as white as pearls.
I 'member that her red lips were like wine,
'N' that her hair seem'd cluster'd golden curls.

I 'member when the preacher 'nounc'd a song,
'N' up we stood, 'n' all beginn'd to sing.
I 'member that her voice wus clear 'n' strong,
'N' hers alone agin my ears did ring.

I 'member when they fin'ly let us out,
I wus the fus' to pass beyon' the door.
I 'member how I quickly turn'd about
That I might get a smile from her once more.

I 'member that she came out with a smile,
'N' that it wus for someone else, not me.
I 'member how my blood beginn'd to bile
'N' how I hated her, my Mary Lee.

BELGIUM, HER PEOPLE AND POLICIES

An Essay

By R. H. Hodges

IN THE central part of Europe is a land of gardens, a land of industry and mining, a veritable beehive of movement and activity. This country, Belgium, has more people for its soil than any other place on earth. Less than one-fourth the size of New York State, this country has over seven million five hundred thousand people living within its boundaries; were the United States as densely populated, she would have two thousand million people living within it—two hundred million more people than are alive today.

In proportion to her territory, Belgium has twice the population of Germany and three times the population of France, Austria, or Japan. On her four million acres of cultivated land, three-fifths of her total area, she raises four hundred million dollars worth of foodstuffs—a record equaled by no country on earth. She is a land of small farms. One half a million farms in Belgium are less than two and one-half acres; less than 20,000 are more than fifty acres. Less than two million people live in towns of over 25,000 inhabitants; the other five and one-half million live in 2,500 villages and hamlets. Belgium has a larger foreign trade per capita than any other country on earth. This country is or was—these figures are for normal Belgium—economically sound; in fact, she was wealthy. Interest on her public debt, almost all of which was incurred for public utilities, was covered by revenue from the State railways alone. Coal is Belgium's chief source of mineral wealth. Stock raising is very important. Of her industries, the manufacture of textiles is most important.

In her people, Belgium presents a peculiar situation, contrary to the usual course of history. In her life of internal peace and harmony we see an historical anomaly; two peoples of different races, speaking different languages, living together and making one nation. Today, her language boundary can be easily traced. And this line has scarcely shifted since the Middle Ages. Her peoples are temperamentally different. The lively, vivacious Walloons are closely akin to the French, while the stolid Flemings are near relatives of the Dutch. These peoples are almost evenly divided; there are approximately four million who speak Flemish in the North of Belgium, and four million speaking French in the South. This harmony of different peoples is certainly remarkable.

Belgium is only a small country, having an area of 11,373 square miles, with an average population of 600 per square mile. Her economic importance is considerable; her foreign trade is greatest per capita of any nation; her people are wonderful. Her political importance, however, comes from none of these factors—such an economic organization on a South Sea isle would be of no moment to the world. Her political importance is fortuitous; it grows out of her strategic position in Central Europe.

Belgium, in other hands, as a vassal state of Germany, France, or England, might seriously affect the "balance of power" in Europe. Belgium has a fine port, Antwerp, through which a good part of the commerce of Germany goes. In fact, through the Hollandish port, Rotterdam, and Antwerp, one-third of the tonnage of Germany's artery of commerce, the Rhine, is carried. Germany has few good ports on her coast; even the mouth of the Rhine, her peculiarly personal river, is in a foreign country. For this reason she is somewhat hampered in her national

development, but with Belgium and Holland and their shipping facilities under her political control she could dominate Europe. Belgium would be a big help to autocratic Germany, not only for its commercial facilities, industries, people, coal, and iron deposits, and its many other resources, but it would give a good base from which to attack England. The Walloon section of Belgium might prove an alluring plum to any future imperial France. In any case, France needs a friendly or allied Belgium for protection against aggression. The Dutch, in trying to build a "Great Netherlands" might find Flemish Belgium an alluring morsel. England could ill afford to have Belgium anything else than a buffer State, or a province. These exigencies and political possibilities had been remarked and studied over long before the late war. Yves Guyot, in the *North American Review* of January 4, 1907, said in part: "The necessity of guarding the independence of Holland and Belgium is the common interest which unites France and England and must gather round them all the civilized nations."

After a brief look at her history, we will be ready to consider Belgium's policies.

From her national birth in 1831 when she revolted from Holland, Belgium has been a perpetually neutral State. This neutrality, clearly stated in the Treaty of London in 1839, was guaranteed by France, Britain, Austria, Prussia, and Russia. By the terms of this treaty, Belgium could maintain only such a military machine as was needed for national defense; this neutrality was rigidly observed up to August, 1914, when Germany began her ruthless invasion. This limitation of "perpetual neutrality" was removed, however, by the treaty of Versailles, so Belgium is now free to maintain what military machine and pursue what policies she may see fit. For six years after her revolution, Belgium had, as a part of herself, the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, but this union was forcibly broken by the treaty of 1839. Once again a union, this time only an economic union, has been affected between Belgium and Luxemburg. This union was highly desirable for both racial and economic reasons; these peoples are of the same racial stock and their natural resources go well together. Belgium has little iron ore but much coal, while Luxemburg has much iron but little coal.

Toward England, Belgium is friendly; recently they were allies and are still friends. Of France, Belgium is an active ally; the Ruhr invasion was undertaken, however, not from choice but necessity. In the *Current Opinion* of March, 1923, Minister Jaspar, in a speech before the Belgian Parliament, is quoted as saying that Belgium's priority in reparation payments would not allow her to stand aside and allow France to pull her ches-

(Continued on page 73)

AUTUMN

A Poem

By J. C. Bailey

The tang of frost is in the air,
  And in the woodlands everywhere
Old nature paints with colors bright
  The leaves that soon will take their flight
And form a carpet on the ground
  To catch the nuts that rattle down.

And by the brookside flowers nod,
  The aster and the goldenrod.
And in the orchard, ripe and red,
  Hang high the apples overhead
To fill the farmer's spacious bin,
  For winter's use he'll gather in.

In the brown fields the pumpkins lay;
  The corn is cut and stored away,
And from the hayloft comes the scent
  Of fragrant hay with perfume pent.
And all these things fill us with cheer,
  For now we know that autumn's here.

THE LIFE OF A CUB REPORTER

A Sketch

By J. M. McKnight

IT WAS five minutes of twelve, and Freddie Jones, the new cub reporter of the *Morning Star*, with which he had been connected only a month, was yet several blocks from the editorial rooms. He lengthened his stride and quickened his pace as he glanced at his watch, knowing that he must not under any circumstances be late for council—the daily round table discussion between the editors and reporters. It is at this council that the town is reviewed mentally from every standpoint to find out what is or should be going on today, and what probable happenings of the day are of interest to the reading public. After scanning the situation thoroughly, the managing editor or city editor, as he is sometimes called, picks out a dozen or more attractive subjects and assigns them to the respective reporters. In addition to this they have a regular beat of daily calls which they make perfunctorily, even though they pick up no news from them.

"I wonder what's on schedule for today," thought Freddie as he opened the screen door and mounted the stairs to the reportorial rooms.

"If the city is as bare of news as my mind is of thoughts at present, the *Star* may come out tomorrow in abbreviated form," he mused, as he wound his way through the composing room to the editor's office, where council would be held.

Seated in the editor's big arm chair and perusing the *Morning Star* leisurely was J. Dash Rush, the fast, reliable and experienced reporter of the *Star,* though scarcely thirty years of age. It was his custom to come to the office early, seat himself in the editor's chair and peruse the other dailies of the State with whom the paper exchanged. This custom was probably the personification of an ambition of Rush, who was true to his name when it came to speed, to some day occupy Hudson's chair, for he was editor, in an official capacity.

"How is it, Freddie? Guess you have heard of it by now," broke in Rush as his face took on a serious aspect.

"Heard of what?" inquired Freddie in surprise.

"Of the scoop you made last night."

"What scoop?" asked Freddie in astonishment.

"Two policemen were killed last night and you missed the story."

"Two policemen killed! When? Where? I checked up at the city hall last night the last thing before going home."

"Lieutenant Brown and First Sergeant Smith were shot on the Square shortly after midnight last night," said Rush as his face assumed ever graver proportions.

"The *Evening Times* has already got the story now and are going to feature it this afternoon."

"And you didn't hear anything of it either?" queried Freddie.

"Nope, wasn't looking for it. It was on your route."

"Does Hudson know of it?" asked Freddie, becoming desperately frantic and staring at Rush, who offered no sympathy.

"Does he! You should have seen him half an hour ago up the street."

"What did he say?"

"What didn't he say would be better," continued Rush, beginning to smile. "He was raising the dickens."

Now, Rush, perceiving that Freddie had been tortured enough, broke into a hearty

laugh and said, "No, I was just kidding you. It didn't happen."

By this time the other members of the force arrived and the editor, after scanning the situation, began his assignments. Freddie was still nervous and uncomfortable from his previous excitement. He took down his assignments and departed with relief, determined to get even with Rush some day.

It was twelve-thirty when the reportorial force filed out of the office. After lunching, they scattered themselves into their respective territories.

Freddie's first stop is the Hotel Imperial, where as usual he is told that everything is quiet, but is reassured by the desk clerk that something exciting will be forthcoming tomorrow, even if he himself has to stage a round or two between a couple of the porters.

At the city hall he secures the records of the morning session of police court, the disposition of each case and records of any arrests since court.

He saunters in and out the long row of offices, obtaining the list of building permits, the condition of the city streets and improvements planned, the city clerk's announcements of taxes due, the health officer's reports and other reports of less importance.

He drops by the fire department to be sure no great conflagration has occurred during the morning hours while he was sleeping. From there he goes to the magistrate's office, where he obtains the record of the crimes throughout the county, and, if necessary, sits through the trials and preliminary hearings.

He stops at the Travelers' Aid and Salvation Army Citadel and interviews the ensign to see if any notable human interest stories have developed.

As he wends his way through his route, he stops occasionally at new places to procure the information desired in his special assignments.

As the afternoon waxes late, he continues his route through several more hotels, the railroad offices, undertaking establishments, American Legion, Red Cross, and a number of civic organizations, such as the Rotary, Kiwanis and Lions Clubs. From some, he secures valuable news items, while from others, nothing at all. But all have to be seen daily, as he cannot tell at which one of these points something new and startling will break out.

After supper, Freddie was sitting before his typewriter, knocking away contentedly, transferring his notes, thoughts and ideas into readable stories, when the editor rushed in at 8:30 p. m. and told him that a big wreck had occurred on the L. & W. lines at the first overhead bridge going out of the city.

"Run over there, Freddie, and stay till you get the whole story."

Freddie slung on his hat and coat and rushed out of the office and a quarter of a mile down the track to the scene of confusion. He edged himself into the inner ring, where a big gasoline tank was overturned, ripped and punctured, and spurting gas out at the rate of 20 gallons per minute. He rushed from the engineer to the brakeman, then to the superintendent of the wrecking crew and back to the division manager until he found out who was hurt, how, why, and when it happened, whose fault it was, if any one's, how long before the wreckage would be cleared up, etc. He also noted the caution observed in removing the tank of combustible fluid.

He glanced at his watch. It was nearly eleven p. m. He had been gone nearly two hours and a half, but he had the story, and a good one, too.

In a short while he is back at his typewriter, where he gives play to pent-up excitement and produces an interesting news story for the morning paper, for which he receives commendation at the hands of the editor.

After writing all the articles he had picked up during the day, he started for home just as the clock struck twelve-thirty. But, before

going, Freddie stopped by the police station and interviewed all the officers to be sure that no murder story escaped his attention, and also to be doubly prepared for any future yarns his companion reporter might weave overnight.

———o———

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS

A Story

By A. Nut

EVER SINCE Tim Rodman had been old enough to know the meaning of the word, even before he began to pretend toward any knowledge of the institution, he had looked upon marriage as somewhat of a paradise, as a veritable heaven on earth, in fact. As he became older, and could look somewhat into the future at the trials and troubles which awaited him, he regarded marriage as a haven of refuge from all wordly cares.

Just one moment now, I pray you, gentle reader, do not censure Tim too harshly. Before you pronounce him fool, idiot, feeble-minded and unbalanced, hear his story. Think back upon the days when *you* were "sweet sixteen" or "chivalrous twenty;" remember the rapturous thrills that coursed through you, and the amorous sighs that escaped your lips, and be not too hard on this young man. He, poor fellow, had to learn his lesson from hard experience, so let not us, who have been more successful, throw mud at the ruins of his foolish dream.

Now Tim, it must be remembered, lived during "the flapper age," which, by the way, is no hundred years in the past. Finishing college when he was nineteen, he had not fully passed through the "puppy love" stage before the cares and responsibilities of manhood were thrust upon him. Naturally, then, as he assumed the other necessary accompaniments of the life of an adult, he thought that Cupid, too, must not be neglected. To us of the older generation who can see the younger set from an altogether impartial standpoint, it would seem that he should certainly have had discretion enough to guard himself from the wiles of the vampire. Instead, however, he seemed to invite the attacks of these awful creatures; to welcome them, and really to revel in their absurd coquetries—is the word too tame?—and in their repartee. They played him as an angler does a trout, and he, unlike the trout, was not caught, simply because the hook was removed from his gullible gills just in time to save him.

Thus affairs went along for some time. Tim was rather popular, and probably I am a little unjust in saying that he was invariably "the fish." No doubt it was just as often the other way 'round—but what is a poor biographer to do when he hears so many different tales about one thing? Had I gone entirely by the reports which I received from either side of this affair my feeble account would have been far different from what it is. But, relying somewhat on his report, I must count a few scalps to his credit, and on the other hand I must give the fair sex their due. One thing at least I do know: There was a flashing little brunette whom Tim, having "played with to his satisfaction and finally set her little heart going pit-a-pat," dispensed with entirely; checked her off as it were; entered her name on the casualty list and counted her among the slain. To put it in his own significant phraseology, she had "flapped" once too often, and having been over fond of his particular brand of "fish food," had paid the price. You see how it was—Tim had been using her simply to pass the time away, while his real girl was out of town. He had "never liked brunettes,

somehow." "Too independent and self-satisfied, don't you know! Tried to make it appear that they never cared a straw whether the male sex lived or died, while, as a matter of fact, the welfare of that especial class was their chief concern."

Now when the "real girl" came back—a languid, bobbed-haired, peroxide blonde, you know—poor Tim "fell" all over again. His old ideas of married life came back, his pictures of a cozy bungalow, with a delicate, sweet bit of soft humanity flitting about with the sole object of making *his* life happy. The dear boy, carried away as he was with his passion, could not keep it to himself. He must tell her—and then, of course, they talked together as young things do. They spoke of soul love and of matches divinely made, though really, I must admit, where either received the inspiration I cannot see. To us all this may seem foolish, certainly unnecessary to say the least, but—why *can't* old folks remember their youth?

Those "tender days of sweet courtship" passed, and they were as fatal to poor Tim as would have been a sip like Faust's from the potion of Mephistopheles. When spring came they could resist no longer. Dreams so often unfolded, plans so oft discussed, neared their consummation. It was to be quite a romantic affair. They were to meet in the rose garden at 9:30 p. m. Tim's red racer would carry them to the parsonage immediately, and thence they would hasten to the country home of Tim's family for the honeymoon.

It was done! Pardon me if I go into detail no further than to say that our friends were the victims of only one blowout on the trip, for this part of their young lives is too sacred for profane eyes to look upon. All was well for a while at least. Tim had his last month's salary (he sold shoes at the "Newark"), and as far as he could see no bumps or roughs interrupted the smooth contour of the matrimonial road. The "old folks," having recovered from the first shock of their son's lowered social position, embraced the dear little blonde with clinging arms and showered upon her the tears of parental anguish and love.

They kept house from the first. (They thought it *so much better* to be alone with themselves), and certainly, judging from all appearances, for a time at least, nothing could have been more pleasant. They lived on love and salad, kisses and cakes; and the only wonder is that the excess diet of sweets did not have its effect sooner. But as all illusions must pass, so did this. It had progressed for about twenty-five days when, one morning the maid failed to appear according to her threat. Oh! the wretched creature. The unhappiness and heart break she precipitated, all because she could not wait six days more when Tim's pay check was due. When the discovery that they were servant-less was made it was too late for Lucy to prepare Tim's breakfast before he went to work, so she did the next best thing—kissed him and pouted that she "knew it wasn't his fault, but it did seem if he loved her so much he would have provided better for her."

The next servant they secured seemed to have a chronic case of non-appearance on certain mornings, and strange to say, on these days Lucy found herself confined to bed by a sick headache or some such serious ailment. Tim stood it like a man; he never murmured. He took his daily nourishment of kisses and assured Lucy that it was his full and unmerited reward for any little thing and everything he had ever done. But he couldn't last always and the strain began to tell. Cafe fare did not entirely agree with him, and somehow the tender welcome and utter oblivion to worldly affairs which he had expected and deemed his just compensation were lacking;

(Continued on page 73)

TWENTY

A Poem

By R. H. Hodges

Alone,
By the sea
Which roared and
Thundered 'gainst the
Adamantine walls of man,
We sat in the moonlight.

The moon gleamed down in soft, airy light,
Revealing to me waving tendrils of brown which
Now seemed formed of exquisite gold.
And dark soulful eyes full of tender feeling
And all the emotions of an overflowing heart
Seemed to caress with an embrace of love.

I placed my arm around her and she was near;
Tomorrow we would part and only the gods of
Chance could tell whether we would ever meet
Again in the wonderful light and captivating
Beauty of a full Southern moon.

A surge of passion and unreasoning rebellion
Swept through me. Why leave home and hope and
Love for pride and ambition to do and dare and
Make a name on some distant soil?
Why cast away all that is most dear for
Doubt and loneliness and toil and fear
Of the great unknown world and all it owns?

But in my heart, ringing loud and clear,
I heard the challenge of the twentieth year.
"Young man the world is yours." All men seem
To murmur and nature seems to sing. "All
Strength and Life and Power are of youth;
For Youth is a wonderful thing. Such work
And deeds and things to do will make the old
World ring. When the power of youth is
Applied, oh, Youth is a wonderful thing."

We sat together in the moonlight.
The challenge came to me. I
Turned to my mother and
Kissed her, and together
We left the
Sea.

ZACK AND THE MUD

A Sketch

By S. J. McCoy

IT IS QUITE a common thing to hear people who are so unfortunate as to have spent their whole lives among the hills express their utter contempt for the low country. They see nothing benefical in the Coastal Plain; to them it is merely a section of the country that was so unfortunate as to have had all of its red-clay hills washed away and to have in their stead swamps to supply an enormous supply of malaria-spreading mosquitoes. But as one passes from the Piedmont belt to the Coastal Plain he finds there many advantages and many sources of enjoyment that are scarcely seen among the hills. Among these are the ample fishing grounds of the low country.

The lakes of this region are not large; in fact, most of them are little more than mere wide places in the creek. The size of the lakes does not affect, in the least, the fisherman's love of them and of the fishing sport. Again, although the fish are very numerous, those caught in these lakes are usually very small. This, however, is another fact that does not decrease a fisherman's love for the sport. Since the big ones are always the ones that are missed, nobody will admit that these lakes do not contain fish "as large as you want 'em."

It is just in line with this that a very keen competition arises between the lovers of the fishing sport. There is a race on continually among them and many unique and exciting stories get into circulation from these fishermen's narratives of their own experiences. What follows is an attempt to reproduce one of these stories.

The sun, filling the whole western sky with its golden splendor, was just drawing its last quarter into hiding as it proclaimed the end of another long, hot and dry July day. As Zack Robinson quickly proceeded up the walk to his dwelling he was struck by the splendor of the sunset. He stopped, turned and stood gazing upon the beauty which seemed to be spread out over his lots and outhouses and the fields and woods of his little farm. But how unusual that he should be standing there before sunset! For the eighteen months which had elapsed since he moved from town and took charge of his little farm, he had been kept busy trying to develop it and get it in condition to be profitable. Consequently, only a few times had he been able to enjoy the sport in which he found most fun and enment—fishing. But now he had caught up with his work for a while and since there were in the neighborhood some of the very finest fishing grounds, he had resolved to spend the next day in real enjoyment. It was not a fisherman's business to stand and gaze at the sunset, however, and when he had given one more glance through the lot and around the place, he turned again and walked quickly to the house.

He had procured his bait during the afternoon and to complete his preparation he must get his canes assorted, see that his lines were good and have ready an ample supply of sinkers, floats, and hooks. Every year there had existed in the community a race among the fishermen, the winner being the one who caught more fish or a larger one than any of his competitors should catch. It had long been Zack's desire to catch the biggest fish, and it was with this end in view that he assorted his equipment very carefully. For half an hour he stood whipping canes through the air, testing their strength by bending them, examining his lines and assuring himself that he had as many hooks of as many different

sizes as he needed. This was to be no half-way job with him, so even after he had eaten supper he came again to the place on the back porch where he had left his equipment and made a final examination. "That big fish must be mine," he muttered. Wishing to get plenty of sleep before his early start for the lake, he retired shortly after eight-thirty with thoughts of "a day in the swamp" and "the biggest fish of the season" running through his mind.

Suddenly, he seemed to open his eyes and discover the gray light of dawn stealing in through the windows. To one in the clutches of Morpheus, Father Time seems to open his accelerator a few degrees; but even when he had taken this into consideration it was absolutely incredible to Zack that he had been sleeping eight hours. Surely it had not been more than an hour since Zack left his canes, and he was certain that he had been asleep only a little more than thirty minutes. But it must have been daybreak, so in an extraordinarily short time, "Old Barney" was swiftly winding his way through the woods and over the sand hills towards the swamp, followed very closely by a buggy from which projected a half dozen fishing canes and in which Zack sat, occasionally extending to Barney a request to go a bit faster.

Zack's favorite lake in this section of the country was Pee Dee, a lake which was on the first creek of the swamp and was not, therefore, separated from the fields by a very extensive area of marsh. Thus only a few minutes elapsed while Zack was tying Barney to a tree and getting down to the water's edge. The hollow sound of his paddle, as he bailed the water out of his boat, united with the occasional chirps from the tree tops, to break the dull calm and silence of the gray morning light. His equipment was all that he needed, and very soon he was on the water with his canes projecting from the boat and with his mind free from all toil and care.

For two hours Zack fished up and down the lake. Nothing would bite in deep water—he had tried them upstream and down stream—and he was forced to fish on the edge and be content with a few little "Chubs" and "Mollies." Was he going back home without that big fish? Fearing just such a disgrace, he moved down once more to a place near the foot of the lake. Here he had never known fish to be lacking, and it was here that Bob Wheeler had caught that six-pound Mud just two weeks earlier. Zack was very careful to anchor his boat on a log and get everything ready for a big haul.

This time he was not disappointed. Before he had fished very long he noticed one of his corks moving and his nerves were actually on edge when it suddenly stopped. Then it was carried further and Zack knew that, be it big or little, a Mud had a hold on his bait. A little tightening of the line expelled all doubt from Zack's mind, for with one big lunge a Mud that must have weighed eight pounds darted off through the water, jerking the boat off the log with the first effort and showing Zack that the prize would be his only after he had worked for it. Revealing the characteristics of an experienced fisherman, he proceeded to keep a firm hold on his cane and to defeat the contender by letting him tire himself out. For about a minute the big fish kept up his fight, and the swish! swish! of the line cutting through the water could be heard as the Mud dashed back and forth, only to be stopped each time by the strong line and cane and the resolute hand of the fisherman. After a minute or so the fight seemed to be closing and Zack began to bring his catch to the surface; but this time, as well as in several similar attempts, the fight was resumed with fresh vigor and he was forced to hold his own for a while. Finally, however, the fisherman conquered and the object of the fight was brought to the surface and out into the air.

Probably no moment in Zack's life had been

happier than the one during which he sat and gazed upon that object of his struggle, suspended in mid-air. It was really pleasant to behold the prettiest and largest fish he had ever seen as it came from its dwelling place, giving occasionally a weak wiggle. He again estimated its weight at eight pounds.

To repeat, this was Zack's happiest moment. But just as the dream of his life was about to be realized, just as he extended his hand and was about to touch the scales of the "biggest fish of the season"—he turned over and woke up.

TAMEOR TIMUR, THE RANI

A Story

By P. M. Camak

IN A small village in the southeastern part of Russia lived Tameor Timur, the last of the great, historic Timurs, who swept Persia and India into subjection with their mighty armies. She was a descendant of the conquering Tartar race, and she revealed this through her beauty and personality.

In this small hamlet she was worshiped by many gallant youths. On any summer evening she could be seen going about her house work or helping her old uncle with whom she lived, or seated upon the doorstep listening to the ponderous love syllables of her admirers.

Tameor was indeed beautiful; she was an excellent representative of her proud peoples with her black, straight hair, flashing black eyes, small shapely nose and lips any queen would covet. She was of medium height, and portrayed the form of an outdoor girl who was accustomed to watching the sheep as they grazed upon the grassy hillside. She was a living picture as she stood arrayed in a flaming blouse of many colors, a black and orange striped skirt and short, black boots that flashed the defiance of her race.

Late one evening as she watched her sheep, Tameor saw riding on a large, black horse, across the brow of the hill which lay just out from the village, a very handsome young man who possessed the looks of a gypsy. "A gypsy he must be," she thought. "Yes, a gypsy."

"I see your sheep are asleep at this hour," he said as he descended from his horse and approached her.

"Yes, asleep," she answered.

"Do you live near by, my maid?"

"In the little village, my gypsy chief."

"Yes, it is a little, unwholesome village, I must say," he murmured.

"The gypsy does not like my home, no?"

"No, I and my race love the open."

"It is growing chilly and night is near; mount behind me and let's move on toward our camp."

"But I am not going with you, dog," she flung back at him.

"Oh, you are not!" he said as he seized her, mounting his horse as he did so and placing her upon the horn of the saddle.

In her outdoor strength she was more nearly a match for him than he thought, and he had great difficulty in holding her upon the horse. Once he nearly lost control of the animal in the struggle. But at last he had her and his steed under perfect control, and rode away to his camp.

In the small encampment that was situated many miles from the village was much talk and confusion concerning Kasta, the chief, and his bringing the maid to be their rani. Some of the older men and women were opposed to the young chief's selection of a foreign bride, while many of the younger

groups were very proud of the addition he had made to the tribe, for they thought her very beautiful.

Kasta did not expose Tameor to the people but gave her a very comfortable and expensive tent which he pitched beside his.

Not long after she found herself situated, Tameor asked of him, "Kasta, what do you intend doing with me, now that you have me in your possession?"

"Rani, you shall dwell with me eleven days; if in that time no Tartar lover comes to fight me for the obtaining of you, and you have learned to love me, you shall remain as my rani. I, a gypsy, love you, a Tartar woman, for you are very beautiful and a woman."

"But I do not love you, and besides Jaka will come and fight for me since you have sent him word of my capture. I, nevertheless, must confess you are honest and bold in your dealings with me."

"Yes, I sent him word just two minutes ago. I will be in yonder clearing on top of the distant hill every evening; there he may find me to fight for the possession of you. If he loves you he will come within eleven days."

"He will be on the hill tomorrow evening; do not worry, my manush," she answered impetuously.

"I hope so, Tameor, if I may call you by that name, for I want to fight with him very much—the gypsy is not afraid of a dirk."

It had been many hours since their conversation, and now Tameor was watching with strained eyes the distant horizon in hope of seeing Jaka; but no living creature approached —and this was the second evening. She was heavy of heart and possessed a discouraged soul. "Had her lover forsaken her in this trying hour?" "No! he could not, he would come tomorrow."

Upon the sixth evening, seeing no one was near, Kasta approached her as she sat contemplating, weary in mind and body. "My rani," he whispered softly as he sat down beside her, "have you not just a little love in your big heart for me, a worshiper and admirer of your every deed?"

"I must admit, proud, yet humble chief, you are a bold, brave, honest man in spite of your blood."

"I will try to be, Tameor, I will try to be," he managed to murmur, as he walked away with bowed head and an humble heart, bent in reverence for such a trusting and loving woman, although her love was for another man—Jaka.

Tameor watched her would-be rai very closely during the next few days to find, if she could, some ignoble quality about him. But she always found him a man, with a great and noble heart.

"He is a man," she whispered. "A strong, romantic man."

Late in the evening of the eleventh and last day as she watched with strained eyes the white road that wound itself over the valleys

(Continued on page 74)

THE ESCHEWED PAST

A Poem

By W. K. Child

We look back o'er the grey-dimmed past
  With eyes that now do see,
The things that from us we did cast
  Beyond recovery.
Why did we do the things we did
  When they torment us so?
Why did we open up the lid
  And taste of things so low?
We knew not then that our plan
  Would make us men tomorrow.
We thought not of the kind of man
  Who adds to others' sorrow.
But what is done is o'er forever
  And worry now is vain;
So from our pasts just let us sever,
  And once more play the game.

SIGHTS FROM A FERRIS WHEEL

A Sketch

By W. K. Wynn

A MAN whose vocation permits of no diversion is a slave. Whether he be a millionaire or a pauper, a President or a laborer; if the President's chair permits of no diversion other than the duties prescribed to a President, and a laborer's job none other than the duties of a laborer, then they, at least, have one thing in common—serfdom. Emancipation of this type of thraldom has, to a large extent, been declared. There are very few Scrooges in this day and time. People, as a whole, have come to the realization that recreation means happiness, and that happiness is more to be desired than wealth. Hence, various forms of recreation are becoming more and more popular. Each group of persons has its own idea as to a satisfactory definition for the word recreation. It has always been interesting to me to see, by their actions, just what definition each group gives to the word. During the summer months, when the oppressive heat makes all places which are surrounded by four walls unwelcome, people find more and more time for their favorite diversions. By far the largest number seek the baseball field. A smaller number seek the swimming pools; and a few seek the great out-of-doors, so that they may compare their progress with the progress of God's other handiwork. So, throughout the seasons, man seeks his most enjoyable form of recreation. However, there is one week during the year that all eyes seem to be focused on the same form of enjoyment. There is, during this time, a common interest shown by the weak, the strong, the poor, the rich, the white, the black, the red and the yellow. They all vote AYE when the first week in November comes and brings with it the question of attending the county fair.

Before I was aware of what had me, I found myself caught in the current of human beings which flowed to the gates of the fair grounds. After screwing and weaving myself among the crowd, I at last found the goal of my search—the ferris wheel. I considered this the only method of getting above the din and the confusion which surrounded me. After purchasing my ticket I climbed into my chair, which seemed to dangle precariously from the circumference of that huge steel circle. After a few protesting puffs from the gasoline engine I found myself rising out of the motley crowd, which now took on a totally different aspect. Of all positions in my circular path, I was partial to one. At the uppermost point of the wheel I could command a view of the surrounding country, as well as every corner of the fair grounds. When the wheel began its second revolution, and I was at this lofty position, the heart of the ferris wheel ceased to function. A needless fear seized me at first, but was soon dispelled when I saw with the eye of a bird all the interesting proceedings within the fair grounds.

It was dusk. A kind of awe filled me as I sat there suspended between heaven and earth. A few faint rays of light in the west, and the still fainter rays of starlight in the east gave a stillness and a softness to the scene along the horizon, which was interrupted only by the gentle oscillation of the tree tops as they nodded before a light, cool breeze. I looked at my feet and drew the comparison. There, massed together like a hive of bees, was another work of God. The quiet landscape in the west seemed all in unison; the landscape at my feet seemed all in confusion. There mounted upward from that confused mass a ceaseless murmur from thousands of voices,

with an occasional inarticulate yell rising above the murmuring. The blowing of tin horns; the shrill notes made by compressed air liberating itself through countless whistles attached to inflated rubber tubes; the steady beating of a large drum in one of the tents; the click of the ratchets on the wheels of fortune, as they were busily engaged in separating the lucky from the luckless; the bleating of sheep, and the lowing of cattle; the crowing of fowls, and the quacking of ducks, which were bewildered at the unusual surroundings, and knew no better way of expressing their bewilderment; the belching forth of steam as each discordant note issued from an old steam piano; all these sounds rose from the confusion at my feet, and in rising failed to unite, but affected my ear-drum in much the same way that unblending colors affect the eye.

The Pool of Siloam and the Fountain of Youth loom up before my mental eye as I see coming in at the entrance to the fair, the weak, the old, and the cripple, all hobbling along with the strong and the young. I look again at the mass at my feet. Where have the old and the cripple gone? I see there below me none but those whose veins seem filled with youth and vigor. Surely this restless, surging, human stream contains no balm for their pains. I look more closely. I see a man in front of one tent calling to the crowd by means of a megaphone. While his left hand holds the megaphone his right hand is going through all kinds of nonsensical gesticulations. He constantly points to the entrance of his tent, and as he is gifted with unusually strong lungs, he has succeeded in arresting the attention of a number of people. His audience look up at him with eyes filled with expectation; they scarcely move as they listened to his promises concerning the prodigies which his tent contains. His talk is finished. The crowd disperses, yet a goodly number turn toward the entrance on which he had laid so much emphasis. He stands eying them with approval as they purchase their tickets. He now looks upon his words as seed sown in good ground, and prepares for the second sowing. The mass, who did not heed his words, allow themselves to be caught by the current again and swept for a distance until they come to another platform speaker, who declares equally as vociferously of the wonders concealed in his tent. This drifting class of persons constitute by far the largest group. They seem to be those who have just arrived and who are examining the playgrounds before they start to play. They are the investigating group.

I see another class of people among the conglomerate. I call them the tantalizing group. I follow them with my eye as they go up and down the crowd. This group is composed chiefly of very young people and children. Their chief delight seems to be in hitting others with rubber balls fastened to rubber strings which retrieve the balls as soon as they have accomplished their tantalizing tasks. Others of this group seem to find great delight in dangling huge, black, mechanical spiders before the eyes of unsuspecting persons. This tantalizing group weave themselves in and out among the crowd with a certain amount of dexterity which the others do not seem to possess. They pay no attention to the shows or the other places of interest. Their sole attention is given to the investigating group; for the tantalizers find it easy to play their pranks on these people as they are absorbed in one of their lecture courses. This group looks exactly like several horse-flies as they fly around the head of their victim, striking here and there, but never where the horse suspects.

From my lofty position I was not long in finding another distinct group. This class is larger than the tantalizing group, but not as large as the investigating group. It is that group which finds chief delight in the thrill which comes through taking a chance. Perhaps a suitable name for them is the speculating group. This group is crowding around

every wheel of fortune, every ring-the-pin, and every ball-and-barrel tent. As the wheels of fortune click off their decisions every eye is trained on them, every nerve tense, but at the last click every hand, except one, relaxes its grip on the ticket; that hand is thrown in the air with a wave of triumph; for Dame Fortune has smiled upon it. The mere fact that ninety-nine out of a hundred gain nothing seems but to stimulate their desire to try again. This they do with the same result. Now a few of the luckless ones are leaving the wheels of fortune and turning to more compensative forms of speculations. Some go to the rings and others to the barrels. As this group continues to try to find favor in the eyes of Dame Fortune, the investigating group look on and laugh at the futile attempts of those who are trying to win when they are just plain unlucky.

I had lost all thought of my unusual position when I felt myself suddenly drop. Instinctively I grasped the sides of my seat before I collected my thoughts enough to realize that the motor had again been induced to run. Therefore I was abruptly carried away from my reverie and let down to earth, where I heard several occupants complaining for having been suspended in mid-air for such a long period of time. I found myself wishing that the motor had been contrary for a longer period of time. I felt certain that this was the only thing which kept me from singling out a fourth group. When my chair was at its lowest point I was assisted to the ground by a man who apologized for having kept me out of my element for such a long time. I assured him that I had thoroughly enjoyed it; he smiled at the idea. I stepped out into that living, surging mass, to be classified by others who might have the good fortune to purchase a ticket when the heart of the ferris wheel was again indisposed.

NOVEMBER

A Poem

By E. H. Gregg

At last the Queen of Fall is here,
  Attended by her train
Of smiling skies and balmy air,
  The charms of Nature's reign.

In early morn the blue-jay flings
  His saucy, piercing call,
While to a bending twig he clings
  And tells his joy to all.

The brooklet sings a merrier song,
  As down the hill he bounds,
And babbles while he sweeps along
  With merry, playful sounds.

The brown nuts hang in clustered heaps,
  Or scattered o'er the ground,
Where, covered deep in leafy keeps,
  They snugly nestle down.

The nimble squirrel leaps and plays
  And swings from tree to tree;
For him November woods and days
  Are full of fun and glee.

How slowly winds the river broad!
  A dark and snake-like thread,
Upon whose bosom floats a horde
  Of leaves dyed gold and red.

The air is filled with incense sweet,
  Blown from November's breast,
That seems the very soul to greet
  And gives the mind new zest.

In evenings when the sun is warm,
  Let skeptics take their way
To wood and stream where Nature's charm
  Holds undisputed sway!

Wofford College Journal
Established 1889

STAFF
Editor-in-Chief—R. H. Hodges
Business Manager—M. B. Wilson
Literary Editor—J. E. Sprott
Literary Editor—A. F. Graham
Literary Editor—M. L. Meadors
Exchange Editor—J. M. Bailey
Circulation Manager—W. S. Hoole
Advertising Manager—A. H. Stokes

Entered at the postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as second-class matter.
The Wofford College Journal is published seven times a year, on the fifteenth of the month, by the Student Body.
Subscription per year, $1.25; single copy, 20c.

EDITORIALS

The Journal

From the slough of despair, the Editor is beginning to look upon the world again with a ray of hope. Two days before time to send THE JOURNAL to press, the Editor had enough material in sight to publish about a fourth of a JOURNAL—and now THE JOURNAL is out! That's what we call a real come-back in the last half of the fourth quarter. Stick in there and fight, Wofford, and we'll come out on top when the last whistle blows!

In our first issue for this year, we lamented the fact that we were short of poetry; and, behold! the "Sketch-Poem" number of THE JOURNAL. In this issue, we feel safe in asserting, is more poetry—or if you are inclined to exact thinking, more attempts at poetry—than has ever appeared in any issue of THE JOURNAL since the present Senior class has been in school. Keep up the good work, fellows!

There is something, however, the Editor would mention to the under-classmen. Did you notice that two-thirds of the material in our first issue was written by men of the class of '24? This time, including the exchanges, Seniors have written fully half of THE JOURNAL. That looks pretty bad, fellows; for you must publish THE JOURNAL next year. Get your experience now and make the other men in your classes, who are capable, do some writing, too. THE JOURNAL of 1924-25 is up to you!

One more word to writers of the three lower classes: When you attempt to write anything for THE JOURNAL, take some simple subject, something you know, something you have experienced; don't give us a rehash of half-a-dozen wild and woolly movies. Flights of the imagination are all right and desirable—but be *sure* nobody knows more about what you are writing than you do.

The Journal Contest

We have received several letters concerning our Poetry and Short Story Contest from different high schools in the State, and we are hoping for a great deal of interest and rivalry among the various high schools. *The Herald* gave the contest a write-up and *The State* reprinted our announcement; also, following a School Directory of South Carolina, we mailed copies of THE JOURNAL to the accredited high schools in our State. It would help, too, fellows, if you mentioned our contest in your letters home. We want to make this a *real* contest, flood the Contest Editors with material, and show South Carolina what her high school students can do!

We are expecting the teachers of English to put this contest before their pupils; after a little experience with college students, we feel sure the professor in high school will welcome any effort to stimulate interest in our mother tongue.

I received a letter asking if stories or poems that had appeared in the high school magazines were eligible for the contest. The Staff requires only that the author be a present, undergraduate student in the high school; it is immaterial to us whether the story or poem has been printed before or not.

The rules of the contest are reprinted on page 67.

Local Color

Some, being prone to defame the rising generation, assert that they have no deep and abiding interest in anything; that their knowledge and insights are superficial; in short, that lacking interest, they study nothing of their own free will and accord. To all such critics we tell you nay; you know not whereof you speak.

And in substantiating our assertion, we would offer many instances. Take for example the young man who studies football for four whole years. Witness what wisdom at the end of that time is his! How well he knows the game; how well he understands how each play should be made; what a wonderful player, in theory, he is—especially if he has spent his four years on the side lines! And take the young man who spends his time collecting a limitless stock of by-words; is not such persistence wonderful? Or take the boy who spends his time perfecting his game of pool; should not such assiduity be rewarded? Or take about ninety-nine and forty-four one-hundredths per cent. of the male members of the genus homo; where are they to be found on Sunday mornings—save, of course, those who are still in the arms of Morpheus? Where? How simple; why, out promenading the streets, ah-a-a, studying local color. Is not this a laudable avocation? Why, how many authors and men of note spend great parts of their lives conning local color and use it freely in the pages of their masterpieces? Are not young men to be commended for this valuable evidence of their serious interest in such technical things of life?

The cynic, in his captious way, asseverates that there are other kinds of color than that which tells how localities and trash piles and main streets look. Perhaps there are. Perhaps there is a permanent local color and one of a temporarily permanent character. We have heard young men assert that some color is so local that it is precise. And connoisseurs affirm that some color has a wide range of variability; that it rises at times to the heights, or comes to the front like the warriors of old; or perhaps it recedes until the very territory adjacent to the auditory orifice is threatened, or sinks with fitting humility toward the tooth of wisdom. And critics allege that while some color is permanent through generations and broad as a nation, that other color is temporarily permanent and confines itself to a section of surface about the size of a half-dollar. We trust that these authorities know whereof they speak. Local color is well calculated to reveal the genius of any segment of the race—or the skill of the particular artist.

Artificial color for complexion use, however, has made such wonderful strides in the last decade or two—both in the number of complexions so adorned and in the thickness on each—that it can no longer be opposed for the company it keeps.

We would not throw a monkey-wrench at our civilization. We are living in the first quarter of the twentieth century; and perhaps several tons of cosmetics are necessary to cover the defects of several of our citizens. Who knows? Perhaps we cannot understand the wonderful beauties of local color; for are not the goddesses of magazine covers ineffably wonderful? Have not fair damsels the right to look as lovable, as divine, as they may? Assuredly. We would observe, however, that magazine covers are painted by artists! Unresponsive canvas is the background and the colors are mixed by a master. Witness some of the "artistic" products who walk our streets. That some combinations should be considered beautiful argues a profound perversion of the innate apprehension of beauty.

And consider how detrimental cosmetics are to health. Some scientist has calculated that the average weight of paint on a woman's face—we have observed that weight of complexion increases with age—multiplied by

twenty-five years equals to one *ton* of paint moved a certain distance. How can we expect any girl to preserve that "school girl" complexion against such odds! How can the little girlie expect to be healthy when she suffocates the helpless little pores on her face? Should we appeal to common sense—the most uncommon kind we have yet seen—we fear the verdict might be somthing like this: "Can a rose or a lily be improved by pigment?" Hideous is a rather strong word, but I think it may well be applied to a woman of fifty who is so colored as to make it really difficult to tell whether she be Mongolian or Malay or Caucasian. And what of the girl of eighteen or twenty? Why, she, bless her heart, looks good in *spite* of any meretricious color. But perhaps it would be well for her to consider herself thirty or forty years from now. Paint may be a mere vagary of style or it may indicate a trait of character. In the first case, we object because it is ugly. Who prefers a wax flower? The girl who loves the woods and the streams and the great outdoors needs nothing artificial to make her cheeks glow. We of the South are simply yielding to example and buying what nature will give freely and without cost—and add priceless treasures besides. If the latter reason prevails, we paint simply because we are rebels and unwilling to accede to the decrees of nature. It is a great good fortune to see a real character who is himself and content in himself in spite of passing life or vicissitudes of chance. The girl of twenty does not need any artificial color; and when she does need paint, it is simply a confession of ill health or dissipation.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

J. M. Bailey, *Editor*

The Kentucky Cardinal

The Kentucky Cardinal is well prepared and shows that it is under capable managers. The stories, poems, editorials, jokes and social items form a mass of material which should make the publication popular, not only with the students but with the alumnae as well. I think, however, that by adding more fiction its popularity would be increased. The two stories, "Chaperoning Mother" and "Out of the Storm," deserve special mention. Both show an orderly development. The attention of the reader is held until the last, when the climax is reached without difficulty. In both, the heroines, if I may call them such, are typical modern girls. They are not types of the vampish and foolish flapper, but the sensible and considerate girl of today.

The poems are all good. The rhyme and meter of each show that the authors are skilled in the art of writing verse. I believe that constant practice and study would make of them poets of no mean ability. J. M. B.

The Chronicle

In glancing through *The Chronicle,* from Clemson College, we cannot help noticing that it is chuck-full of poetry. We had about come to the conclusion that men had left the writing of poetry to women, but it seems that the Clemson boys can "lisp in numbers," too. Among the poems that deserve notice are "End of Day" and "A Plea," by R. H. Smith; "A Prayer," by J. C. Hull, and "The Ole Swimmin' Hole," by E. D. Plowmen. "The Ole Swimmin' Hole" is very good indeed. The story, "The Ghost Who Smashed Windows," is very interesting. The author shows that he knows how to construct a short story, in that he holds the reader in suspense until the last. The essay, "What Is Our Chief Aim in College?" strikes a note of warning to all of us. Although somewhat short, it is well written and fully developed.

The Chronicle as a whole, however, does not come up to the usual standard of a Clemson College magazine. Many of the sentences are awkwardly constructed, if not unintelligible; words are misspelled; punctuation is bad;

and in the poems little care seems to have been taken with the meter and rime. For instance, we find such sentences as these: "Cleared his throat," "Uncle Lathrop explained how this Jezebel had, with one hand had thrown one stone which smashed the window and with the other hand at the same time another stone across the floor," and "His keen eyes roaming about the old room, taking in the polished top of the piano and the broken panes behind it." As to punctuation, commas seem to have been used indiscriminately. At one place commas are used too much and in another place not at all. Seldom do we find a comma used after the word said, or similar word, in such a sentense as this: "No," she said, as she clasped her hands together. But we do see them used in this sentence: "The earth is wrapped in the rest with which, by God, 'tis ever blest." In this last instance the over-use of commas has turned a perfectly innocent phrase into profanity. In the poems we find long rimed with belongs, dear with years, gone with forlorn, fun with plunge, etc. Such atrocious rimes destroys, of course, the rhythm of a poem. There is an excuse for misspelled words, but not for bad punctuation, awkward sentences, and an excessive number of rimes like those above. No magazine can be entirely free from typographical errors, but it can be free from unintelligible sentences. We suggest that the writers for *The Chronicle* spend a little more time on their manuscripts. B. E. E.

The Concept

We read the October number of *The Concept* with a great deal of interest. The prose is, with exception, good and does credit to Converse—but there is not enough of it. We liked "On Being a Room-mate" best. The poetry, as usual, is beyond our understanding—but we did like "To a Little Neighbor." *The Concept* is rather short of reading matter; otherwise, it is a very creditable magazine.

H.

Home of

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES

AND

FLORSHEIM SHOES

Spartanburg's Best Clothing Store

Greenewald's

INCORPORATED

Spartanburg, South Carolina

IF IT BE A READY-MADE WEAR_____ **Kuppenheimer**

If it be a Made-to-Order, It should be made by____ **Ed. V. Price & Co.**
CHICAGO

HARRY PRICE

116 EAST MAIN STREET

The Store for Better Merchandise Spartanburg, S. C.

THE DuPRE

Book Store

THE LARGEST BOOK STORE IN SOUTH CAROLINA

Students Cordially Welcomed

The Collegian

The October issue of the *Collegian,* published by the students of the Presbyterian College, is good, but there is room for improvement. There are several short stories, two poems, an oration, a tribute of respect to a lost companion, and a collection of witty remarks of local interest. "The Minister's Romance" and "When Fortune Smiles" are very good. The former has a good plot, but there is evidence of jerky thought and abrupt expressions. In the latter, the thought is clear and easy-flowing, but the plot is too artificial. In "Comrade" we find a noble tribute to a deceased member of their number. In "America's Peril" one gets an interesting interpretation of the evils of society and their expression in lawlessness and its insidious influence upon the present generation. In "Brownie Makes Good" we find a very interesting story. The simple plot and the simply constructed sentences are very easy to read. A few more good poems would add balance to the magazine.

J. A. B.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED

The Trinity Archive, The Carolinian, The Pine Branch, The Newberry Stylus, The Collegian, The Concept, The Kentucky Cardinal, The Canisius Monthly, The Carolina Magazine, The Furman Echo, The Aurora, The Argus, The Criterion.

AS OTHERS SEE US

The young gentlemen who are directing the destinies of THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL this year are to be congratulated upon the October number of that interesting publication, just off the press. The initial number announces an interesting contest open to the students in all accredited high schools in the State. THE JOURNAL is seeking to stimulate interest in better poetry and better prose among the high school students.—*Spartanburg Herald.*

ANNOUNCEMENT TO HIGH SCHOOLS

IN THE INTEREST of better poetry and prose in the high schools of South Carolina, THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL is offering this year fifty dollars ($50) in prizes to high school students. A first prize of twelve dollars ($12) is offered for the best original short story; a second prize of eight dollars ($8); and a third prize of five dollars ($5) is offered. Like awards will be made for the three best poems. The contest is open to students in all accredited high schools in South Carolina.

THE JOURNAL Contest Editors will select the twelve best short stories; the final judges to decide among these will be Dr. W. L. Pugh and Professor J. W. Harris, of Wofford College, and a member of THE JOURNAL Staff. The Contest Editors will select the twenty best poems; the final judges among these will

Agents for Schloss Bros. & Co. and Adler Collegian Suits and Overcoats.

Boys, make our store your headquarters. We carry a full line of high grade Clothing, Shirts, Neckties, etc.

We Cash Wofford Students' Checks

IT PAYS TO TRADE AT

118 East Main St. Spartanburg

ITS INFLUENCE—

A strong, progressive Bank wields a powerful influence in the business affairs of a community. It is gratifying to know that the aims and efforts of our officers and directors are so generally understood, and so thoroughly appreciated.

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK
U. S. DEPOSITARY

THE ELITE

CANDIES, SODAS

ICE CREAM AND LUNCHES

WELCOME WOFFORD BOYS

MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT

THE ELITE

be Dr. H. N. Snyder, of Wofford College, Dr. Myers, of Converse College, and a member of THE JOURNAL Staff.

The contest will be governed by the following rules, which must be observed:

1. Only one short story and one poem may be submitted by each contestant.

2. Short stories are limited to two thousand words.

3. Manuscripts must be typed or legibly written on one side of the paper.

4. They must be in the hands of the Contest Editor on or before January 10, 1924.

5. Manuscripts must not be accompanied by letters. Inquiries or letters should be sent to the Editor of THE JOURNAL.

6. Manuscripts should contain nothing by which the author may be identified; but attached to each manuscript should be a plain, sealed envelope containing the name and address of the contestant.

7. The receipt of no manuscript can be acknowledged and no manuscript will be returned. Each contestant should, therefore, keep a copy of his manuscript.

8. The three winning short stories and the three winning poems will be published in the February issue of THE JOURNAL. The submission of any manuscript, whether it receives an award or not, gives THE JOURNAL the right to publish the same, wherever and in such manner as it may choose.

9. All manuscripts should be sent to THE JOURNAL Contest Editor, Room 201, Senior Hall, Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.

Loony, Nutty, or Simply a Fool

(Continued from page 45)

"I dunno," drawled Steve.

"Why, boy, I'll bet the old girl thinks right now she is the most *beautiful* thing in town."

Steve blushed.

"I never seen her equal," laughed Roy.

Steve's blush deepened.

"She is just a plain old fool," continued Red.

"You're a *liar,*" exploded Steve. "She is the fin-fin-finest girl I ever knew."

The men were stunned. For a moment they were speechless.

"Boy!" blurted the Squire. "You're an idiot—a crazy, blinking *idiot!* Well, I'll be—

"The father-in-law of Amelia Jones," coolly interrupted Steve.

Yes, some say he is loony, and some say he is nutty, and some say he is simply a fool.

An Old Sweetheart of Mine

(Continued from page 47)

I slipped around to the back of the barn and pulled off a plank. After peeping around for a while, I wedged through the crack and filled both sacks. But when I started to slip out of the barn I discovered that the sacks

Everything in DRUGS, SODA, CIGARS, but especially for

Y—O—U!

Norris Candies, Waterman's and Parker Fountain Pens, Eversharp Pencils, and a select assortment of Stationery.

Yours for Quality and Service,

WILSON'S DRUG STORE

THE REXALL STORE

152 W. Main St. Spartanburg, S. C.

"The Best in Drug Store Service"

FOLLOW THE CROWD TO——

BISHOP'S

Rex Theatre Building

——FOR THE BEST——

Sodas, Ice Cream and Candies

TOILET ARTICLES

KODAK FILMS KODAK FINISHING

Clothiers and Furnishers

To Men Who Care

Agency Society Brand Clothes

MEYERSON'S

The Man's Store

DR. WEBB THOMSON

DR. H. A. FEEMSTER

DENTISTS

Dental Bldg. 153½ N. Church St.

379 N. Church St. Phone 1307-J

PEARSON'S

Between Calhoun and College Streets

A FULL LINE OF SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Also Hot and Cold Lunches, Milk, Cold Drinks, Crackers and Cakes of all kinds.

Wofford Boys Are Always Welcome

would not go through the crack, so I had to kick off two more boards. While I was doing this the old man hurried out to discover the cause of the noise and he caught me red-handed. I managed to get the corn home to Pa, but Veronica wouldn't even think of letting a corn thief be wafted away in her love.

Veronica has taken on much flesh and she is now "the fattest woman in the world," with a prominent road show.

I often thank Pa for making a corn thief out of me; for she couldn't have become so fat without losing most of her affection.

The Unknown Seaman

(Continued from page 42)

pected sight; but realizing that it was a human being like ourselves and evidently in great distress, we dashed our oars into the water and raced towards the ship.

In a few moments we were alongside, and grabbing hold of a stay hanging from the bowsprit, I quickly clambered on board, leaving Arthur behind in the rowboat to prevent its drifting away. As soon as my foot struck the deck, I rushed towards the drooping figure. At the sound of my approach the man raised his head, emitting at the same time a deep sigh mingled with pain and despair. Then I saw the face. Twenty years is a long time, but twenty years have failed to erase from my memory the haunting presence of those features. The figure was tall and gaunt with a slight stoop of the shoulders; the face was long, and of a ghastly paleness; the cheeks were hollowed by hunger and pain; and the cheek bones portruded with hideous prominence. There was a strange, unnatural brightness in the light blue eyes, and the steady, unswerving gaze was that of a death-stricken man; long locks of white hair, streaming with salt water, fell over the broad shoulders; and over the gaunt frame hung a few tattered, spray-soaked rags.

Slowly the poor devil realized the presence of help. For a moment he hung irresolute, gazing straight into my eyes. Not an eyelash quivered. Then, with outstretched arms, he started towards me, reeled, and fell headlong, crying as he fell:

"They got me, damn 'em!"

To tell the truth, the peculiar situation in which I was placed had so shaken me for the moment that I stood as though petrified until aroused to action by the fall of helpless wretch. The parting cry, so full of despair and pathos, drove all fear from my mind. With a single bound I was at his side, and lifting him up gently, I bore him to the side of the ship where the rowboat was waiting. There, I lowered him into Arthur's arms.

Turning from the side of the ship, I rushed towards the cabin to find out whether or not others were on board. As I crossed the deck the ship gave a gentle careen to the left. I held my breath; was she going down? Time was precious! No, she had righted herself! I hurried on to the cabin. As I put my hand on the latch, I noticed numerous dark splotches on the deck around the door and even on the door itself. I looked closely at one of these spots. It was blood. A brooding fear crept over me, and I felt peculiarly alarmed. I listened for some sound but could hear nothing except the regular dashing of the spray against the bulwarks. I tried to call out to Arthur, but something held me back. A strange spell gripped me; and I felt that I was about to be initiated into the secret of one of those awful dramas of the sea. I I raised the latch and threw open the door. There, in the dimly lighted interior, lay the bodies of five dead men. Blood! Dead men! A sea fight! My fancy ran riot. The room was deathly still; not a living thing moved. The silence of death reigned. Again the ship lurched; time was precious.

I fled wildly from the cabin and literally fell into waiting rowboat.

DRINK

IN BOTTLES

Spartanburg Coca-Cola Bottling Co.

SNAPPY FOOTWEAR

For the College Man

Square Toe Effects in Shoes and Oxfords, Dancing Oxfords in Patent and Dull Calf, Silk and Wool and all Silk Socks in the New Shades. : : : : : : :

IF IT'S NEW AND POPULAR, WE HAVE IT

Wright-Scruggs Shoe Co.

"THE SHOE STORE"

"God! It must have been awful. There was evidently a fight, and perhaps,"—I was just saying, when the sailor, huddled in the bottom of the boat, gave a sudden start and cried out:

"Oh, God!—the squint-eyed devils!—look out!—here they come!—they got me!—damn 'em!—Rivers!—Oh!" With a violent effort the wounded man raised up as though to grapple with an imaginary foe. His fingers clutched the vacant air; his eyes glared wildly. He tottered erect.

"Look" cried Arthur.

I looked in the direction of his pointed finger. The shirt of the old sailor had fallen open at the neck, and two hideous, dark gashes were revealed on the broad chest. They were knife stabs.

"My God!" I screamed. "The man's been stabbed to death."

Then, before either of us could prevent him, the death-stricken man plunged over the side of the boat and disappeared beneath the waves. At the spot where he sank a handful of bubbles sprang to the surface, and he was gone.

"Pull!" shouted Arthur. "For God's sake, pull! The ship's sinking!"

I have only a vague remembrance of what happened next. Frantically I dashed my oars into the sea and pulled with all my strength. The rowboat began to surge forward and creep away from the schooner, which was slowly settling down with an ominous, gurgling sound. Arthur yelled something, but I failed to catch what he said. All I knew was to pull, pull, pull. Furiously and madly I bent to the oars for what seemed ages to me. Then I heard Arthur's clear voice ring out: "We're all right now, Jim. Pull in your oars." I ceased rowing and shipped my oars.

"Look at the wreck!" yelled Arthur.

I glanced towards the schooner. Something unusual was taking place. I watched the ship in fascinated awe; she was no longer settling quietly down. With a sudden tilt the bow plunged under and up reared the stern, poising in midair where hung for a moment as if uncertain what move to make next. As at a given signal, the sea appeared to rise upon her with one overwhelming heave of its shining surface, where a smother of angry foam welled up. For several seconds there was a fierce confusion where the ill-fated schooner had gone down; gyrating eddies whirled and spun; spray flew in all directions. Then the commotion ceased. The waves closed over another victim and rolled shoreward. The swell ran peacefully on as before, uninterrupted in the cadence of its motion.

Slowly I turned towards Arthur and sought his eyes. The stillness was hushed and solemn; neither of us spoke; and yet our glances were pregnant with deep and thoughtful meaning.

WE SELL
'GIFTS THAT LAST"
of Known Reputation
Gifts for All Occasions
RUFUS D. LEWIS
JEWELER
146 E. MAIN ST.
SPARTANBURG, S.C.

Belgium, Her People and Policies

(Continued from page 49)

nuts out of the fire. On the same occasion, Mr. Theunis, Belgian Minister of Finance, asked: "Should we allow France to take those measures alone, while we need reparations?" Belgium does not seem to be enthusiastic over the invasion; even Germany recognizes her position. In the same magazine, the German Foreign Minister, von Rosenburg, is quoted as telling the Belgian minister to Berlin: "Whatever our case with France, we have nothing against you. We understand and regret your position." At present, Belgium is actively collecting reparations. She seems, however, to prefer peace with all her neighbors.

Belgium, a small country, densely populated, has always pursued and seems inclined to pursue hereafter, a policy of peace. Is her great prosperity due, in a large degree, to this policy?

(International Relations Club Paper.)

All is Not Gold That Glitters

(Continued from page 53)

while Lucy, on her part, was sure Tim didn't love her "as he once did."

It would be sacrilege for me, even if I had the desire or the heart, to trace the steps of this young couple as they descended rather than ascended the stair of matrimonial happiness and lay open to profane view the wounds inflicted by other darts than those of Cupid. Suffice to say that matters went from bad to worse, and that within the course of a year the only escape possible, short of murder or suicide, was divorce. Proceedings were instituted and after some trouble gotten through. Lucy wept copiously in the court room, while charges of neglect and thoughtlessness were brought against Tim. She cried aloud at in-

J. T. BOOTH
JEWELER
102 Kennedy Place Phone 528
EVERSHARP PENCILS,
FOUNTAIN PENS,
WATCHES,
CLOCKS, JEWELRY, Etc.
Watch Repairing My Specialty
Typewriters for Rent and for Sale—Your Patronage Appreciated.

A. LEVIN
FINE TAILORING
Suits made to order
$35.00 AND UP
Altering, Repairing and Pressing
117 North Church Street
PHONE 896

tervals; never was the handkerchief away from her pathetic face, and at times she uttered his name, calling him "her Tim," "her only one," and wishing she might have "kept him still" in spite of his change of heart. The sight of this overwhelming grief and love so moved the heart of our hero that he began to wonder if after all they were right, to think how he might still make amends. In spite of the publicity; in spite of the unsavory gossip and the money which had circulated at his expense; in spite of the fact that the judge was even now pronouncing the inseparable bond loosened, the Gordion knot cut, he was resolved to bury his pride, go back to her, and pleading for forgiveness, seek another chance.

This was early in the afternoon, and Lucy departed immediately upon the adjournment of court. Tim's work kept him up town until late, but the longer he stayed the stronger grew his determination to pursue his chosen course. Plainly it was his duty. He alone was at fault. The idea of *her* being untrue or unfaithful was absurd. She loved him, and him only; that much was certain from her actions today. Perhaps, after all, if only he would prove himself a man, things might yet be reinstated in their rightful positions.

It was with this manly purpose then that Tim proceeded about nine o'clock that evening to the home of Lucy's parents. He must act while he had the moral courage, before his good resolution lost its power over him. When the old negro servant answered his ring, Tim drew him outside, hoping thus to avoid unnecessary contact with the rest of the family. After tipping the old man a quarter, and enjoining upon him the necessity of quiet, he asked for Lucy.

The old negro looked up in dismay. "Miss Lucy, you say! Miss Lucy? Lawd! Mr. Rodman, ain't you know Miss Lucy an' de jedge done git married at six o'clock dis ebenin'?"

Chero-Cola
THERE'S NONE SO GOOD

Tameor Timur, the Rani

(Continued from page 58)

and hills, she saw a white speck gallop over the nearest rise at a dangerous pace.

"It is Jaka, at last he has come to fight Kasta. I must go tell the chief of his arrival."

The two men met on the clearing, strong, powerful men, exotic in blood and temperament, yet impetuous in their spirit to take each other's blood for the love of the same woman.

It was a long and trying fight for Tameor as she watched these two men struggle for her. Now Jaka had his knife at the throat of the gypsy. Then the chief made a slash with his knife, which looked as if it would sever the Tartar's arm from his body. But the gypsy had driven his weapon into the ground, so mighty was his stroke. The Tartar's blade was then thrust into the shoulder of Kasta.

He sank very slowly to the ground and there remained still.

"Jaka, you have killed him! He is dead, dead, gone."

"Tameor, he is indeed dead. Let's be going before the bunch of thieves are upon us."

"I am ready. Tameor is willing to return with you to her people."

As the moon slowly ascended the heights of heaven, Jaka closed his eyes in sleep, lying stretched upon the hillside for the night. Tameor lay near by, thinking whom she would soon see, for very soon after the breaking of camp she would be home. She also was thinking of Kasta, lying upon the cold barren spot, dead, with his face toward the stars. "Kasta," she cried softly to herself. "Lover, are you dead, gone from me forever. The man, the strong chief, is he gone?" she begged of the cold, bleak, silent stars.

She could stand it no longer. Very quietly she stole to where the horse was picketed and saddled the drowsy beast.

Tameor rode with reckless and daring speed. Many times the strong animal faltered and stumbled, but on she rode till morning.

There she found Kasta, just as he was regaining consciousness with the coming of day. She fell upon his neck and kissed him, crying, "My chief, my manush is not dead but only sleeping."

"Why have you returned unto me, a beaten man and a gypsy?" he finally asked.

"I love you. Jaka was not fair; he took advantage of you while your dirk was in the ground buried to the hilt. I love not Jaka, a coward of unfair fight, but you, a gypsy chief, and above all, a man."

"Rai, may I not help you to our tent?"

"Yes, Tameor, my rani, yes."

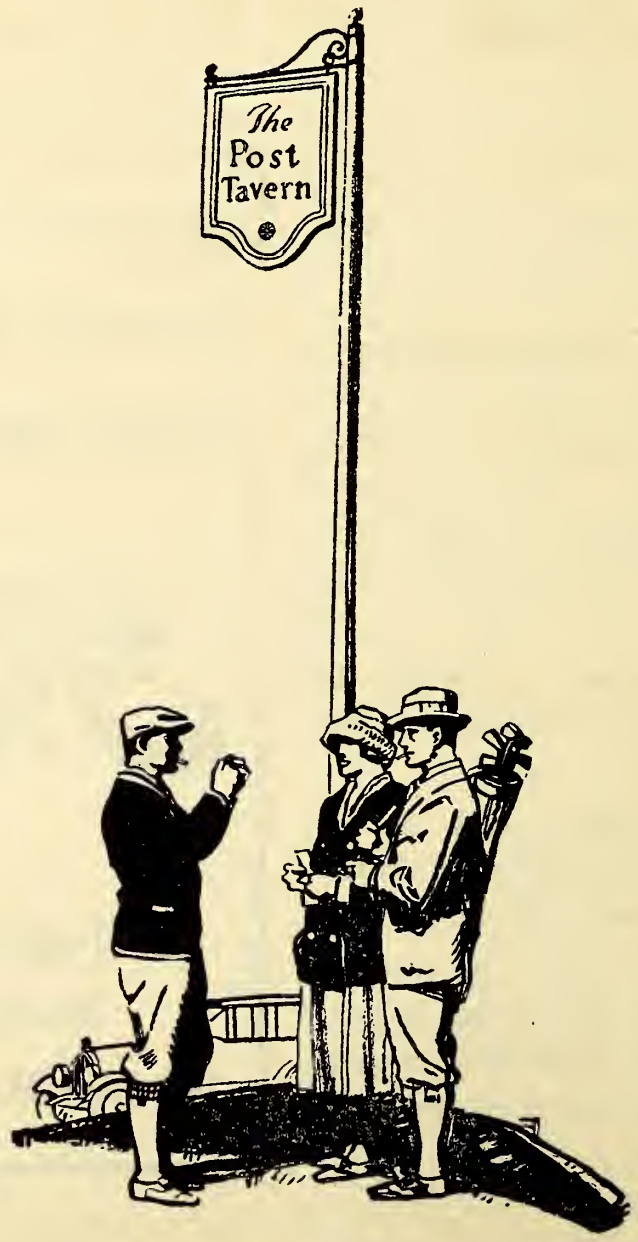
The Ford Leads the World in Automobile Value—We Lead the State in Automobile Sales.

Ford

ERNEST BURWELL

Spartanburg Ford Dealer

199 West Main St. PHONE 402



"What a difference
just a few cents make!"

FATIMA

The Rex Theatre

COLLEGE AMUSEMENT HEADQUARTERS

— THE HOME OF —

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

WOFFORD STUDENTS ALWAYS WELCOME

J. F. MANNING

Annual Photographer

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Imagination--Master Force

Emerson.

"There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many more. Society is a troop of thinkers, and the best heads among them take the best places. A FEEBLE man can see the farms that are fenced and tilled, the houses that are built. The STRONG man sees the possible houses and farms. His eye makes estates as fast as the sun breeds clouds."

STRONG MEN, TRAINED MEN, EDUCATED MEN, CHRISTIAN MEN, the world needs more than ever today. They always have been, and always will be, fired by IMAGINATION; but this is not all—Self-Control. THRIFT has been their handmaid. It is the mission of this bank to help you in your THRIFT, your self-mastery.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

A. M. CHREITZBERG.....President
J. B. CLEVELAND.....Vice-President
FRANK C. ROGERS.....Vice-President
ROY E. LEONARD.....Cashier
W. FRANK KLUGH.....Assistant Cashier
J. WESLEY ISOM.....Assistant Cashier
H. B. CARLISE.....Attorney

ALL WOFFORD COLLEGE GRADUATES

RESOURCES OVER 3½ MILLION

Dec 1923

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

DECEMBER
1923

Vol. 34 No. 3

TOWARD HOME AND HEAVEN
OUR FANCIES TURN
AT CHRISTMASTIDE

Christmas Just Around the Corner

CHRISTMAS, that holiday of the year so eagerly anticipated by youth, and enjoyed by all, with its home-coming of the family to the parental home, is just around the corner.

¶ We wish you to know we have a large stock of beautiful CHRISTMAS CARDS, on which we can print or engrave your name, that you may send the season's greetings to your friends, wherever they may be.

¶ Or it may be that you would like to use CHRISTMAS CARDS as a gift to some one in the family or some friend, and you could find no more appropriate or attractive remembrance.

¶ See us before our stock is picked over. The early buyers get first choice. We sell them in lots from twenty-five up, with envelopes to fit, ready for mailing, at prices ranging from $5.00 to $20.00 per hundred, printing or engraving name extra.

Band & White, Printers

142 SPRING STREET **PHONE 363**

December 1923

Come to—

Ligon's Drug Store

for Courteousness, Service and Good Treatment

Prescription Specialist

Pure Drugs - Best Toilet Articles - Safety Razors and Blades to Fit All Safety Razors : : : :

Exclusive Agents for Eastman Kodaks and Films

When You Send HER Whitman's You Have Sent the Best

Largest and Best Assorted Stock of Fountain Pens and Eversharp Pencils in the City

We are always glad to see you

Ligon's Drug Store

Phones 30 and 31

Wofford College

HENRY N. SNYDER, LL. D., Litt. D., President

All courses leading to A. B. Degree. Fourteen Professors. Departments: Ethics, Religious Education, Astronomy, Mathematics (pure and applied), Physics, Chemistry, Biology and Geology, Latin, Greek, English, German and French, History and Economics. J. B. Cleveland Science Hall, Whitefoord Smith Library. Carlisle Hall, a magnificent new Dormitory. Athletic Grounds.

Next Session Begins September 18, 1924

For catalogue or other information, address the President, Spartanburg, S. C.

Progressive Banking--

The earnest desire of our organization is to help you transact your business pleasantly and satisfactorily.

Bank of Commerce

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

B. T. EARLE, President
J. W. BELL, Vice-President

C. W. BOYD, Cashier
H. C. HICKS, Asst. Cashier

May We Serve You?

December 1923

CONTENTS

		Page
Christmas Tidings (Poem)	E. H. Gregg, '26	80
Monty's Christmas Dinner (Story)	B. E. Elks, '24	81
Retrospect (Poem)	R. H. Hodges, '24	83
Christmas (Poem)	H. M. Gilbert, '26	84
Bootlegging Bay (Narrative Sketch)	W. K. Wynn, '25	84
Ain't It Fun (Poem)	B. E. Elks, '24	87
The Sheiky Brother (Story)	C. C. Herbert, '25	87
Life's Checker-Board (Poem)	W. C. Wallace, '27	90
The Red Moon (Story)	D. A. Wallace, '25	91
The Sea (Poem)	H. M. Patrick, '26	94
Anglo-Saxonism or Mongrelism? (Essay)	E. H. Gregg, '26	95
Thought (Poem)	B. E. Elks, '24	97
A Woodland Scene (Sketch)	H. M. Gilbert, '26	98
Vengeance (Poem)	W. C. Wallace, '27	98
The Promised Kiss (Story)	J. I. Howell, '27	99
Russia (Essay)	D. A. Wallace, '25	104
The Christ, My King (Poem)	J. H. Maw, '27	105
The Gambling Streak (Story)	D. L. West, '25	106
Twenty-One (Poem)	A Young Hopeful, '24	112
Editorial Department		113
Exchange Department		115
As Others See Us		121
Announcement to High Schools (Reprinted)		123

CHRISTMAS TIDINGS

A Poem

By E. H. Gregg

The night had fallen soft and still
  Upon the earth below,
And o'er the meadows, fields, and hills
  A gentle breeze did blow.

All silently the little stars
  Gazed on the scene beneath—
A group of shepherds keeping watch
  O'er flocks upon the heath.

The night wind crooned a warning soft;
  The shepherds upward glanced,
And saw a stranger standing there
  On whom the fire-light danced.

In solemn thought the shepherds sat
  Around the heathwood blaze,
A magic ring of faces bright
  Fixed in a pensive gaze.

And suddenly a shining light
  Was poured upon the scene,
Till all was wrapped in splendor bright,
  A soft, refulgent sheen.

"Fear not, for wondrous things doth hap
  Upon this wondrous night;
To you is born in Bethlehem
  A King of Peace and Light."

In fear and awe the shepherds rose,
  For they were sore afraid,
And would have fled the spot outright
  Had not the angel said:

Each shepherd slowly turned his head
  And sought his comrade's eye;
A holy spark seemed dancing there,
  And joy did each descry.

"On earth good-will and peace," they said,
  "Be unto every one,
For Christ, the Lord, our Savior, lives
  And God's own will is done."

Then suddenly the heavens filled
  With chanting choirs of saints
Whose anthems shook the earth and sky
  And banished fears and plaints.

Then one by one the shepherds all,
  Aflame with hopeful joy,
Betook themselves to Bethlehem
  To see the wondrous Boy.

MONTY'S CHRISTMAS DINNER

A Story

By B. E. Elks

MONTY'S slumber had been interrupted. This was exceptional, for Monty belonged to the hibernating species. Only to satisfy his gastronomical cravings did he ever fully rouse from a habitually lethargic state. This morning, however, fate had decreed that he should not continue his peaceful dreams as usual.

For hours in his broken sleep, Monty had heard intermittent popping and banging. Did he hear guns? No, that could not be. What, then? Finally it dawned on him that it was Christmas. Little he cared; he merely turned over, covered up a little better, and heroically continued his half-slumber. Not until his epicurean appetite had demanded his immediate attention did consent to rise from his comfortable bed.

Monty was particular about his sleeping quarters. He had spent some fifteen minutes the previous night seeking a suitable place to rest, before he had found this large, well-built and well-furnished piano box. I say well-furnished because it was deeply filled with clean warm shavings and large pieces of thick paper. Monty had been overjoyed at discovering such a haven from the piercing wind and biting frost; and he had lost no time in burrowing into the inviting shavings.

Alexander Montgomery Snoddy was his full name. Fortunately, this handicap had been shortened: he was affectionately and disdainfully known as Monty.

Monty was not bad. He merely had a congenital distaste for work, a thing for which he could not be blamed. To be brief, his only faults were the aforesaid distaste for work, a love for sleeping, and an epicurean tendency.

It was almost time for the midday meal,—a feast today, the day being Christmas,—when Monty finally yielded to his inner cravings. His toilet was simple: to dress he slid his tousled head into his aged felt hat, and to wash he wiped his eyes with his shirt sleeve. He was then ready for dinner.

From where his dinner was coming he was uncertain and indifferent. He was impecunious; but he confidently relied on his wits to procure the necessary meal. Experience had made him adept in the art of securing food. He was a well-functioning committee of ways and means.

Monty chose as his first goal the house of the Reverend Thomas Hartell. Reverend Mr. Hartell's compassion for a mendicant was well known and greatly imposed on. To Monty's credit, however, it will have to be admitted that he had not overworked this field. He was too great a master of his art.

Monty was attempting to open the back gate (he always went to the back) when he was stopped by a harsh voice. "What's th' idea?" demanded the speaker, a large, heavy-set fellow with large thick jaws and piercing, ill-tempered eyes. He was the cook's husband.

ATTENTION, HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS!

The Journal Contest for High School Students, in which Fifty Dollars in prizes will be given, closes next month. All material must be in the hands of the Contest Editor on or before January 10, 1923. Get busy, High School Students, show South Carolina what you can do. See page 123 for particulars.

"I say, what you want?" gruffly continued the fellow, having received no reply.

"Is Mister Preacher home?" Monty shakily inquired, with some hesitation.

"Yes, he's home, but he don't customaringly see such as you."

"He knows me, though. He gave me—" began Monty.

"You git. You don't get any grub here today. You and your kind ought to be put on the gang; you'd learn how to make your own grub then," growled the man.

"But, Mister Preacher would give me some if—" attempted Monty, beseechingly.

"But, but, nothing. You git 'fore I make you," interrupted the fellow, menacingly.

Monty, seeing the uselessness of further parley, slunk away, piling eloquent vituperations on the fellow's head. He had failed in his first attempt; but on the next block he knew a kind-hearted Irish cook, who had always treated him well. He smacked his lips, and little springs broke loose in his mouth as he thought of the tasteful dishes she had often stealthily but unsparingly given to him.

He took great care to reach her kitchen without being seen. Peering into the window (he always made sure that she was alone in the kitchen), he saw, to his horror and despair, his expected benefactress feeding a large, red-headed policeman. Aghast, he watched the process. Sitting on a stool, with his jaws working assiduously, the officer of the law was accepting gracefully the sweetmeats extended to his lips by the dainty (as he thought) fingers of the cook. There was no conversation; nothing was audible except the working of the policeman's jaws, and an intermittent snicker when the policeman would grasp the dainty hand extending the delicacies. Sickened and in despair, Monty dropped down from the window. Fate seemed to be against him. Would he have to do without dinner today?

Downtown, the Sanitary Restaurant was doing a flourishing business. Besides the customary five, there were three other diners today.

Although the proprietor had spent some time, perhaps five minutes, decorating for Christmas, the restaurant still looked dingy and greasy. The murky light filtering through the bespattered windows added to the somber appearance. A dank, greasy atmosphere pervaded the place; and out from the kitchen came a smothering, nauseating odor of coffee grounds, burnt meat, and stew-beef.

All were eating except the three strangers. They had come in a little late, and were now impatiently waiting for the head waiter (and, by the way, the only waiter, and also the cook) to bring their order.

Finally the waiter appeared laden with steaming dishes, various fruits, and sauces. The men, when they caught a whiff of the inviting dishes, straightened up, pulled down their coats, arranged their ties, and in general prepared to light in.

"Ding! Ding! Ding!——Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!" clanged the fire bell. Almost at once, the unearthly siren of the fire wagon rent the December air, and a fire wagon rushed by.

"My God! Thirty-four is this block!" yelled the excited proprietor, rushing out the door.

The diners, more or less excited and somewhat reluctant to leave their meals, followed him. With the head-waiter leading, they hurried in the direction of the fire. Before they had gone half of a block they saw the fire wagon returning and heard the shrill "false alarm" of a little boy.

Disgruntled, they started back to their interrupted meals. As they thought of the fast cooling food awaiting them they quickened their pace. But on entering the restaurant they saw, to their dismay, that everything was gone! The chicken, apples, oranges, sauces, and all the "delicate" dishes had vanished!

Monty had gotten his Christmas dinner.

RETROSPECT

A Poem

By R. H. Hodges

Christmas! Christmas! What is Christmas?
What does it mean when the sun sinks in the West,
When the sky is exquisite with color and eager clouds
Of darkness seem to lurk in patience on the ground?

Once it meant a stocking filled with goodies,
Placed there by a god-like Santy.
And once it meant a wagon and a rifle
And then it meant a bicycle.

And then it meant life, color, youth,
And fancies and dreams and ambitions
And girls and gifts and love.
Ah, one Christmas I remember—but I was young.

And then it meant that I myself was Santy
And saw the stockings opened in childish glee.
'Course I knew what was in them, but then in little
Hands they seemed real and I almost believed in Santy.

But of all the Christmases I have ever known,
This last was best.
It's odd how each year is better than any before.
And Christmas is the best part of any year.

I guess Christmas is just like the rest of life;
You enjoy each Christmas as much as you can,
And if you're big you enjoy it much,
And if you're little, just a little bit.

'Course, it's bad when you can't move around much,
But then you can think a lot.
And you have so much to think about after living,
And living, and living for a life of years.

Christmas! Christmas is just a little bit of love
Wedged in the days of each year. And all come home
Again, 'cause God put so much love in the world.
And that's why each Christmas is better
Than the one before—you can just love more.

CHRISTMAS

A Poem

By H. M. Gilbert

O Christmas, time of all the year,
When joy and peace reign everywhere,
O'er earth and sky and land and sea
Glad tidings come to set us free.

Now this, the time of all the year,
When all things dark and dull and drear
Are one and all dispelled away,
And all of men are bright and gay.

We drown our sorrows, sink our cares;
We welcome smiles and banish tears,
But why should we of this vain earth
Transform our troubles into mirth?

We needs must look to long ago,
When one was born who meek and low,
Came down to earth to save from sin
All those who'd only let Him in.

Let us, this happy Christmastide
Within His sacred presence bide,
And burdens of our fellows bear
As Christ, the Master, did while here.

BOOTLEGGING BAY

A Sketch

By W. K. Wynn

I MARVEL when I think how completely our whole future can be changed by a trivial act. The chief justification for this awe is the fact that our plans may be nearing completion when they are suddenly and permanently reversed by some half-conscious act which we have done or left undone. One starts to go downtown, but is detained a few minutes in order to find his misplaced hat. As he crosses the street he is struck by an automobile driven by a reckless man. He is maimed for life, his future blotted and his vocation changed, merely because he crossed the street at exactly the same instant that the reckless driver passed, and he crossed the street at this instant because he misplaced his hat. Had he taken a minute less to find his hat, or a minute more, he would not have been struck by the automobile. Trivial acts of just this nature have often been done by persons who later regretted them.

Just such an insignificant act was committed by two prohibition officers by going down Hall Street instead of Main, in the little coast town of Pearlton. On account of the effectiveness with which these two officers had enforced the prohibition law in the mountains of Tennessee, they were sent to this town. These men had made a reputation for themselves as conscientious prohibition officers. For this reason, and for the reason that the government was determined to stop the illicit distilling in the vicinity of Pearlton, especially at Horseshoe Bay, were these particular officers chosen for this task.

They arrived in town on the six-thirty afternoon train. They spent little of their night sleeping, but much of it in securing information, etc., concerning Horseshoe Bay. Their arrival was a secret, consequently a certain amount of tact was required to get the necessary information without giving any. After all the information which they needed concerning Horseshoe Bay was secured, they spent the remainder of the night sleeping. As the scene of their action was two

miles from Pearlton, the officers were up the next morning before the sun. After securing a hasty breakfast, and strapping the camping equipment on their backs, they started for Horseshoe Bay. But they made one of those previously referred to mistakes—they went down Hall Street instead of Main. Both streets lead to Horseshoe Bay, but the newsboys did not sell their papers on Hall Street at such an early hour. So the mere fact of going down Hall Street kept them from seeing a newsboy; this kept them from buying a paper, and this kept them from—well, let us see if such a trivial act could really amount to anything.

Horseshoe Bay is navigable for ten miles inland. On account of its natural harbor the government has made it a place of refuge for the storm-tossed ships at sea. The necessary appurtenances were placed there to proclaim its mission both by day and by night. No other signs of civilization can be seen on either side of the bay. Marsh grass is the chief vegetation on the eastern shore; however, in places the ground rises high enough to support a few scantily clothed trees and low bushes. The western shore is entirely different in topography as well as in vegetation. Precipitous cliffs rise to dizzy heights from the very brink of the water. The valleys and the cliffs themselves are covered thickly with large massive trees. At the mouth of this bay and facing the open ocean is a small island which is also thickly wooded.

The prohibition officers arrived, after a hot walk, at Horseshoe Bay. Their camp was made on the eastern shore about a mile from the mouth of the bay. The officers knew that those stately cliffs on the western shore could hide a number of distilleries, and the navigable bay would render the transportation of their product comparatively easy.

The sun was fast approaching the western horizon; it seems to tarry just above that line before taking its irrevocable plunge. The tall, massive trees appeared to stretch themselves and lean a bit westward. The mighty monarch, which had been lashing and tearing the shores all day, now seemed to soothe with a soft touch those wounds which it had made. The small birds began to assemble in the neighboring bushes, and their chattering seemed to issue forth in half-tones. All nature now had interest in common on the western horizon. The tiny sparrow and the mighty ocean alike were paying tribute to their fast disappearing deity. The sun now sank from view, and as though dissatisfied with the many blessings it had lavished upon the earth during the day, it sent back rays of light which clothed themselves in brilliant and varied colors. Some of these rays found their way to the zenith of the heaven. Here was a scene so rare and so beautiful that all nature could but stand in awe, in silent awe, until those colors were smeared by that black hand of the encroaching darkness—the same dark hand which conceals the crimes of men.

A distinct and well-defined light started flashing at regular intervals across the bay from the officers. It appeared to be at the foot of one of the cliffs. A signal, to be sure, but a mysterious code was employed. The intervals between flashes were as regular as the ticks of a clock. The officers had been in the business long enough to know that the solution of their problems depended upon immediate action. A bateau was secured by the officers and they started across the bay. When they were within a short distance of the shore, and likewise of the signal, they stopped and waited for the signaling to produce effects.

The steady, unmistakable pop-pop-pop of a motor-boat was soon heard in the direction of the island. It was audibly drawing nearer the signal. The officers visualized another star in their crown. Now scarcely visible against the sky line was seen a small motor-boat. As the boat drew nearer, two dark forms were distinguishable in it. The motor was stopped

as the boat touched the shore just at the point of the signaling. The officers weighed anchor and let their bateau drift a little nearer. The two forms were seen to get out of the boat. One man carried on his shoulder a cylindrical object resembling an empty cask. They were both lost from view as they went between the two cliffs. All was still for quite a while. The signaling continued as regularly as ever. After a considerable period the two men were seen emerging from the ravine; this time they were rolling the cask along the ground in front of them. Little did the two men realize that the eye of the law was fixed on them. The cask was carefully lifted into the motor-boat. The engine was then started and the rudder turned in the direction of the island. They did not return to the island unaccompanied. The officers waited until the motor-boat was well under way; they then followed in its wake. The motor-boat party had long since landed when the officers arrived on the shore of the island. A campfire was seen under the large trees on the center of the island. The officers decided to make the attack by creeping up on opposite sides of the camp.

Two forms might have been seen crawling through the tall grass like two serpentine creatures preparing to spring on their prey. One head appeared above the bushes which surrounded the camp, another head soon appeared on the opposite side. Each face showed every sign of alertness and intenseness; each hand grasped with a determine grip a revolver, which was pointed in the direction of the campfire. The officers had supposed that only two persons would be in the camp; they saw four persons in front of them now, as the campfire danced on their forms. In a moment the countenances of the two officers fell, their hands relaxed, a faint smile clothed in the form of disappointment covered their faces. There within the circle of the camp was seen the key to the whole mystery—the cask. It was directly in front of the tent. Now the officers saw two members of the party dip some of the fluid from the cask and wash their hands; dip some and pour it into a boiling pot, which hung over the fire; dip some and each drink with avidity, but without the least signs of intoxication. The two other members sat close to the fire scaling several large fish which they had caught during the day.

Both officers, still puzzled over the situation, returned to their bateau. The officers were satisfied that the cask contained water for a party of innocent campers. They were not satisfied, however, that a signal from across the bay was essential to get this water. Their bateau was again turned in the direction of the signaling, which had not ceased operations during the entire episode. It was still, at regular intervals, sending its mysterious message over the water. The officers were determined that the mystery should be solved—it was.

The flashing light buoy in the channel of Horseshoe Bay; the little gurgling spring of water on the shore near the buoy; and the party of campers on the island were all discovered by the officers, but it cost them an entire day and much humiliation. All would have been avoided had they gone down Main instead of Hall Street. The *Pearlton Chronicle* that morning contained all the news which the prohibition officers had spent an entire day in securing. On the first page, in bold type, the *Chronicle* proclaimed: "The recently installed flashing buoys in the channel of Horseshoe Bay and Devil's Cut are proving highly satisfactory in every respect." The same paper on the same morning, in less prominent place and type, stated: "Mr. S. J. Jones and wife are spending a most enjoyable time camping with Mr. B. M. Smith and wife on the island at the mouth of Horseshoe Bay."

AIN'T IT FUN

A Poem

By B. E. Elks

Ain't it fun to be a-living—
  Just to see your muscles rise,
And to feel them smoothly giving
  When you start to exercise.

Just to feel your heart a-thumping
  Steadily within your breast,
And to feel your pulses jumping
  When your body calls for rest.

Just to start yourself a-talking
  Of your friends, and hopes, and cares,
And to go outside a-walking
  'Midst the flowers and the tares.

Just to breath the air, inviting,
  With its fragrance of the earth.
Just to hear of things, exciting,
  And of things that stir up mirth.

Just to have the world for lodging,
  Just to feel that you are free,
And to have no bent for dodging
  Anything that comes to thee.

And there's fun in merely seeing
  That you're not the worst, by far,
But the greatest fun's in being—
  Just in knowing that you are!

———o———

THE SHEIKY BROTHER

A Story

By C. C. Herbert

MARTIN banged his fist on the arm of his chair so hard that the windows rattled.

"By grabs!" he shouted, "I don't believe it! You can't tell me that a girl has a stronger personality than a boy."

"Well, I don't ask you to take my word for it. It's just my opinion. Of course, I don't guess there's any way to prove it." The other leaned slightly forward and poked gently at the glowing fire. "But, as I said, I believe that nearly any girl can make any man silly about her. What do you think, anyway, Mart? Do you believe that men have stronger wills, and that they are just naturally mentally, and all that, superior to women?"

"You're mighty right; I do! I've been to see enough girls to know that if you flatter 'em up a little, they'll think you're the most wonderful thing in creation. Your own Pope says something about women not having any strength of character, you blooming bookworm, you," Martin grinned affectionately at him.

The other smiled slightly as be glanced across at his roommate.

"Your ignorance is distressing, old top. I'm sure I heard Alex roll over in the cold mausoleum when you accused him of saying that. Still, anybody as handsome as you are doesn't need to know much."

Martin got up and walked over to the mirror. He carefully smoothed back his sleek, black hair with his hands, and then rubbed a little powder on his face.

"Doggone it, I ain't so awful looking when I fix up. No wonder they all fall for me."

"Your grammar would disgrace a Freshman. I declare, I can't realize we're Sophs, can you?"

"Why, sure. Did you ever see anything I couldn't do? What are you going to do tonight?"

"I reckon I'll have to hang around the old monastery, and try to absorb a few facts from these delightful text-books that the faculty has selected for our amusement. Where are you going?"

"Going to see my 'wife'," Martin answered, idly glancing through some books which lay on the table.

"Since when did you join the Mormon Church? You've got about as many wives as old Sol had, haven't you? And, for all that, you're my old lady, so-called."

The two disarranged beds over here, the study table over there, the pennants on the wall, a trunk by this window and a wash-stand by that, a book shelf, with volumes in various stages of wear slung in it helter-skelter, surmounted by a tennis racket, gave evidence that the "monastery" was at least one of a rather slack brotherhood. The top of the bureau was a study. On one side was arrayed a line of powder cans, hair tonic bottles, and face lotions that made the other side seem rather bare with its lonely comb and brush. On the hair tonic side was a cabinet photograph of a young lady with a bewitching smile, while behind the comb and brush there was the picture of a man, subscribed "Papa."

Going over to the bureau, the "bookworm" picked up a can of powder that had been carelessly dropped in front of the picture of the man, and placed it over with the other cans and bottles on the opposite side.

"By golly, you are the finickiest boy I ever saw. What difference does it make if I left the powder on your side a minute or two? I'd have moved it myself in a little bit." This from Martin as he began preparations for a bath.

The other picked up a book and, drawing his chair under the light, began studying.

Presently Martin burst out with, "Wasn't that a rotten supper tonight? I swig! They must be trying to starve us to death up here."

The other studied on, apparently not hearing. Martin looked at him in disgust. He picked up a bar of soap and a towel from the wash-stand, and walked out, slamming the door loudly. Returning after a little, he continued his preparations for paying a visit to his "wife." Whistling in an undertone, he moved quickly about as he "fixed up."

After a bit he stood in front of the bureau and combed his hair. Carefully the part was located, and then with quick, deft strokes of the comb he drew the black strands into position on either side of it. Picking up the hand-glass, he looked at the back of his head. Then he took a side view. The reflection seemed to please him, for he smiled pleasantly at it. Standing on tip-toe, he took down his hat from its nail and with great deliberateness proceeded to adjust it to his head. Another glance into the mirror caused him to frown a little at the pug nose reflected there, which he seemed to consider the one feature that marred an otherwise perfect countenance. He carefully rubbed some more powder on it, and then stood back and took another complete survey of himself. Picking up the photograph of the young lady, he gazed earnestly at it. Presently, he heard a whistle outside. He put a hand to his lips, and blew a similar blast in return. Then he went hastily out of the room, banging the door behind.

The other remained absorbed in his book. When he had finished the lesson, he carefully put the book in its place on the shelf. He sighed as he noticed the disordered condition of the room. Taking a seat again before the fire, he stared at it musingly. What a funny fellow Mart was, anyway. How he did hate that pug nose of his! How in the world could he go to see the girls so much and yet make such good marks? Wasn't he cock-sure of himself, though? From the way he talked, he could make nearly any girl fall in love with

him if he only set his mind to it; and he never fell seriously for any one, but "loves 'em all." What a comedown for him it would be if some fair one could make him fall for her hard and then lead him a dance! If only—. Never would happen, though, didn't look like.

Didn't that fire look cozy? Guess he ought to go out more and not study all the time. Girls were so silly, though. If girls would only use their minds more when they talked to you. They tried to be "attractive" and call everything "cute" or "tacky." Funny world! Well, better not sit here mooning at the fire. That Math must be worked.

In the meantime, Martin had arrived at his "wife's," who informed him that they were invited to a party at one of her friend's. At the party there was a young lady who had just moved to town. The connoisseur spied her at his first glance around the room. What a peach! Even his vauntedly immune heart did a little double-timing.

Later he was telling his roommate about it as they lay in bed after the lights were out and the fire was banked.

"She really is the stuff: dark eyes, jet-black hair, so slender and graceful. Oh, Boy! I always thought that, if I ever fell for anybody, it would be for a blonde, but now I see that I was off. Ah, when I think of those cheeks, tinged like the blush of a peach—and it wasn't any rouge either."

"Did she seem to reciprocate your good opinion?" asked the "bookworm," whose eyes gleamed joyfully in the darkness and whose lips were upturned in a queer smile.

"Hang it all! Not a bit. Coldest girl I ever saw. That is, cold to me. She seemed to warm up and smile once or twice when she talked to some other fellows, and what smiles; oh, Boy! But I couldn't seem to make any kind of an impression. She talked simply great, but she didn't seem to enthuse a little bit over your Uncle Dud. Acted like she was sort of bored, but had to keep a conversation going. My 'line' didn't even begin to work. I managed to get a date to go to see her next Saturday night, but I had a hang of a time doing even that."

The smile was still on the "bookworm's" face as he dropped off to sleep. Martin rolled and tumbled about for an hour or two before he dropped finally into a "fitful doze."

Saturday night Martin came in from his date rather bewildered. After getting in bed, he unburdened himself to the "worm."

"That little witch! She wouldn't even let me wear her ring. First girl that even refused to let me do it. Treated me cold as an iceberg. I don't see why I keep on liking her, but I be dog if I don't believe I'm in love with her. Oh! by the way, Jennie Phillips is going to have a party next Wednesday at her house, and she told me yesterday to tell you to come."

" 'Fraid I can't. Got to read that English parallel sometime. My time's all so full."

"Aw, come on. You haven't been to a party this year. Besides, I hear that 'she' is to be there, and I'd like for you to see a really pretty girl."

"All right. I'll come. Are you going to take her?"

"Hang, no! I could cheerfully murder Jennie. I've got to take a little old Simpkins girl. Great guns! I do wish I could take her. She's a queen."

"What's her name?"

"Flora."

"Pretty name."

"Pretty girl, by Jinks."

At the party the "worm" met the far-famed Flora. Strange to say, they seemed to "take" right to each other. Usually rather ill at ease when talking to a girl, he was able tonight to chatter fluently the "silly nothings" which comprise conversations at parties. Martin, generally the life of the party, was morose and glum. His conversations were extremely one-sided. Several girls to whom he talked asked him whether he was sick or not. He

replied that he did have a headache. All the time, however, he looked disconsolately over at the corner where Flora and the "worm" were talking; for the "worm" talked with her nearly all the evening, in spite of the fact that a crowd was always trying to get his place.

When Martin did get a chance to talk with her for a few minutes, she said: "I think your roommate is so handsome. He has such a noble face, particularly his Grecian nose."

Then Martin left. He went back to the college, cursing his nose for being snub, and himself for falling in love with such an idiotic girl. But when he got back to the room, he sat before the fire for a long time thinking how beautiful she was. Suddenly he realized that he had come away with never a word to Miss Simpkins, whom he was supposed to take home. Oh, well! he could say that he had gotten sick. Jennie would see to getting her home safely.

When the "worm" came in, the first thing Martin noticed was a little emerald ring on his watch chain; Flora's it was.

"Well, I'm a Dutchman! You get a ring from a girl when I can't? You!"

The "worm" fondled the ring tenderly, and rapturously said, "Oh! What a girl! I sure do thank you for making me go tonight so that I got to meet her. Jennie let me take her home from the party; and such a sweet kiss she gave me when I left her at home!"

Martin jumped up in astonishment.

"I thought you never had kissed a girl in your life. You told me that once. Did she really kiss you tonight?" he asked incredulously.

"She really did," replied the other with twinkling eyes.

Martin sat down again glumly, and stared into the fire with his chin in his hands. He made such a picture of inconsolable woe that the "worm," who stood gazing down at him, could not restrain himself, but burst into a hearty laugh.

"Cheero, Old Lady. Miss Flora is my cousin. We had formed a little conspiracy to take the conceit out of you, but I'm afraid it has failed. She told me tonight that she thought you were the handsomest boy she had ever seen, and that she surely wished you'd come to see her again sometime. And in token of her good will and affection, she bade me give you this emerald ring, which she says you asked her for."

Martin took the ring as if in a daze, and then grabbed the "worm's" hand and pumped it heartily.

"Big Boy, you sure have got a sweet cousin!"

The "worm" smiled.

"You're mighty right; I have. Look! It's a quarter to one. Let's go to bed."

"Suits me, kid."

When the town clock struck one, silence reigned in the monastery.

LIFE'S CHECKER-BOARD

A Poem

By W. C. Wallace

Men are but the checkers
On the checker-board of fate.

Their lives are but the moves,
Which make them animate.

Their thoughts are but the impulses,
Which move them soon or late.

Their deeds are but the plays,
Whether large or great.

Their successes are the doubles,
And the traps which lie in wait.

Their frauds are but the tricks
Begun by greed and hate.

And all these are the moves
On the checker-board of fate.

THE RED MOON

A Story

By D. A. Wallace

STANLEY BAKER ambled lazily along the streets of Queensbush with an air of carelessness, for his interest in life was only for the present. This year had been a very pleasant one. Ever-changing surroundings had made him crave excitement—or possibly a craving for excitement had made him desire constant change. He had spent no two weeks in the same place. With the tourist tide he had gone from the fashionable yacht clubs of the Maine coast farther and farther south as the season progressed. He had spent ten days at Atlantic City in a constant whirl of delirious activity. Forest Hills had been honored with his presence during the great tennis matches. For one week a house party in Kew Gardens had supplied excitement. The golf courses of Pinehurst, Camden, Thomasville, Miami and Palm Beach had been made to yield their utmost of amusement. Deep-sea fishing off the Florida Keys had lost all its charms. A tour of Cuba had been exhausted of its greatest satisfactions.

And now he had been cooped up in this slow little South Carolina town for almost two weeks. No excitement, no golf, no dancing, no theatres, no change. It was positively outrageous. Of course, Dr. West was all right, a good sport and all that, especially for one who combined the offices of guardian and tutor. But really there was not the slightest use of stopping at Queensbush. It was true that the old home place was there. Ancestors for many generations were laid to rest in the quaint old mimosa-shaded burying ground on the estate. This business of ancestor-worship was bunk, anyway, and family reunions were the most boring and disgusting of all necesary evils. Why does one have to have kinsfolk? They're so often "tacky."

There was one consolation, though; he had been able to slip off after the first "get-together" meeting, and had not been through the ordeal of meeting all his distant relatives. For one thing he was especially glad, Old George Stanley had not come; in fact, could not come until late, and had to leave early on account of some sort of Directors' meeting. That daughter of his, too, who had been with him everywhere since her mother died—more than likely she was an ugly, fat, unpleasant sort of girl. That's the way it always was with his kin. At any rate, all the ones he knew were like that, and he had no desire to meet any more of them.

Dr. West would, no doubt, come to town after the big dinner to arrange for the Pullman reservations for their trip north the next morning. Then he would find him and go back for the evening, because he could hardly leave the place for a whole day, especially since he was supposed to be the host. However, no one would miss him out of such a crowd, and Dr. West, who had been Father's most intimate adviser up to his death five years ago, could carry off the situation perfectly.

While engaged in these meditations, Stanley glanced here and there at the passing crowds. He hesitated for a moment before the Palace Drug Store, but went on and turned into the barber shop next door. Upon looking at the thermometer hanging full in the sun in front of the place he saw that the mercury stood at one hundred and four. A big fly buzzed angrily against the glass in front of the shop and became discouraged. Another more perseverant one set up a hum against the screen. The more immediate prospect of freedom kept him busy longer, and the young man kindly let him out. After this act of philanthropy he

went over to the hat-rack and put his gaily-banded straw upon the very top. Next he untied his flowery bow-tie and opened his collar. He then removed his coat and exposed to view a red and black striped, *gros grain,* silk belt above the plaited top of a pair of full-bottomed trousers.

While Stan was preparing to be barbered, a lovely young girl drove past in a magnificently fitted roadster. The low-swung gray body and highly-polished nickeled parts lent a note of interest to the commonplace appearance of a small-town Main Street. But the girl herself was the most unusual part of the picture. Ensconced in the luxurious cushions of the "super-sport" roadster, she would, indeed, have to be unusual to have claimed attention. At sight of her one lost interest in all the accessories of her glory. Marvelous gray-blue eyes of entrancing, liquid depth, glanced from beneath delicately-pencilled brows arched across a forehead of the milkiest whiteness and most marble-like smoothness. A nose at once Grecian and Roman, with a saucy "tip-tilted-ness," was set between naturally rosy cheeks that had the girlish curve and easy grace so necessary to that sweet smile which radiated from a pair of firm, yet full lips, whose parting disclosed pearly teeth and let fall a bubbling tinkle of musical laughter that would have softened the heart of Abdul el Bulbul Ameer. A tight-fitting, dove-gray, motoring turban confined a wealth of raven tresses, but allowed an incorrigible curl to stray, blown by the wind, down upon her forehead.

Beside the young lady sat quietly a little man with a wrinkled face surmounted by a panama hat and seemingly supported by a baggy seersucker suit of immaculate neatness.

"Dad," said the young lady, as she turned into the Bankhead Highway, "I believe we can get to Washington tomorrow night. Then, if you are not too tired, we can leave after that horrid old Directors' meeting the day after and be well on our way to Brewster and home by the time the moon rises."

"Yes," agreed the little man in a pleasant voice, "I think so. You certainly have it figured out to a fine point. It will be good to be back in my own home once more, to feel that I am at perfect liberty to doze in my chair after dinner. I never feel quite at ease in the South. Even in the homes of my own kin there is a certain air of aloofness that makes it unpleasant."

"But, Dad," interposed the girl, "aren't you sorry to miss this reunion? I think it's so nice to meet one's cousins and uncles and aunts, especially those darling, old-fashioned ladies in quaint clothes with a sweet smell of lilacs about them. They seem so like the pictures in the hall back home in Brewster."

"We have just about lost all our sweet old ladies like those around New York. It's a great pity you have had to live your whole life in a suburb of the city. But your old Dad hasn't been able to tear himself away from all the associations and friendship formed among the men in the "Street." When one has directorships and Vice-Presidencies showered upon him, you know, it's hard to let them go. I suppose I shall keep on until I die."

"Don't you think you could spare a little more time, Dad, to spend with me? We could have such cozy little week-end trips to so many places. You know, next spring when I become a debutante, you will just have to pay me more attention."

"Yes, Alice; but it will be heart-rending for me to see you blossom out into young womanhood. It will be a sign that you, just as Myrtice did, will soon marry. And what will your Dad do then, poor thing, with both his daughters gone?"

"You darling Daddy," whispered she, as she gently kissed his cheek. "I'll not leave you. Even if I do marry, I'll make him live right in Brewster. We'll be with you always."

The concern of the old gentleman may be

explained by saying that since her seventeenth year, Alice had received much attention. One young man especially, Richard Carver, had been particularly attentive. He was a young broker who had come to New York from Indianapolis, and had done well. He attributed his success to a rigid system of living, calculated to cultivate both physical and mental improvement. On three nights out of every week he made it an inviolable rule to remain at home and read or follow some other literary pursuit. Thus he was able to refrain from undue social dissipation, and at the same time to improve his moments with excellent authors.

Alice admired this young Mr. Carver very much, for he was handsome and made a very pleasing companion. Mr. Stanley also held him in high esteem, for, as he said, "System means success, and Richard Carver wouldn't break his system even once in a red moon." As usual, Mr. Stanley was right.

But let us return to Stanley Baker, the grand-nephew of this philosophical Wall Streeter. As he supposed, just as the barber was putting on the finishing touches, Dr. West came in.

"Youngster," he said with a mock frown, "you should be ashamed of yourself! What do you mean by leaving at the critical moment of your own family reunion? However, I feel that you have been sufficiently punished in missing your great-uncle, George Stanley, about whom you hold such outlandish opinions. As for his daughter—she's a goddess!"

"Yes? Really that sound goods, but I have reached the age of discretion. I refuse to be disappointed by your little joke."

"All right, young man," returned Dr. West, "all I have to say is that you won't meet but one like her in a red moon."

"That's all very well, but did you get the tickets for New York? I'm more interested in them than in all my kin."

"Yes, I have them," answered the older man. "And all the arrangements are made for an early start tomorrow. But the question now is, how soon can you get back out to the old home place? You know you must be there to bid the cousins good-bye.

"By the way, your Uncle George Stanley didn't stay more than fifteen minutes. Then he and Alice went on to Brewster, New York, where they live. We shall probably see them there next month at some of the affairs of the season. For, of course, your entry into business will not prevent your going out."

"Say! You don't mean to tell me that you have already arranged to put me in the bank as Father wanted?"

"Certainly," replied Dr. West. "The terms of the will provide for your finishing college, and then for one year's travel. What more could you expect?"

"Well," ruminated Stanley, "it won't be so bad if you just won't force me to spend my time with boring aunts and uncles. You know how I loathe them. Still, I'll be twenty-one next month and master of my fate and captain of my soul!"

"You young rascal!" exclaimed Dr. West. "You'd better get serious. It's a good thing we will be together, because if you should start in to steer your ship of fate alone I verily believe you'd run on the rocks.

"But come on here and let's get back to our family duties."

We will proceed and arrive in New York ahead of the young man and his older crony, guardian and tutor.

When they come they will go at once to a well-appointed suite for two at the Metropolitan Club. Then, upon getting settled, Dr. West will go with Stanley to the National City Bank, where he will "begin at the bottom." Is was his father's wish that he be given a "he-man's" chance to become a banker on a large scale. Dr. West, who is excellently connected in New York, and who has an independent income, is admirably suited to help the younger man keep his eye fixed on a high

goal, for he has the confidence and admiration of his ward, who is only a few years younger than his guardian. Dr. West, better known to Stanley as "Doc," and "Stan" himself are pals, and go out everywhere together.

In the spring when Stan had established himself well in the esteem of all who knew him, Alice was preparing to make her debut. Doc had kept his promise and had made Stan pay his first visit to his great-uncle. Thenceforward no compulsion was necessary. Stan had no rule which prevented his full participation in social affairs. Therefore he had made himself quite pleasant to Alice.

Stanley Baker and Richard Carver had become keen rivals. One felt confident that he was "high-man" because of his past reputation. The other strove hard to win the affection of his second cousin; for his old opinions as to cousins had suffered a violent change.

The time for Alice's elaborate party was approaching. Both Stan and Dick were making serious bids for her favor. Dick felt confident that his suit was preferred. He had been making ardent love to Alice for almost three years now, and felt that his case was well-assured. He was resting on his laurels. And Stan, although he labored under difficulties, continued with unabated zeal to plead his own cause. His acquaintanceship was shorter, and therefore he was afraid that his chances were slimmer. Nevertheless, the prize at stake warranted the expenditure of every effort to gain it.

On the evening of her debut, Alice was all excitement. Beautifully gowned in a marvelous Parisian creation of rose taffeta, she presented an entrancing spectacle to her guests as she welcomed them with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. The older people smiled in response to her, and thought what an exceptionally sweet girl she was and remarked how very like her mother. The younger ones were either completely captivated or lovingly envious. When the dancing began, the orchestra was obliged to play many extras in order to allow everyone to dance with Alice.

(Continued on page 124.)

THE SEA

A Poem

By H. M. Patrick

I walked one day by the side of the sea,
  By the side of the deep blue sea,
And the lapping waves played on the sand
  Like children full of glee.

And I spied a ship far out at sea,
  Far out on the deep blue sea,
A-sailing away to a foreign land,
  As stately as could be.

But as I looked I saw a cloud
  Far out o'er the deep blue sea,
And I watched it approach with a trail of night
  As black as black could be.

And I saw the ship which had stately been
  Tossed up by the angry sea,
As the tempest raged with furious might,
  With the force of evil set free.

Each life is a ship far out at sea,
  Far out on the deep blue sea,
With an end in view and a port to make,
  And a soul that is young and free.

Our lives are alone on the trackless sea,
  On the face of the boundless sea,
But whither we go and what we become
  Is up to you and me.

There are storms which arise on the placid sea,
  On the face of the still, calm sea,
And it's whether or not we survive the fight
  That settles what we shall be.

Let us fix our gaze on the distant shore,
  Far beyond the restless sea;
Let us battle the tempests of life like men,
  Till we gain the victory.

ANGLO-SAXONISM OR MONGRELISM?

An Essay

By E. H. Gregg

BACK in the Middle Ages, during the fifth and sixth centuries, numerous tribes of roving adventurers, Jutes, Angles, and Saxons, swept down from their rude homes in Northern Europe and conquered Britain. These fierce warriors were large of body, fair of skin, blue-eyed, and of indomitable courage. They quickly made themselves the masters of the new land, and spreading over the country they infused into the old English stock a new vigor. This fusion of the hardy sea-rovers and the native Britons resulted in the formation of a new race, the Anglo-Saxon, which in the course of time has become one of the dominant races of the earth. After these Nordic invasions, England began her climb to power and influence. Then, from that sturdy English stock arose a new nation, our own United States, which grew with startling rapidity, until today it is one of the leading powers of the world.

We are the heirs not only of a great and prosperous nation, but also of a great race. The true American is fundamentally an Anglo-Saxon freeman. We take great pride in our racial stock, and justly so. No race has been more richly endowed or more highly cultured than has the Anglo-Saxon race, and no race can boast of more achievements or advancements in civilization. Our government was made possible by Anglo-Saxon principles in this country; our liberty owes its life to the Anglo-Saxon spirit; and our moral and social standard is the result of Anglo-Saxon high-mindedness. Our ancestors have preserved and handed down to us an historic, liberty-loving, democratic, old, racial stock. Shall it be kept pure?

In the last few years the question of foreign immigration has loomed large in this country. The peril which is involved cannot be easily over-estimated. The future trend of American life, morally, socially and politically, depends much upon its solution. Because the peril is now inactive does not mean that it is not present. It is a subtle poison that is slowly fermenting in the very heart of American life. We cannot readily see the effects because they are slowly and quietly taking place. To all outward appearances our national life seems sound and healthy; but the poison is at work. Foreign influences are bearing more and more upon American institutions.

Washington, in his "Farewell Address," found the people of his day with "but slight shades of difference in manners, habits, and political principles." The thirteen independent States of America were linked together by the common bond of fellowship. They had a community of mutual understanding, and the spirit of nationality drew them closer. But the condition of this country is far otherwise today. Thronging the streets of our nation is a mongrel mass of beings from every land and clime whose ideals, characteristics, and principles are much lower than our own. There are fourteen millions of foreign-born whites in America today, besides the twenty-three millions of foreign parentage. And in spite of the restrictions placed on foreign immigration, aliens continue to pour into this country and to swell the ranks of those already here. America has become a "melting pot," but she may wake up to find that the "melting" has accomplished nothing towards Americanizing the alien masses.

The effects due to the mingling of mongrel races may be clearly seen in the case of San Francisco during and after the "gold rush." In 1849 gold was discovered in California, and

adventurers of every type poured into the country. Mining camps sprang up over-night and men of every hue and character began the mad search for gold. San Francisco became the center of the "rush," and Japs, Turks, Poles, and what not streamed into the city. Confusion and lawlessness held sway; fights and murders were frequent; and honest men cowered in their homes. Then the "Vigilantes" came upon the scene. These were men of law-abiding spirit whose aim it was to restore order and peace. They finally succeeded in their undertaking by resorting to lawlessness to combat lawlessness. They took the law into their own hands and executed vengeance on the criminal by stringing him up to the nearest limb. Thus was peace restored. The result of this influx of races was a mongrelized San Francisco. Today the city is broken up into Polish, Chinese, Italian, and Jewish quarters. There are Chinese joss houses and Buddhist temples, Italian fruiteries, French restaurants, Mexican tamale venders, and a mix-up of conflicting ideals that makes the government of the city a most difficult problem. And, today, immigration is doing for America just what the "rush of forty-nine" did for San Francisco, except it is doing so on a tremendously larger scale and in a more hidden and subtle way.

Do you possess passive, obedient muscle power? Is your body free from disease? These are the basic questions put to an incoming alien. His mental and moral health is ignored. And yet it is a firmly established fact that no government can endure unless it is supported by mental and moral soundness. Government and religion go hand in hand. The religion of a people moulds and shapes their political life and organization. The religion of America has been distinctly Christian and specifically Protestant in its nature, and so far it has been the backbone of one of the greatest and most democratic governments on the earth. In his "Farewell Address," Washington found the people of his day with "but slight differences in the religious and moral life." Today there are two hundred and two different religious sects in this country. Old world beliefs and fanaticism are at work undermining our moral life. Immigrants cross our borders with minds blinded with superstitions and hearts aflame with bitterness against all law and order. They come to this country for material advantages, the wealth it offers. They are following the quest of the "almighty" dollar, and little do they care for moral or spiritual betterment. Socialists, Bolshevists, atheists, and what not, are menacing our moral structure. If this stream is not checked, the very existence of our government will be precarious. The only way to insure the stability of a government is to pitch its mental, moral, and social status on a high plane and keep it there.

A great many improvements have been made in this country from time to time by notable foreigners, but these as a whole have been merely surface improvements. In some cases wealth and industry have been stimulated apparently; but nothing has been added to the American spirit. Bolshevism, anarchism and socialism cannot stimulate national unity and brotherhood. They tend to weaken and subtract from the spirit of nationality. Foreigners are incapable of being "Americanized" in the real sense of the word. They may take on the form of American democracy, but their very natures are antagonistic to its spirit and principles. American democracy is something deeper than mere form. It is a social order, a society of free men, steeped in the love for peace and liberty. It is a vital and binding force that draws men together in union and concord. It is the outcome of the long struggle of the Anglo-Saxon race for freedom.

With the expanding volume of their numbers the foreigners are gaining in strength and aggressiveness. More and more openly

they are beginning to impose their views upon the American people. The historic old Anglo-Saxon principles are being slowly undermined by these foreign influences, and mongrel blood is filtering into our stock. Names of French, Polish, Italian, and Slavic origin are creeping into our social and political life. Men of foreign birth, cherishing in their hearts the traditions of their native homes, are trying to transplant these in the new country. As a result, American character is infringed upon. Thus, the Poles, an undigested mass in this country, cut off from American influences on account of their moral and social inequality, become more consciously Polish than they ever were in Poland. Their feeling of isolation and alienage forces them to dwell upon their racial traits, and as a result they tend to intensify their old nationality and to keep their old culture alive by supporting Polish newspapers, by maintaining the Roman Catholic Church, and by clinging to the Polish tongue. In time, they become more than a dormant mass of humanity; they become an active, vigorous group of radicals, undermining the very warp and woof of Americanism.

There is a Polish society in this country which aims at the perpetuation of Polish manners and habits. It is known as the Zouaves of St. Stanlius. The members of this strictly Polish order are expected to be "the guardians of everything that is Polish and divine in order to grow up to be true and loyal Polish patriots." It is readily seen that the sentiment of this organization is prejudiced and not in harmony with our national spirit of unity.

A New England editor states that there are in New England today, the very cradle of American independence, more "than a million French Canadians who are carrying on a struggle for the perpetuation of their culture along the same lines as the French in Canada. As a result, our New England mill towns have the French language, French parishes and parochial schools, French nationalistic societies, and a French nationalist press."

These few illustrations serve to show the effect "Americanization" is having on aliens. No people, the very fibres of whose natures are as different as night is to day, can ever be welded into a united whole. Each nationality has its own peculiar character and mind with which the Almighty has endowed it, and it is a difficult thing to blend these racial traits of one race into those of another. It took over one hundred years to build this nation into an inseparable union, and then it was accomplished only by a long and bitter war between two sections but slightly different in their fundamental desires and principles.

THOUGHT

A Poem

By B. E. Elks

A thought is not a gentle wind
That quickly passes and is gone.
It rather is a hurricane
That leaves a well-marked trail behind.

A thought may be a stepping-stone
To greater things that are to come,
Or else may be a stumbling-block
For which sometime you must atone.

Not what you think, but what you do,
Vociferates the foolish world.
But, nay, it is your thoughts that count,
The inner voice confides to you.

VENGEANCE

A Poem

By W. C. Wallace

Across the desert far away
A yapping coyote ends the day.
The sun has sunk close to the rim
And things about are growing dim.

Across the sand the shadows creep,
And all the birds are lost in sleep.
A breeze is stirring in the sand.
A man prepares his nightly stand.

Who is that lonely figure there,
With shirt sleeve torn and head so bare,
Who bends beside his tired steed
Above his fire of tumble weed?

He must have ridden far this day.
His horse is seen to sag and sway.
What does his awful hurry mean?
Why is he 'fraid of being seen?

That man has fled from Justice bar.
That's why he's ridden hard and far.
They wanted him to take the stand,
To all the world to show his hand.

But fear had gripped him by the heart.
He soon was ready to depart.
He knew that he had killed the man;
He was afraid to take the stand.

Night falls and hides the fugitive.
It seems that he is sure to live
To see another day dawn bright,
That he may on with his sad flight,

There creeps upon him unawares,
Amid the cactus and the hares,
A serpent crawling 'long the ground,
Sure as the surest lank blood-hound.

Its fangs sink deep, down to the bone.
The desert hushes a muffled groan.
An hour of agony, all alone;
Only an hour, the deed is done.

The morning breaks across the plain.
We see the man, the steed, again.
The horse is moving, full of life.
The man's poor soul has ceased its strife.

His life is finished, all is done.
The grave another victory's won.
His limbs are spread all still and cold.
This mortal's end has now been told.

Next day the posse, by vultures led,
Arrive to view the lowly dead.
The Lord, not trusting man's poor brain,
Had made Vengeance his own again.

A WOODLAND SCENE

A Sketch

By H. M. Gilbert

IT WAS in the late afternoon of a calm and peaceful December day. The turquoise sky, lined here and there with fleecy white clouds drifting just above the horizon, gave me a feeling of dreamy contentment.

Being on a hike to enjoy and study nature, I soon wended my way across fields and meadows until I entered the forest.

As I passed along the slope of a wooded hill, the beauty of the surrounding landscape caused me to pause in silent admiration and to feast upon the scene.

On one hand trickled a narrow, winding brook as it followed its course over and around the stones in its path. Its low, droning music so charmed me that I would have liked to recline on the mossy bank and dream.

Gently rising from the opposite bank, another hill sloped up and away toward the setting sun.

Crossing over the streamlet on a fallen tree, I started up the hillside. The floor of the forest, covered over with many-colored leaves, offered a soothing resting place for the eye, while rising above this, almost stripped of their former vestiges of power, stood the giant, gnarled oaks, monarchs of the forest. The stately pines, too, towering above all, added to the impressiveness of the scene.

Upon reaching the pinnacle of the knoll, I saw a most beautiful scene stretched out below me. Far and near, and on either hand, the rolling hills, in their late autumnal beauty, lay basking in the slanting rays of the sun. No hand, save Nature's own, could portray so magnificent a panorama as this. The slanting rays of the sun, striking the few remaining red and golden leaves, sent forth an effulgent glow which now pervaded the entire landscape.

So absorbed, I stood thus transfixed, as it were, until the thud of a hickory nut falling at my very feet waked me from my reverie. I would have liked to tarry longer, but the lengthening shadows, heralding the approach of twilight, warned me to turn my steps homeward.

THE PROMISED KISS

A Story

By J. I. Howell

JOE STEVENS was a coward. At least everybody in the little town of Fremont, where Joe had lived all his life, said he was, and he proved it by allowing people to call him a coward to his face. Since childhood he had never been known to take part in anything that entailed the least bit of danger. While in school, he had taken every imaginable insult from his schoolmates, but they could not make him fight. If there was no other way for him to avoid a fight, he would run. He never took part in any hazardous adventures with the other boys, or participated in any rough games in which he was liable to get hurt. He never played "hooky" to go swimming or fishing with the other boys, because he was afraid of the water. He was afraid of worms, bugs, lizards, toads, rats, and other such things that boys love to play with. He always had his lessons perfect; he was afraid he would be punished if he did not.

Joe was now twenty-two years old, and a clerk in his father's grocery store. He would not go to college, after finishing high school, because he had heard of the terrible things they did to all Freshmen in college, and he was afraid he might get seriously hurt, or perhaps killed. He had inherited a large physique and was really a handsome young man. He was in love with, and frequently called upon, the minister's daughter, Marie Wilson, who accepted his attentions more for the purpose of trying to help him overcome his weakness than for any other reason. She had done everything she could to make a man of him, but it seemed that she had failed.

She was about to give him up as hopeless, when the little town, like thousands of others throughout the country, was thrown into a state of great excitement. The United States

had declared war on Germany. The National Guard would, no doubt, soon be called into service, and Fremont had a company of infantry. Joe received the news with a sinking heart. A few weeks before, he had joined the local company in order to take part in a parade, never dreaming that he would ever be called into active service. He immediately sought the commanding officer, to see if he could be released, and, finding it impossible, his fears increased. The other members of the company delighted in getting Joe among themselves and reading account of the fighting in Europe and picturing their own company—Company A—in action. His only hope lay in the possibility that his company might not be called. This hope was short-lived, however, for within a few days the Captain issued orders for all members of Company A to report to the armory the next morning, prepared to entrain for the State mobilization camp. Joe received this bit of information as a prisoner receives a death sentence. He thought of running away, but he knew it would be useless; they would get him, no matter where he might go.

That night he went to tell Marie good-bye. She was thrilled over his going to camp, and tried to make him see the good it would do him, rather than the danger he would find.

"It will be the making of you, Joe," she told him. "Go, and forget the danger, and your fears will all vanish."

When he arose to go home, Marie accompanied him to the door, and as she stood there for a few minutes, assuring him that she would write to him regularly while he was away, his hand stole quietly in search of hers. Finding it, he held her fingers for a moment, and, growing suddenly bolder, asked her for a kiss.

"No, not yet, Joe," she said, "but as soon as you have proved yourself to be the man I believe you are, then I will kiss you. Don't forget that now. Good-bye." And she vanished into the house.

Joe went home and tried to sleep. The night was chilly, but he became wet with perspiration. He threw the blankets off, and was soon uncomfortably cold. He tossed about for what seemed to him hours, before he finally dropped off to sleep. No sooner had he gone to sleep than he began to dream. He dreamed he was crawling across No-Man's-Land, toward the German lines. He was alone, and unarmed, save for a broken bayonet in his hand. Suddenly he was confronted by a German, who advanced on him with a bayonet, which had teeth like a saw and was fastened on the end of a long rifle. Springing to his feet, he started to run, but every way he turned he faced a German with a saw-tooth bayonet. Terrified, he stood still until the nearest one had advanced to within a few feet of him, and, as the German made the final lunge to stick him with the bayonet, he awoke —sitting on the floor by the side of his bed, where he had just landed. Hastily turning on the light, he looked at his watch. It was only two o'clock, but he did not try to sleep any more. He paced the floor until dawn.

Life in camp was full of new and interesting adventures for the other boys, but for Joe it was full of new and more perilous dangers. One fellow in Company B, just behind Joe's tent, had been shot while cleaning his rifle after target practice, and several had been wounded with bayonets while attacking the "dummies" on the drill field. Joe could hardly bear to look at his bayonet. Every time he had to take it from the scabbard, he thought of his dream, and the saw-tooth bayonets which the Germans used.

Letters from Marie came regularly, as the weeks and months passed, and finally, in one of them, she announced that the Red Cross unit, to which she belonged, had been ordered overseas, and she was leaving immediately.

Several divisions of troops had already em-

barked for France, and the air was rife with rumors that the division of which Joe's company was a unit was soon to break camp and entrain for the port of embarkation. He had been expecting orders to that effect ever since the day he had arrived in camp, and was somewhat surprised, as the weeks passed and no embarkation orders came. They had been in this camp so long that he began to entertain the hope that the war would end before they were ready to go; but recent rumors, and the apparent preparations for moving, had destroyed his hopes, and when orders to move finally came, his old fears returned, stronger than ever.

It was a beautiful spring morning when Joe finally landed, with his division, in Calais, France. They had been two weeks coming from New York to Liverpool—two weeks of mental torture for Joe. He had been too sick, for a few days, to think much of the danger, but when he became able to go on deck, he was continually looking for submarines. Every object he saw floating on the water he imagined was a periscope. No submarine appeared, however, and now he was safe in France.

Calais seemed very quiet and peaceful enough. Business was going on as in an American city, and Joe could see no signs of war anywhere. He began to believe that it was not as bad as he had thought, after all, for he had expected to find everything torn to pieces. He went to bed that night feeling safer than he had felt since leaving America. He was soon asleep, and slept soundly until a little past midnight, when he was suddenly awakened by a loud cannonading. For a few minutes, he was so bewildered he could not imagine what was happening. He wondered if he was dreaming again, but just then he heard his platoon sergeant yell:

"Put out those lights. It's an air raid."

Joe flattened out on the floor of his tent, and pulling his blanket over his head, trembingly waited for the bomb to fall. None fell, however, and soon the firing diminished, and finally ceased, as the raiders passed out of range on their way back toward the lines. Joe slept no more that night.

It was the middle of July before Joe finally reached the front. His division had spent several weeks of intensive training under British instructors, while billeted near Calais, but was now holding a sector of the front line trenches just south of Ypres. It seemed to Joe, on his first trip into the lines, that he was marching straight into the very jaws of death. It was raining, just a little, and was as dark as could be, except for the flashes from the guns and the flare of bursting shells. Company A was marching in single file, and was being guided by a kiltied Scotchman, who set a lively pace. The boys marched in silence, save for an occasional smothered oath as some fellow stumbled over a snag or slipped into a shell hole half filled with water.

Joe remained in the front line trench for six days before his company was relieved. It seemed like six years to him, for he could not sleep and had eaten very little. He sat on the fire-step from morning until night, and from night until morning, expecting every minute to be blown to pieces by a shell, and when a shell did fall into the traverse next to him, on the fourth night, killing three men and wounding several others, he came near to fainting. This was considered a quiet sector, where raw troops received their first experience. After a week, and without further casualties, Company A was relieved and went back a few miles behind the lines for a few days of rest.

Joe remained in this sector for almost two months, spending about half the time in the front lines and the other half in rest billets back of the lines. Most of the boys soon became accustomed to being under fire, and did not seem to mind returning to the front lines when it came their turn, although they suf-

fered additional casualties during each trip up. But to Joe every trip seemed more perilous than the one before.

About the middle of September Joe's division was withdrawn from the Ypres sector, loaded on box cars and started south. They were seasoned troops now, and were going to participate in a gigantic drive against the reputed impregnable Hindenburg Line, between Cambrai and St. Quentin.

Sunday morning, September 29th, found every man of Company A in his place in the front line, and waiting for the zero hour to come. The Ypres sector was, indeed, a quiet one compared with this. Joe had seen more guns, large and small, as he had come up to the front than he thought were on the entire Western battle line. Most of them were silent, and concealed from the view of any chance enemy observer, but a great many constantly belched forth their missiles of death, which whistled loudly overhead as they sped on toward the German lines.

The zero hour arrived, and almost simultaneously the thousands of guns, for miles behind the lines, opened up. At the same time, more thousands of machine guns, just back of the infantry, began firing. The barrage was to advance at a certain speed toward the German entrenchments, and the infantry was to follow as closely as safety would permit. The noise was deafening. Officers gave orders by signs, and the first line, of which Company A formed a part, arose from the ground and began to advance. Joe was shaking from head to foot. He tried to steady his hands by tightly grasping his rifle, but he shook so hard that the bayonet rattled. The enemy artillery now opened up, and laid a barrage on the advancing troops. Machine gun bullets began to kick up the dirt around their feet, and crack in the air about their heads. Joe, looking down the line, saw several of his companions pitch forward and remain motionless, or sink limply to the ground and writhe in agony. The Captain signaled a halt, and motioned his men to get down. It was evident that a machine gun nest was somewhere directly in front of Company A, and it must be destroyed before further advance could be made. Joe dropped to his knees and was crawling toward a small shell hole, when he felt something strike his left arm, just above his elbow, and leave a stinging sensation. He looked at his arm, and seeing the blood—his blood—flowing from the hole in his sleeve, stopped and stood upright. Those nearest him yelled to him to get down, but if he heard them he paid no attention. Reaching down, he picked up his rifle, which he had dropped, and grasping it with his now firm hands, rushed headlong into the smoke and mist that had begun to settle over the field. His companions arose and followed, and scarcely fifty yards away they came upon him as he was battering up a German machine gun with a German rifle. Three dead Germans lay in the pit with blood flowing freely from fresh wounds. Snatching his rifle from the ground, Joe Stevens—no more Joe Stevens, the coward, but Joe Stevens, the man—plunged forward again, followed by his astonished companions, who wondered if he had gone insane. On he strode, without the slightest hesitation. The barbed-wire entanglements were soon reached, but they did not stop him. Jumping from shell hole to shell hole, recently made by the preceding barrage, and walking on top of the wire where he could not jump over, he made his way through; and without waiting for the others to catch up, leaped down into the German first line trench and began to search for something to killed. When the others reached the trench they found him engaged in a bayonet battle with two machine gunners. Half a dozen men rushed to his assistance, but he didn't need them. He killed both Germans with his bayonet.

The objective lay about two miles from the starting point, and every foot of the ground,

from the German first line of trenches, was stubbornly defended by the enermy. Joe became separated from his company, but came upon some other men from another company in a trench he was searching, and taking command of them, continued to advance. How many machine guns he destroyed, single-handed, and with the aid of his half-dozen followers, is not know; but his comrades, following behind him, saw no less than ten which had been destroyed in the same manner that he had destroyed the first one they came upon.

Only a remnant of Company A reached their objective. Some had fallen, never to rise again, while others were carried back to first-aid stations on stretchers. The few who had escaped halted and dug in on the crest of the hill which was their objective, and awaited orders. They spoke of Joe and wondered if he had been killed. They were still talking of the great change that had come over him when a man on guard reported that a bunch of American soldiers were coming up the hill from the direction of the German lines. It proved to be Joe and his squad of men whom he had taken command of in the early part of the day. They had discovered that they were beyond the objective, and had turned back.

Night came on, and for some reason no relief or reinforcements arrived. A counter-attack was feared and expected as soon as it grew dark. The entire division was badly cut to pieces—but they must hold the line until aid came. Listening patrols were sent out from each front line company, into the valley below, to watch for any indications of an attack. Joe and two other men from Company A were sent out as soon as it became dark. They had been gone about two hours, when Joe suddenly appeared at the top of the hill, dragging one of his companions, Bill Moore, with him.

"It was a shell," explained Joe as he sank down on the ground. "It got George, and nearly got Bill, but I managed to drag him in."

Joe had an ugly wound on the forehead, and fainted away as he tried to rise.

Quickly they were both carried back to the first-aid station and placed in ambulances bound for the hospital, several miles to the rear. The doctor, seeing Joe could not stand much jolting, instructed the driver of the ambulance in which he was placed to drive slowly. Bill, however, having only a broken leg, was placed in an ambulance that could go as fast as the driver cared to drive, and reached the hospital an hour or more ahead of Joe. He was greatly surprised to find Marie Wilson there, and quickly told her of Joe's heroism, and how Joe had carried him back to his lines when his leg was broken, while having, all the time, a more serious wound than his.

Marie watched for the other ambulance, and when it arrived she stood by as the attendants carefully lifted Joe's stretcher out and placed it on the ground. Kneeling by his side, she looked into his face for some sign of life. He was quite insensible and pale, and the blood was coming slowly—very slowly—from the wound on his forehead. Ever so gently she put her hand upon his hair to move it back from his face; and then she bent over his mouth to see if he breathed. His eyelids fluttered slightly, and a murmur, scarcely audible, passed his lips. Slowly and tenderly she turned his face a bit to the light and bent her head until her lips touched his.

PRESENT GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMIC ORGANIZATION OF RUSSIA

An Essay

By D. A. Wallace

IN 1917, when the agitation began which eventually caused Russia to make a separate peace with Germany, the Tsar was the supreme authority. The immense extent of territorial Russia was established upon an autocratic basis. The economic status of the country was excellent. However, the masses were ground down under a very harsh system in which they had no control. The war in which they were engaged meant almost nothing to them. All their interest in it rose from the fact that they were the ones who furnished the armies which were used to execute the designs of their superiors. Very naturally there was a considerable spirit of opposition to this oppression to which they were were subjected.

Men of high intellectual powers had been deeply influenced by Count Tolstoy. A socialistic theory, perfect in every smallest detail, had been evolved by them. Socialism and communism had been preached to the peasantry so that they felt, as a class, that in that system lay the solution of their problem of righting age-old wrongs.

Leaders of no mean ability set in motion the powers of revolution, and at that time the Russian people of the party called Bolsheviki set up a government on the plan called Soviet. The opposing party were called Mensheviki. The words Bolsheviki and Menshiviki originally meant majority and minority, but after some time came to designate the political parties in Russia. The word Soviet means committee.

From every factory, mill, community, village and town men were chosen to serve on local soviets. These soviets in turn elected members to represent them on more select soviets from larger districts. These also chose members, and these, others, and so on up to the All-Russian Congress, which was called by some the "dictatorship of the proletariat." In reality it was neither a dictatorship nor of the proletariat. Every member was under the direct supervision of his soviet, and those in turn of theirs. So that in theory it was the ideal ruling body of the perfect democracy. All workers of every class, both "workers with hands" and "workers with minds," were represented. However, no non-producer or capitalist could be represented. No single class had the power.

The Soviet system has been compared to an immense pyramid, the blocks of which are the representatives of the people, and the cement which holds it solid from pinnacle to base, the voice of a sovereign people.

This system has in theory remained identically the same since its inauguration. But in effect it has been somewhat modified. However, still the voting class in Russia is larger and more democratic than in any other country on the globe. Everyone, male and female, has the vote after the age of eighteen. As you well know, the franchise in our country and in England is restricted by tests and qualifications of many sorts, so that Russia is the most democratic country in the world.

The economic organization of Russia is inseparably linked to the government, for the economic welfare is the chief concern of a people. The All-Russian Congress has an absolute and uncompromising monopoly of both exports and imports. Under the "new economic policy" which was lately set forth, all wheat in excess of that received in taxes, which are paid "in kind," should be sold for export. In 1922 Russia's foreign trade amounted to $40,000,000, about 5 per cent. of

her pre-war trade. Before the new economic policy was adopted no foreign trade was carried on. From a system of absolute communism to that under their present policy, is a step to the middle course between capitalism and communism. Now the larger industries, such as cotton, wool, oil, coal, etc., are organized under "trusts" which amount to a government monopoly. Industry in Russia has reached the stage where it produces from 3 to 35 per cent. of its pre-war volume. Textile industries are doing about 25 per cent. of their pre-war manufacturing, and therefore many people are very poorly clothed. Transportational facilities are very poor. In northern Russia there is an over-supply of wheat, but in some parts there is a grievous lack of food. Production of wheat rose from 70,000,000 bushels in 1921 to 220,000,00 in 1922; but in spite of this increase severe want is felt in many sections.

In the industries, factories are being closed constantly because machinery has been allowed to wear out without being repaired. Production costs are enormous. In next year's budget, taxes alone are estimated at 25 per cent. of the value of the taxed product.

There are already over two quadrillions of rubles in circulation, and more are being printed all the time. Prices are in constant fluctuation. Wages are often delayed and the laborer is injured immeasurably because of the change in prices between the time the money was due and the time it is paid. In this way the government makes an enormous profit on a certain speculation. The whole system has become one of gross dishonesty.

According to Mr. Hoover, "All that charitable relief can hope to do is lift special groups from utter destitution up to the level of general poverty and thus prolong life in the future."

What Russia needs is the impulse of self-interest, which is entirely lacking in nationalized industry.

THE CHRIST, MY KING

A Poem

By J. H. Maw

My Lord will lead me all day long,
And keep me cheerful with a song.
He does guide in the paths of right!
And oh! my foosteps are so light.
Each day as I walk by His side,
I trust in Him to be my guide.

He is the Friend that we all need:
To you, to me, a Friend indeed;
Let each of us give Him our heart,
And from His path go not apart.
And if for Him we will but live,
All of our sins He will forgive.

Let us keep walking in His love,
The only way that leads above:
For if we from this path should stray,
We have no promised other way.
So living, free from hate and strife,
We shall begin eternal life.

If we take heed unto our ways,
And life for Him the rest of days,
Eternal life will be the goal
To every honest, steadfast soul.
So let Him be our Christ and King,
For He did our Salvation bring.

THE GAMBLING STREAK

A Story

By D. L. West

"SHORTY" stopped, turned up the collar of his threadbare coat, shoved his hands deep into his pockets, and continued his shivering journey down the deserted, wind-swept avenue. He shivered spasmodically, thoroughly, eloquently. In fact, he shivered so convincingly that even the most casual observer would have concluded that Shorty was cold. And Shorty was cold, very cold.

Winter had found Shorty in reduced circumstances. In such reduced circumstances as he had never known before: Nothing to eat, no money, no job, and now since his landlady refused to board him on credit, nowhere to sleep. To be concise, his circumstances were reduced to what he had on. And to make matters worse, the part of these aforesaid circumstances, commonly known as a coat, was in a very sad state of repair, while as a protection against the biting east wind, the part colloquially designated as pants might have been reduced to B. V. D.'s without lessening their effectiveness. They were of a brand of habiliment widely advertised under the name of "Keep Kool Klothes." "A very poor outfit to face a Washington winter in," the most casual observer might remark. Quite true, but they were all Shorty had left after his landlady had taken possession of his personal effects in lieu of three weeks' rent, which Shorty could not pay.

But it had not been ever thus with Shorty, for he had seen better days, much better days. The time had been when Shorty was not known by his present cognomen, but responded to the dignified title of Bernard Van Sant. Yes, he was a Van Sant. A New York Van Sant, a descendant of one of the oldest families. And yet, as you see him in his present condition, it is hard to believe that he is other than a bum or a hobo.

Well, here's how it happened: Shorty was the first-born and only son of a busy mother and a hard-working father. His father had started in life with the task of replenishing the family coffers, emptied by his extravagant sire, and got in such a habit of working that he just couldn't quit. As a result, he was worth several millions when Shorty first met him. Mrs. Van Sant was one of the species known as social climbers. Her life work was devoted to a continual round of bridge, receptions, balls, clubs, and the like. With such parents it is quite evident that Shorty's childhood and youth were of his own making.

In due time he entered Harvard, where his stumpy figure gained him the undignified appellation, Shorty. It was here, too, that his troubles began. From infancy he had possessed an inherent fondness for gambling. In any form or fashion, it appealed to him, and even at the immature age of five he had shot marbles for keeps. Naturally, he bet on the football games. And such betting! It was the talk of the yard. But somehow he was always lucky, and at the end of the season had cleared several hundred dollars on his bets. However, he was not so lucky in baseball, and when he had used up his allowance in betting, he wrote home for more money. And then for more, and more. In some way father learned where his hard-earned dollars were going, and what he said about his gambling son can't be put on paper. He at once took him out of school and disinherited him, but relented enough to secure him a position as agent for a fruit company in a small South American country. Here followed a series of

adventures and escapades with senoritas and revolutions, and all that kind of thing.

When America entered the war, Shorty came home and enlisted. In the fighting in France he served with such bravery that he was awarded a Croix de Guerre and a D. S. C. Of course, his father, proud of such a son, forgave him, and in addition to making out a new will granted him a liberal allowance. Shorty came home, sobered by his experience in the trenches, and settled down to help his father in the office. His mania for gambling seemed to be gone, too, so that his father became intensely proud of this son he had once disowned.

Perhaps it would have remained thus indefinitely had not Shorty been invited to take a cruise around the world in Jimmy Templeton's yacht. The European itinerary included England, France, Germany, Italy, and to the ruin of Shorty, Monte Carlo. There the old gambling spirit, which for two years had lain dormant, responded to the lure of the world's most famous temple of luck, and came to life again. The enchantment of the place fell so heavily upon Shorty that he was soon eager to try his luck. He risked all his father had allowed him for the trip, three thousand dollars, upon the turn of the roulette wheel. And he lost.

He came home. His father was furious, and in his anger again disinherited the backslidden Shorty, allowing him five hundred dollars to live on until he found a job. Shorty immediately bet the whole sum on a horse-race, doubling his resources. Then throwing all cares aside, he lived joyously and freely through the whole summer.

Of course, this high living entailed a frightful shrinkage in his bank account, so that by the time it was necessary to buy winter clothes, his checks were returned with the words, "No Funds," stamped across them. He made a desperate effort then to secure a job in New York, but at that time unemployment was at its height.

Leaving New York, he went to Washington, hoping to secure a government position, and again met disappointment. In hopes that something might yet turn up, he spent his last ten dollars for a week's board in advance. Nothing turned up, however, and at last we find him walking the streets after beating his landlady out of three week's board.

And so, as Shorty resumed his aimless promenade through the deserted streets, faint lines of worry began to play over the bronze of his handsomely chiseled face. Then the expression changed to disgust; disgust with himself. What a fool he had been! If it hadn't been for his abominable gambling, he wouldn't—. Well, there was no use crying over spilt milk. He had learned his lesson. If he ever got out of this mess, he would never take a chance on anything again, not even as much as buying a ticket to a church raffle. No, sir! he was off of gambling for life.

Such spirits as Shorty's are not easily discouraged, so instead of deciding to jump in the river, lie down on the street car track, or put an end to his troubles by means of any other conventional method of "kicking the bucket," he immediately began to search for a way out of his present predicament. If he went back to his father, he would surely give him some clothes and find him a job. But here the pride of the Van Sants asserted itself. No, he would die before he did such a thing. And, anyway, he must first find somewhere to pass the night. He recalled how he had used a box car as sleeping quarters for a whole week during a revolution in Paraguay, and determined to try the experiment again.

In accordance with his decision, Shorty changed his course, heading for a nearby freight yard. He walked rapidly for several blocks, and then, all of a sudden, came to an

abrupt halt. Fifty feet ahead of him, under the glare of a street-lamp, a small black object moved, resolved itself into a feline of the blackest hue, and ran across the street directly in front of Shorty.

Shorty closed his eyes and shuddered. Not that he was extraordinarily superstititious, for he was not. He was not any more so than most of us, but you would have shuddered, too, if after breaking your mirror on Friday, the 13th, a black cat had crossed your path.

The incident had a decided effect on Shorty. It robbed him of his self-confidence. The brisk stride lost its brickness. The expression of his face showed signs of worry, disappointment and slight indications of depair. Something dreadful was going to happen to him. He just knew it. There was something weird, fantastic, about it all. He had thought the breaking of the mirror on such an ill-starred day was merely a coincidence. But this last omen of bad luck—Ugh! It was too uncanny to be a coincidence. Something dreadful was going to happen. He knew it! He knew it!

His mind filled with these melancholy forebodings, Shorty was scarcely aware of the big truck that lumbered around the corner at an alarming rate of speed. And then *it* happened! The seemingly immobile pavement flew up and hit him right smack in the face, knocking him for a row of fair-haired, blue-eyed angels clad in white robes, and playing golden harps, and singing, and all that. Then the angels faded away, and about a million stars took their places, and directly about a million firebells began to ring, resulting in such a production of disharmony that Shorty awoke. He sat up, somewhat dazed. Gingerly he felt of his nose, which, though tender, seemed to be present in totality. Next, he examined the bumps on his forehead. Nothing serious. Carefully he raised himself to a standing posture, and, assuming that no bones were broken, started to resume his quest for a place to hibernate for the night. But as he put his foot forward, he was tripped by some bulky object, and was again laid sprawling on the cold, hard pavement. The jolt must have cleared poor Shorty befuddled brain, for as he picked himself up, he began to wonder for the first time what it was that had so mysteriously knocked him down.

Being unable, where he was, to examine the cause of his second downfall, he picked it up and started with it across to the other corner where there was a street lamp. He could tell by the way it felt that it was a suitcase. Then that was what had knocked him down. But where did it come from? Suitcases don't usually fall out of the sky. Maybe an aeroplane or a dirigible—how absurd a theory! What would an aeroplane be doing in the sky this time of night? But how in the world—Oh, yes! The truck! The truck! Now he remembered. He had been standing on the corner, and as the truck had turned the momentum had slung the suitcase off, and it had struck him, knocking him down. Yes, that's how it was.

The contents of the suitcase proved to be a veritable godsend. Shirts, collars, ties, socks, but best of all, a perfectly good suit of clothes. Of course, Shortly knew that he ought to return it to the owner, and after some mental conflict it seemed that honesty would prevail. Fortunately, however, a thorough examination of the suitcase failed to reveal the identity of the owner. "Anyway, he doesn't need 'em half as bad as I do," reflected Shorty, thus eliminating any remaining objections of his conscience against his assuming a receivership over the goods in question.

Next morning a genial sun greeted a new and rejuvenated Shorty as he descended from his box-car hotel. Instead of the worn-out summer drapery of the day before, he wore a handsome suit of the latest cut, which fitted him almost perfectly. From beneath the vest a shirt of a soft cream color showed, with a

smart jazz bow acting as neck piece. Cocked jauntily on one side of his head he wore a snappy sport cap. His fairy godmother had included everything but shoes, and those he had on would do for awhile.

On second thought, the fairy godmother left something else out, namely: a good breakfast. Shorty was hungry, ravenously hungry. He hadn't eaten since the morning before. Thus it was that an hour later he beat an honest restaurant out of a satisfying fifty-cent breakfast. It was then in the feigned search for money that followed that he made the great discovery. In a vest pocket his groping fingers encountered a small slip of paper. He took it out, examined it. It was a ticket to Florida.

"Oh, boy! I'm Florida-bound," he cried, slapping the astonished cafe proprietor on the back.

The train was just pulling out as Shorty swung aboard, his hands still bearing wrinkled evidence of having recently performed the menial task of dishwashing. Smiling a none-too-fond farewell to the capital of his country, he pulled himself up, and went on into the train. So he was going to Florida. It seemed too good to be true. And yet that's what it said on the ticket: Hicksville, Fla. What he would do when he got there he hadn't the slightest idea. It wasn't cold as blazes down there, at any rate, and there were possibilities of his getting a job. Naturally, he entertained some curiosity as to who the owner of the suitcase was. Then unexpectedly he came upon a clue. In the same pocket from which he retrieved the ticket he found a small visiting card. On it was the name, L. Jenks, and nothing more.

At first Shorty felt a bit remorseful that he had not made a more thorough examination the night before. Later, however, after soliloquizing that it was too late now, he dismissed all cares, and leaned back in his seat to enjoy the varied beauty of the Piedmont scenery through which the train was passing.

Dusk was slowly settling the next day when the conductor awoke him from a nap, and informed him that they had arrived at Hicksville.

It was a typical southern hamlet, just a few stores clustered around the little yellow railway station, a two-story hotel, a garage and a barber shop. As is customary in such places, the entire population turned out to meet the train, so that as Shorty stepped off he was surrounded by a curious throng of villagers.

For a few seconds he stood there somewhat confused and embarrassed, holding guiltily on to the former suitcase of Mr. Jenks. Then, all of a sudden, he felt a slight tug on his sleeve, and was aware of a soft feminine voice inquiring:

"Aren't you Mr. Jenks?"

He turned to find a pretty young girl, apparently some twenty summers old, addressing him.

"Why, er—oh, yes!" he stammered in reply.

"Oh! I'm so glad. I was afraid I wouldn't be able to find you."

She held out a tiny hand for him to shake.

"I'm Susie Brown, the Methodist preacher's daughter. You are to stay with us, you know. Father isn't feeling well, and couldn't get out, so I came to meet you instead. The Ford is right over here."

And without further preliminaries she led him to it, and they were soon speeding on their way.

She was one of those girls of a type that always attracts attention. Her hair was jet black, and was given added lustre by the contrasting whiteness of a perfect complexion. She gazed at you with eyes of cerulean blue, which had a certain baby-like adorableness about them, with an added twinkle of good humor and geniality, that made you want to look into them forever. Add to these two dimpling cheeks and a pair of enticing red

lips, and you will have a meagre mental picture of Susie Brown.

They rode for a while in silence, and then Shorty's companion started the conversation:

"How long have you been teaching, Mr. Jenks?" she asked.

"Three years," cheerfully lied Shorty, who was highly pleased that his adventures had taken such a romantic trend.

Thus given a start, the conversation waxed confidential. She coaxed Shorty to tell about himself. He didn't exactly do that, but he did draw liberally on his imagination, and told all sorts of things about the missing Mr. Jenks. In turn, she began to give an account of herself, her father, and Hicksville in general. Her discourse was cut short by their arrival at a snug-looking little house on the outskirts of Hicksville, which she called home. While Susie cooked supper, Shorty talked to her father, a kindly old man who had spent his life in the service of others, and whose chief joy was his daughter, his constant companion ever since the death of her mother. Then followed a supper in the preparation of which Susie had used such culinary skill that Shorty for a time imagined himself either dreaming or in heaven. Looking across the table, he saw an angel, and concluded that he was in heaven.

But the angel spoke, which brought Shorty out of his reverie. She was saying:

"Mr. Jenks, after supper I'm going to carry you to see Deacon Jones. He is the Chairman of the Trustees of your school, you know. I'm sure he'll want to see you and give you some instructions, for your school opens tomorrow, you know."

And then Shorty remembered that he was supposed to be a school teacher. He didn't like the idea of teaching, but it was better than doing nothing. And, too, he was becoming interested in Susie Brown. Thus it was that the legal heir to the Van Sant millions became principal of the Hicksville High School.

A week passed by. A wonderful week for Shorty, in which Susie Brown became nearer and dearer to him. In the mornings she would help him get off to school; in the afternoons they always took a walk together; and the evenings they spent chatting idly. And Shorty soon fell a helpless victim to the darts of the ever-watchful Cupid. "The result of propinquity," the most casual observer would opine. But if you had asked Shorty, he would have sworn that it was love at first sight. Anyway, he determined to remain in Hicksville and win the heart of the beautiful Susie.

Casting a gloom over his golden prospects, however, there came suddenly and without warning a premonition of approaching disaster. One morning a letter was delivered at the school-house addressed to the Chairman of the Trustees. Shorty was putting it in his pocket to deliver to Deacon Jones, when the return address attracted his attention. It read: "L. Jenks, Washington, D. C." Throwing aside all scruples, he tore the letter open. It contained a statement from Mr. Jenks to the effect that he had been unavoidably detained in Washington, and that he would arrive in Hicksville on the evening train of the following day. The nature of the epistle cast a shadow over Shorty's heretofore peaceful bliss. As a matter of fact, he had been so much wrapped up in his new environment that he had altogether forgotten about the gentleman whose property and name he had so unwittingly assumed. As a result, his peace of mind was very much disturbed by the unwelcome news of Mr. Jenks' intended arrival.

It was a very nervous Shorty who the next evening paced the station platform, waiting for the train that was to bring the obnoxious Mr. Jenks to Hicksville. He had decided that he would take Mr. Jenks into his confidence, explain the situation to him, and see if he couldn't be bought off. If he refused to listen to such a proposition—well, it would just upset all of Shorty's hopes. With these

thoughts running through his mind, Shorty became more and more nervous as the time for the train to pull in approached.

After what seemed to Shorty hours of agony, it finally did pull in, and a lone passenger got off, a man about Shorty's size, of a stern and formidable appearance. With a sinking heart, Shorty approached him, sorrowfully confident that it was Mr. Jenks. Suddenly, however, the stranger espied Shorty. His mouth flew open in surprise. He dropped his two suitcases to the ground, and with a yell grabbed Shorty's hand and shook them vigorously.

"Why, Shorty, my boy, what in the devil are you doing down here in this hole?" he demanded.

Shorty gasped in amazement. It was Tom O'Hara, his father's private detective, and one of his best pals in the days when he worked in the office. Ignoring the question, he proceeded to give his friend a warm and profuse welcome to Hicksville.

The train was pulling out, and as no one else got off, Shorty remarked aloud:

"Well, I guess he didn't come."

"Who didn't come?" asked his friend.

"Oh! a fellow by name of Jenks."

"Jenks," the detective's smile broadened into a grin. "Why, that's the name I'm to go under in Hicksville. How did you learn it?"

"Sweet daddy!" exclaimed Shorty. "Boy, come over to the hotel. I've got something to tell you."

Starting at the beginning, he told his story, suitcase and all, ending it with a vivid description of Susie. When he finished, O'Hara chuckled.

"Well, Shorty, my boy," he said, "you would have been in a nice pickle if I hadn't happened to be Mr. Jenks. As it is, I think I can help you out. I'm down here on a case for your father. As you know, the name and teacher's jobs are just 'blinds.' Now, to please you, I'm going to change my name and profession, so you can go on just like you were."

Here a twinkle came into his eyes.

"But I've a good mind to make you pay me for the suitcase and clothes."

"Go chase yourself," retorted the happy Shorty.

With the threatening cloud removed from his sky, Shorty again lived in a state of ecstatic joy. Without losing any more time, he immediately began a vigorous assault upon the affections of Susie Brown. Being as energetic in love as in gambling, his campaign was marked by quick action. At the end of the first month he had proposed once, and was slapped for his boldness. During the second month he proposed three times, and was thrice repulsed. The total for the third month reached five, and then Susie capitulated, being unable to withstand Shorty's Foch-like tactics. Then Shorty revealed his true identity, and told how gambling had caused his decline from glory. Susie forgave him on condition that he solemnly promise never to gamble again. They then set the date of the wedding for June, and spent a happy two months waiting for the month of flowers and brides to roll around.

In the meantime, O'Hara made a trip to New York to make a report to his employer, Mr. Van Sant. In addition to making his report, he told his chief about Shorty; how he had reformed; how hard he was working; what a different sort of fellow he had become. He succeeded in making such an angel of Shorty that he convinced Mr. Van Sant that he had treated his son unjustly. The result was that O'Hara, upon his return to Hicksville, bore the glad tidings to Shorty that his father had forgiven him and wanted him to come home at once.

"No, Tom, I can't do it," replied Shortly, who had just returned from his honeymoon trip. "I can't do it. I'm going to make my home in Hicksville."

Without any further explanation, he left the

bewildered O'Hara, and directed his steps towards the handsome new bungalow, where he and Susie were keeping house. He had had it built while they were on their honeymoon, and as a surprise for Susie had not let her know about it until they came home. Of course, she evinced some curiosity about where he got the money to build it, but his answers were vague, leading her to believe that his father had let him have it.

As soon as Shorty had left him, O'Hara called his chief over long distance, informing him that his son had married a circuit rider's daughter, and refused to come home. Upon receipt of this message, the elder Van Sant immediately boarded a train for Florida, arriving in Hicksville several evenings later.

Shorty was very much surprised to learn that his father had come all the way from New York just to see him. So he hurried to the hotel just as soon as O'Hara informed him that he was wanted. And when he arrived, what an interview followed!

His father was furious about something, and talked so passionately and rapidly at first that Shorty couldn't understand what he was so angry about. Finally he quieted down enough to be intelligible. He was mad because Shorty had married. For full fifteen minutes he paced the floor saying all kinds of things uncomplimentary to Shorty—and not giving him a chance to put in a word of defense. At last the old man's rage gave away to despair and he concluded his tirade, saying:

(Continued on page 125.)

TWENTY-ONE

A Poem

By A Young Hopeful

Editor's Note.—We have seen in college magazines this year poems on Sixteen, Seventeen, Eighteen, Nineteen, and Twenty. On hearing this, one young gentleman volunteered to write a poem on Twenty-one, and thereby make the series complete. Taking thought, no doubt, to the seriousness of the occasion and the solemnity of the time when the mantle of age and responsibility descends upon the young man, the author composed for us the following lines which, with due apologies to any who may be possessed of a sense of the aesthetic, we publish.

All hail! I'm twenty-one tonight.
And though my hair grows thin and white
And all agree I look a sight,
I'm twenty-one, and that's all right.

As yet I have not chose my pard,
And fear I'll find the search too hard.
I want a girl perfumed with nard
And one who mixes flour and lard.

Her eyes must be an azure blue,
And even if her name is Sue,
And she has adenoids and flu,
I do not care, just so she's true.

I hope her cheeks a ruddy hue,
And that her teeth are more than few,
And that she can make good beef stew;
If so, I'm fixed to a "cat's mew."

As now I live a single life,
I hope that when I get a wife
That there will be as little strife
As is twixt nigs without a knife.

Our life must be eternal bliss.
Each day will start off with a kiss;
Each other we will never miss,
'Causewewillalwaysbelikethis.

Yes, I intend to have much fun.
And that is why I've made this pun
From thoughts that through my head do run
Tonight when I am twenty-one.

Wofford College Journal
Established 1889

STAFF
Editor-in-Chief—R. H. Hodges
Business Manager—M. B. Wilson
Literary Editor—J. E. Sprott
Literary Editor—A. F. Graham
Literary Editor—M. L. Meadors
Exchange Editor—J. M. Bailey
Circulation Manager—W. S. Hoole
Advertising Manager—A. H. Stokes

Entered at the postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as second-class matter.
The Wofford College Journal is published seven times a year, on the fifteenth of the month, by the Student Body.
Subscription per year, $1.25; single copy, 20c.

EDITORIALS

Chirstmas

Christmas is the time when we celebrate the coming of One who taught men a better way of living than the selfish life that men are wont to live. We are supposed to make others happy at this time of the year, or that is what we have been taught to believe. We often think of Christmas as a holiday, and not as a holy day—and this is natural, for Christmas is both. It might be well, though, to think of ourselves as we are, and as we were last Christmas, and as we may be next Christmas. It's really not a bad idea.

And then, too, we go home, back to the surroundings, friends and acquaintances that we have known since first we began to live. We are back at home to live again and fit ourselves for another year's life and work. There is nothing quite like a family coming home again for Christmas. It really brings the threads of life together again and makes us better able to appreciate some things and makes us able to see things in a proper perspective. Christmas is really a fitting celebration of a wonderful occasion.

Reading

To the inquisitive soul there is one enjoyment which never grows old; no vicissitude of chance short of bodily injury can impair it, no vagary of life can remove it. It is the joy of reading.

What can be more delightful than to sit before a glowing fire in a comfortable chair with a mellow light diffusing itself over your shoulder as you delve into some fascinating bit of history or romance, or to think with the great their thoughts—often the flower and fruit of a life-time, or to catch the divine gleam of Truth which man has wrested from a hostile universe and recorded that you might read? That is real pleasure. Or perhaps you may soothe your mind with the wondrous melody of language, the beauty and rhythm of poetry as it thunders and peals with the sounding march of battle, or sings and echoes the music of the brook tumbling and playing along the hillside. Language, in the hands of a master, is but the velvet strains of exquisite music floating in the evening air. Or perhaps you may follow the childhood of the race in the dreams and fancies of the past. Or perhaps, as the fire sinks low upon the hearth, you will close your book and muse upon the stupidity of man and the progress of the race.

All history is at your disposal. On your bookshelf are the best thoughts of the best of men. The experiences of the race is yours—it will yield wonderful secrets to you if you be wise. Blessed is he who owns an inquisitive soul, tomorrow is his, and he is the hope of a better world tomorrow.

Exchanges

The other day we perused the exchange department of a college magazine. The criticism there expressed was remarkable for one thing—its utter worthlessness. In the small compass of approximately three hundred words, our contemporary undertook to criticise no less than seven college magazines. Further, the comment was so vague, so general, so commonplace as to leave one no wiser

when he had finished than when he began. Further, as we had read most of the magazines criticised, we were inclined to infer from his comment that the reviewer had not.

All this leads us to ask: What is the purpose of an exchange department in a college magazine? To answer this question is not so easy, but we will begin by telling what it is not, or, to be more exact, what it should not be.

An exchange department should not degenerate into a bureau of mutual admiration—we have yet to see a college magazine that has not possibilities of vast improvement. Neither should this department take the part of a caustic critic or deal in destructive fault finding; nor, most important of all, should it deal in banalities and commonplaces which are so trite and hackneyed as to mean nothing.

The first requisite of good criticism is insight; the reviewer must be able to evaluate the magazine as a whole, pointing out its strong points and its weaknesses. If this is done in two sentences, well and good; if it takes six pages, that, too, is all right. If the reviewer has time and space, it is desirable that he take the contributions one by one and show their strong points, their weak points, and how they could be improved.

The second essential to good criticism is sincerity. We, all of us, are amateurs, and the best way to improve our magazines is to see ourselves as others, frankly and sincerely, see us.

All criticism should be constructive. Praise where praise is due—a little praise is often efficacious, but "roast" where "roasting" is due—a little chastening may also be effective. Above all, read carefully, thoughtfully, develop insight, criticise sincerely, and perhaps our exchange departments will justify their existence.

Carolina, Lead On

At the last session of the Legislature a law was proposed making a medical examination the first requisite for a marriage license in South Carolina. This bill was first mutilated by having all women exempted; then it was defeated.

To my mind, this bill is but a prophecy of what the future will bring. This bill was defeated. Why? Because ignorance and prejudice cannot be overcome in a day. We hope this bill will be reintroduced this year and every year until it has been passed and become a law.

Why is such a law desirable? For hundreds of years man has improved his vegetables, his maize, his kine and swine until they have reached a degree of perfection undreamed of five hundred years ago. Has the human race improved proportionately in this time? We fear not; in fact, we would sooner assert that the race has degenerated during this time. Man probably has no more intelligence, is no stronger physically, mentally, morally, is no healthier than he was five hundred years ago. Man has improved his pigs and his chickens because he recognized the fact that superior animals meant superior offspring; through some inconsistency of mind, he seemed to think that a different law governed human inheritance. We can hope for superior men and women only when all fathers and mothers are superior. This can be attained only when the lowest strata of society physically, mentally, and morally are not permitted to reproduce their kind. No one thinks that imbeciles, lunatics, or epileptics should be permitted to marry; why should the weak-minded or those with heritable diseases be allowed to marry? We look at these things from the parents' point of view; we forget that each babe has the inalienable right to be well born. When Society permits a being who is physically and mentally inferior to be born, Society is guilty of crime.

With our Southern viewpoint, we are inclined to think that women should be exempt-

ed from the provisions of such a law. We must, however, distinguish between sentiment and sentimentality. If a child is diseased or physically inferior, does it make any difference whether he inherited it from his father or mother? A fact remains a *fact.* What we may believe or our viewpoint or our sentiments in the matter will not alter one iota the facts in the case. No true woman would consent to marry if she knew her children would not have a fair change at life. Any logical law must be inclusive.

In this modern world there is another reason why marriage should be restricted. In the world of yesterday, inclement nature and cruel man killed off the weak; today, Society is preserving the weak as well as the strong. The marked tendency of the modern world is to emasculate the race, and we can hope to strengthen, preserve, and purify the race only when we cut off the lowest strata of subnormals and forbid to them the right of marriage. Society *will* do this before many years are past. Reason and intelligence *will* prevail. South Carolina, you have the gleam. Lead on!

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

J. M. Bailey, *Editor*

The Wake Forest Student

The October issue of *The Wake Forest Student* as a whole shows itself to be in the hands of capable managers. However, there is much room for improvement. I think monthly magazines published by various colleges and universities should contain several good poems. *The Student* is no exception. Hence I suggest that future issues contain more and better poetry. With that addition the publication will achieve greater success and awaken a wider interest.

Then there seems to be a lack of fiction. The story, "The Opportunity," is well developed. However, a more modern and stronger plot would add much to its attractiveness. The story, "Babies and Politics," deserves special

DRINK

IN BOTTLES

Spartanburg Coca-Cola Bottling Co.

SNAPPY FOOTWEAR
For the College Man

Square Toe Effects in Shoes and Oxfords, Dancing Oxfords in Patent and Dull Calf, Silk and Wool and all Silk Socks in the New Shades. : : : : : : :

IF IT'S NEW AND POPULAR, WE HAVE IT

Wright-Scruggs Shoe Co.
"THE SHOE STORE"

IF IT BE A READY-MADE WEAR_____ **Kuppenheimer**

If it be a Made-to-Order, It should be made by____ **Ed. V. Price & Co.**
CHICAGO

HARRY PRICE

116 EAST MAIN STREET

The Store for Better Merchandise Spartanburg, S. C.

THE DuPRE

Book Store

THE LARGEST BOOK STORE IN SOUTH CAROLINA

Students Cordially Welcomed

mention. The plot is good and the climax is reached without difficulty, though rather suddenly. College men and women enjoy a story like that, since it pictures the humorous and bright side of life.

The contributions of the alumni add much to the magazine. In fact, it is seldom that alumni take much interest in a literary magazine published by the students of their Alma Mater.

After reviewing carefully the publication as a whole, I think it is not what it could be. There is an overbalance of some material and a noticeable lack in other kinds.

The Erothesian

The November issue of *The Erothesian* merits both adverse and complimentary criticism. The articles included in this number, although not above the average, are good; but the magazine is too thin for a monthly publication. In spite of the fact that there are nine articles listed in the table of contents, the literary section covers only six pages. This, of course, indicates that the selections are very short, and leaves some doubt as to whether or not they are fully developed.

In turning the leaves of *The Erothesian,* we first notice a poem entitled "November." The writer here draws a pretty picture, but mars its beauty somewhat by becoming careless with the meter. We also are inclined to believe that "everywhere" is one word. The next article, "I Am Aware," is praiseworthy. We like the writer's trend of thought, and we find the essay (if it can be termed such) very interesting throughout. As to the title, however, it seems that (no sarcasm intended) "Am I Aware?" would be more fitting. We find that "The Sprite of Autumn," although very short, has the qualities of a gem—a little one. "Leaves From a College Girl's Diary" and "Diplomacy" are entertaining, but we suggest that the writer of the former hyphenate the word "fifty-three." Miss B—in "Me and

Home of

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES

AND

FLORSHEIM SHOES

Spartanburg's Best Clothing Store

Greenewald's

INCORPORATED

Spartanburg, South Carolina

ITS INFLUENCE—

A strong, progressive Bank wields a powerful influence in the business affairs of a community. It is gratifying to know that the aims and efforts of our officers and directors are so generally understood, and so thoroughly appreciated.

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK
U. S. DEPOSITARY

THE ELITE

CANDIES, SODAS

ICE CREAM AND LUNCHES

WELCOME WOFFORD BOYS

MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT

THE ELITE

Poe" has written a very accurate sketch of the way a student hopelessly proceeds to write a required composition. We fear that she has had some such experience herself. The rough meter of "The Golden Shawl" greatly weakens its claim to poetry. In a way the style of "The Little Road" is good; but we wonder if the transition could not have been made a little less abrupt. There are better ways to denote transition than by a row of asterisks across the page. And when such a row occurs four times in the brief space of two pages, the attractiveness of the story is lessened. Further, if the first part of the story was as short as the second, both should have been published in one issue. It does not strengthen a short story to make it shorter. In the poem, "The Wind," Miss R— gives us another little jewel; but we suggest that she make the different ingredients of the wind either singular or plural. We like very much the chatty character of the exchange department, but (we have to us "but" again) we are inclined to think that this department could be made even better by more definite criticism, leaving out as many general phrases as possible. One may, you know, give a general criticism of a magazine without ever reading an article in it.

As a last word, we suggest that the editors of the *Erothesian* make their next number a little thicker, and at least *try* to make the individual articles a little longer. B. E. E.

Pine and Thistle

In reading through the November number of the *Pine and Thistle* we found very little poetry. In fact, there are but three poems, and these are very short. More poetry would help out, and without more, this magazine can not come up to the highest standard set by the other college magazines.

This issue has much news in it which properly belongs in a weekly paper. "Scotch Day Speeches," "Alumni Notes," and "News Notes" seem to be out of their place in a monthly magazine. A "Founder's Day Address" would be all right in the weekly paper, but one doesn't care to read all about local happenings when reading a magazine.

"A Year and a Day" is very interesting. It has a good thought developed, but there are many sentences in it which are not very clear. As a whole, it is very good.

Taking this issue all in all, it is below the standard. The articles are too short; too many loosely constructed sentences are in them; and many articles are out of place. L. H. C.

The Carolinian

The first noticeable feature of the November number of *The Carolinian* is a suggestion of Thanksgiving in the form of a big turkey on the outside cover. Artistic covers are very desirable—but they must be artistic. Mr. Turkey is somewhat wooden; while the cover-idea is good, its execution is bad. The physical ap-

Agents for Schloss Bros. & Co. and Adler Collegian Suits and Overcoats.

Boys, make our store your headquarters. We carry a full line of high grade Clothing, Shirts, Neckties, etc.

We Cash Wofford Students' Checks

IT PAYS TO TRADE AT

118 East Main St. Spartanburg

pearance and make-up of the magazine is good, but not as good as it might be. If suggestions are desired, we would not use paper quite so thick, neither would we publish a magazine of that size, which had but thirty-two pages, advertisements and all; neither would we confine the titles of our articles to one column on the page—but that is our idea; if you differ with us, you may.

The Carolinian contains five poems, two essays, two short stories and a "Farce," outside of the Editorial Department, and "What's What And Why." This would seem to indicate a well-ordered magazine.

"The Mocking Bird" is a beautiful tribute to a beautiful bird; this is clearly the best poem in *The Carolinian.* We find no complete sentence in the first stanza, but we will charge this to poetic license and not to the author. "Compensation" is good. Were the thought expressed with the felicity of the pen in "The Mocking Bird," it would be a much worthier poem. "Valkyrie" and "The Viking" lead us to believe the authors have been delving in the spirit of the past. Both poems are good in spots; both are faulty in spots. "The Hungry Heart" lacks polish and smoothness. "A Convict's Escape" is a gruesome story which were, perhaps, better not written; as he wrote it, however, the author should have made his story vivid, dramatic, real. Such a story would have gripping power were it exceptionally well written. The story, "Dark Waters," is saved from excessive mediocrity by its O. Henry-like ending. "An Appreciation of O. Henry" is the best bit of prose we find in the Literary Department, but even here the style breaks in places. This essay is good. The style in "The Virtue and Promise in South Carolina" is very bunglesome in places, but the facts, figures, and suggestions given are interesting. "The Rejected Suitor," "a farce," we suppose is intended to be amusing —this, however, is a mere supposition; it is not supported by the facts in the case. The Editorials are neither especially well-written, nor are they very unusual or original. The "What's What And Why" Department is something that we have seen in no other magazine, and we think it is worthy of praise; we hope you will develop this Department, Carolina; it should be very valuable. The Exchange Department is the best that we have seen in any college magazine. We do not

379 N. Church St. Phone 1307-J

PEARSON'S

Between Calhoun and College Streets

A FULL LINE OF SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Also Hot and Cold Lunches, Milk, Cold Drinks, Crackers and Cakes of all kinds.

Wofford Boys Are Always Welcome

Everything in DRUGS, SODA, CIGARS, but especially for

Y—O—U !

Norris Candies, Waterman's and Parker Fountain Pens, Eversharp Pencils, and a select assortment of Stationery.

Yours for Quality and Service,

WILSON'S DRUG STORE

THE REXALL STORE

152 W. Main St. Spartanburg, S. C.

"The Best in Drug Store Service"

mean that it is perfect or that we agree with every sentiment there expressed—it is simply the best we have seen in any South Carolina magazine. The prose in *The Carolinian* is not unusually good; the exchanges are probably the best written part of the magazine. The poetry is superior to the prose. H.

The Winthrop Journal

On scanning the pages of the *Winthrop Journal* there appear three noticeable features. The first is a series of essays which in themselves are good. However, a college publication which is supposed to include various kinds of material, such as short stories, poems, editorials, sketches and essays, cannot afford to devote too much space to essays alone. A more perfect balance in material should be sought. However, the essays deserve special mention.

The second noticeable feature, and I think the most important, is the lack of fiction and poetry. Although there are three poems, they are not very good. The rhyme and meter are not up to standard, and the thought of the poems is obscure.

The third feature, which I may say deserves praise, is the brave attempt at play-writing. If more of that kind of work were published, or even written, I feel sure a wider interest would be awakened.

Now, taking these three features in a summary of the whole magazine, I will say that the *Winthrop Journal* is not as good as it might be. The essays are splendid, and more of them should be written. However, one or two should be reserved for a later issue, and the extra space filled with short stories and poems.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED

STATE.—*Erothesian, Concept, Criterion, Stylus, Winthrop Journal, Carolinian, Echoes of the Foothills, The Nautilus* (October), *College of Charleston Magazine, Furman Echo.*

NON-STATE.—*Canisius Monthly, The Argus, The Lehigh Alumni Bulletin, The Aurora, Pine and Thistle, Davidson College Magazine* (October), *Barnacle, Wake Forest Student, Kentucky Cardinal, The Carolina Magazine, The Argus, The Trinity Archive, The Pine Branch.*

AS OTHERS SEE US

Well, Mr. Meadors (of Wofford), you had some time with those drunken men, didn't you? We're glad nothing *else* happened, so you were left to tell the tale. "The Historical and Strategical Importance of Constantinople" was well written. "The Recompense" was also well told, but the plot wasn't brand new. There were some fine thoughts in "A True Friend" and "Advice."—*The Erothesian.*

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL.—The poem, "Wofford," is well written, and needed

WE SELL
'GIFTS THAT LAST"
of Known Reputation
Gifts for All Occasions

The Rex Theatre

COLLEGE AMUSEMENT HEADQUARTERS

— THE HOME OF —

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

WOFFORD STUDENTS ALWAYS WELCOME

J. F. MANNING

Annual Photographer

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

just the least bit more care in the finishing touches. "Prohibition" is a sketch-story wherein the author shows flashes of real skill in his descriptions, and this greatly helps the negligible plot. We hope to see another story by him, of more depth, and a little less nonchalant of tone. "Guilt" is fairly good. The author can write, but picked a rather poor vehicle. The story, "Mr. Houser and Business," is also fairly good. It narrowly misses being a sob story, but shows human nature realistically. Considering the weak plot, the story is about as good as could be expected. The poem, "Who Are We?" presents a futile attempt at depth. When on the subject of the Deity, embryonic poets should be certain that their efforts are sufficiently profound. The sketch, "Sunset," is very effective and presents a colorful picture. The author has the ability to paint with words. "The Recompense" is a better-than-average Western story. The magazine as a whole is well balanced and attractively arranged.—*The Carolinian.*

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL contains several good stories and essays. The editor's epigrams should grace the joke columns rather than the editorial space. The story, "Mr. Houser and Business" seems to be the best, though there are many others that are very good. This number of THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL would have been better balanced if it had carried more poetry.—*The Chronicle.*

ANNOUNCEMENT TO HIGH SCHOOLS

IN THE INTEREST of better poetry and prose in the high schools of South Carolina, THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL is offering this year fifty dollars (50) in prizes to high school students. The first prize of twelve dollars ($12) is offered for the best original short story; a second prize of eight

J. T. BOOTH
JEWELER
102 Kennedy Place Phone 528

EVERSHARP PENCILS,
FOUNTAIN PENS,
WATCHES,
CLOCKS, JEWELRY, Etc.

Watch Repairing My Specialty

Typewriters for Rent and for Sale—Your Patronage Appreciated.

A. LEVIN
FINE TAILORING
Suits made to order
$35.00 AND UP

Altering, Repairing and Pressing

117 North Church Street
PHONE 896

dollars ($8); and a third prize of five dollars ($5) is offered. Like awards will be made for the three best poems. The contest is open to students in all accredited high schools in South Carolina.

The Journal Contest Editors will select the twelve best short stories; the final judges to decide among these will be Dr. W. L. Pugh and Prof. J. W. Harris, of Wofford College, and a member of The Journal Staff. The Contest Editors will select the twenty best poems; the final judges among these will be Dr. H. N. Snyder, of Wofford College, Dr. Myers, of Converse College, and a member of The Journal Staff.

The contest will be governed by the following rules, which must be observed:

1. Only one short story and one poem may be submitted by each contestant.

2. Short stories are limited to two thousand words.

3. Manuscripts must be typed or legibly written on one side of the paper.

4. They must be in the hands of the Contest Editor on or before January 10, 1924.

5. Manuscripts must not be accompanied by letters. Inquiries or letters should be sent to the Editor of The Journal.

6. Manuscripts should contain nothing by which the author may be identified; but attached to each manuscript should be a plain, sealed envelope containing the name and address of the contestant.

7. The receipt of no manuscript can be acknowledged and no manuscript will be returned. Each contestant should, therefore, keep a copy of his manuscript.

8. The three winning short stories and the three winning poems will be published in the February issue of The Journal. The submission of any manuscript, whether it receives an award or not, gives The Journal the right to publish the same, wherever and in such manner as it may choose.

9. All manuscripts should be sent to The Journal Contest Editor, Room 201 Senior Hall, Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.

The Red Moon

(Continued from page 94)

One thing though, puzzled Alice very much. Dick was not to be seen anywhere on the floor. After a while a note was brought to her. She stole a moment aside in order to read it. When

DR. WEBB THOMSON
DR. H. A. FEEMSTER
DENTISTS
Dental Bldg. 153½ N. Church St.

The Ford Leads the World in Automobile Value—We Lead the State in Automobile Sales.

Ford

ERNEST BURWELL
Spartanburg Ford Dealer
199 West Main St. PHONE 402

she tore it open these words greeted her:

"DEAREST ALICE:—It grieves me very much that I am unable to accept your invitation, but an unbreakable rule prevents my coming. As you know, I make it my custom to go out only four evenings in each week. This is one on which I must remain at home.

"As ever, your own "DICK."

Alice crumpled the note and dropped it. Then she returned to the floor and danced on just as gracefully as ever and with unabated vivacity.

As the evening went on and the room became rather warm, I strolled into the garden to wander among the sweet, budding flowers and feel the gentle spring breeze upon my forehead. The night was wonderfully clear and the moon was just beginning to peek above the distant trees. I wandered on and on in an idly romantic dream. It all came about unexpectedly, I assure you. I really can't explain it at all. As I stepped around the trellis upon which runs the night-blooming cereus, an unusual sight was before me.

There, silhouetted against the red moon, were two young people clasped in a passionate embrace, their lips pressed ardently together in a fervent soul-kiss.

Surely, that is an experience that is permitted a man only once in a red moon.

The Gambling Streak

(Continued from page 112)

"And to think that you, my only son, would marry the daughter of a circus rider."

"But, father, she's not any such thing, indignantly interpolated Shortly. "She's the daughter of a Methodist minister." Then he added, "And her father is a circuit rider, not a circus rider."

His father's face brightened.

"Then I just misunderstood O'Hara over the phone. Well, son, that's not so bad."

An affecting reconciliation then took place between the father and the son. Later that evening, Susie and Shorty were hosts at a little dinner party. The guests were: Shorty's father, Susie's father, and Tom O'Hara. Mr. Van Sant was very much pleased with Shorty's charming bride, and said so with such sincerity as to cause Susie to blush with pleasure. Then he began to admire the cozy little bungalow and praised Shorty highly for being able to provide such a home.

"But I can't understand where you got the money to build it. They must pay you teachers down here very large salaries," he said to Shorty, with a puzzled look on his face.

"Why, er—ah, no. You see, I happened to make a fortunate investment," replied Shorty.

After the meal was over, O'Hara took Shorty to one side.

"What kind of investment was that you made?" he asked eagerly.

"Do you remember that little black mare of Col. Forbes that won the cup for two-year-olds at the county fair?" queried Shorty, looking around to see that no one was listening.

"Lady-fingers? Yes, I remember her."

"Well, I bet five hundred dollars on her with the odds five to one," confided Shorty.

Clothiers and Furnishers
To Men Who Care

Agency Society Brand Clothes

MEYERSON'S
The Man's Store

Chero-Cola

THERE'S NONE SO GOOD

FOLLOW THE CROWD TO——

BISHOP'S

Rex Theatre Building

——FOR THE BEST——

Sodas, Ice Cream and Candies

TOILET ARTICLES

KODAK FILMS KODAK FINISHING

Imagination--Master Force

Emerson.

"There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many more. Society is a troop of thinkers, and the best heads among them take the best places. A FEEBLE man can see the farms that are fenced and tilled, the houses that are built. The STRONG man sees the possible houses and farms. His eye makes estates as fast as the sun breeds clouds."

STRONG MEN, TRAINED MEN, EDUCATED MEN, CHRISTIAN MEN, the world needs more than ever today. They always have been, and always will be, fired by IMAGINATION; but this is not all—Self-Control. THRIFT has been their handmaid. It is the mission of this bank to help you in your THRIFT, your self-mastery.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

A. M. CHREITZBERG.....President
J. B. CLEVELAND.....Vice-President
FRANK C. ROGERS.....Vice-President
ROY E. LEONARD.....Cashier
W. FRANK KLUGH.....Assistant Cashier
J. WESLEY ISOM.....Assistant Cashier
H. B. CARLISE.....Attorney

ALL WOFFORD COLLEGE GRADUATES

RESOURCES OVER 3½ MILLION

D10313/66

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

FEBRUARY
1924

Vol. 34 No. 4

HIGH SCHOOL
NUMBER

Engraved Cards

Let us furnish your Engraved Cards, either from a new plate or your old one. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed, and prices reasonable. : : : : : : :

February 1929

Come to

Ligon's Drug Store

for Courteousness, Service and Good Treatment

Prescription Specialist

Pure Drugs - Best Toilet Articles - Safety Razors and Blades to Fit All Safety Razors : : : :

Exclusive Agents for Eastman Kodaks and Films

When You Send HER Whitman's You Have Sent the Best

Largest and Best Assorted Stock of Fountain Pens and Eversharp Pencils in the City

We are always glad to see you

Ligon's Drug Store

Phones 30 and 31

Wofford College

HENRY N. SNYDER, LL. D., Litt. D., President

All courses leading to A. B. Degree. Fourteen Professors. Departments: Ethics, Religious Education, Astronomy, Mathematics (pure and applied), Physics, Chemistry, Biology and Geology, Latin, Greek, English, German and French, History and Economics. J. B. Cleveland Science Hall, Whitefoord Smith Library. Carlisle Hall, a magnificent new Dormitory. Athletic Grounds.

Next Session Begins September 18, 1924

For catalogue or other information, address the President, Spartanburg, S. C.

Progressive Banking--

The earnest desire of our organization is to help you transact your business pleasantly and satisfactorily.

Bank of Commerce

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

B. T. EARLE, President
J. W. BELL, Vice-President
C. W. BOYD, Cashier
H. C. HICKS, Asst. Cashier

May We Serve You?

February 1924

CONTENTS

		Page
Wilson (Poem)	E. H. Gregg, '26	128
In Memoriam—Thomas Woodrow Wilson	W. S. Hoole, '24	129
Julius Sees Her (Story)	R. V. Williams, '24	130
My Shrine (Sonnet)	J. E. Brown, '27	132
Ande (Narrative Sketch)	G. K. Wynn, '25	132
One View (Poem)	R. H. Hodges, '24	137
One Hundred Years of the Monroe Doctrine (Essay)	J. M. McKnight, '24	138
Magic of the Sea (Poem)	E. H. Gregg, '26	140
A Mountain Stream (Sketch)	H. M. Gilbert, '26	141
The Lie (Story)	D. L. West, '25	142
Living (Poem)	B. E. Elks, '24	146
Nurtured by Nature (Poem)	J. C. Bailey, '26	146
Bottled in Bonds	C. C. Herbert, '25	147
His Hope (Poem)	T. A. Myers, '25	151
To a Cat-Tail (Poem)	W. C. Wallace, '26	151
Mother Meant Well (Story)	J. M. McKnight, '24	152
Musings of a Barefoot Lad (Poem)	H. M. Patrick, '26	156

High School Section—

Great Fire's Treasure (Story)—Miss Elizabeth Werner, Memminger High School, Charleston, S. C.	157
The Snow Queen's Party (Poem)—Miss Louise Smith, Spartanburg High School	159
The Coward (Story)—Andrew T. Cooksey, Blacksburg High School	159
The Stolen Kiss (Poem)—Miss Sarah Sanders, Anderson High School	162
The Prince of Peace (Story)—Miss Frances Bell, Spartanburg High School	162
Candle-Light (Poem) — Miss Lucie Allen, Spartanburg High School	164

Editorial Department	165
Exchange Department	169

WILSON

A Poem

By E. H. Gregg

Oh, Life! How fickle is thy course!
  How tragic is thy fatal end!
In treacherous and varied forms,
  Thy reaper, Death, doth o'er us bend.

He, the noble soul and great,
  Is laid beneath the Reaper's knife,
While onward winds the mystic stream,
  Regardless of one human life.

Let us in common mourn our loss,
  And eulogize his worth and fame,
So that the passing years may bring
  A hallowed reverence of his name.

Then Death's is not the victory,
  Nor is the grave the tragic end.
We do but lose the mortal clay;
  The spirit still doth o'er us bend.

IN MEMORIAM—THOMAS WOODROW WILSON

By W. S. Hoole

WOODROW WILSON is dead. He has stepped from the midst of controversy and taken his place among the immortals, against whom no man can speak. For a moment, the conflict ceases, friend and foe stand with bared heads to do homage to a great and valiant soul. There is a sudden and loyal silence throughout all of America—for no man has ever been more a part of every man in the United States than Thomas Woodrow Wilson. His friends will rush no more quickly to speak his praise than his enemies. For he was a man's man—it was a joy to fight him, as well as to agree with him.

Utterly fatigued and worn out by the gallant battle with Death, he slipped peacefully away—honored and revered by old and young as one of the greatest Presidents this great country has ever known. Immaculate in soul and body—a dye of truthfulness and loyalty, this great man will live forever. No stone statue or memorial is needed for Woodrow Wilson. He is immortal; his name will stand forever amongst us as a sounding symbol for sincerity and fearlessness.

So, Thomas Woodrow Wilson, the twenty-eighth President of the United States, is dead. Called by God to the Great Beyond, where every man is equal, and where Mr. Wilson's true Spirit of Democracy knows no rival. He is gone. Answering the irresistible call of the Father—for surely God realized what a noble spirit he was, and possibly needed him to help Up There—he quietly and peacefully slipped, while sleeping, from us into the open arms of God, where he can, without disturbances, continue his pleasant dreams. He went out as peacefully as does a beautiful June day—no pain, no anguish—just Sleep.

And now the nation mourns. And rightly does it do so. No nobler soul, no greater man, has ever breathed the pure Southern air, and seen and enjoyed the soothing Southern sunshine than Woodrow Wilson. He was a great man; a great Southerner. He ranks with Lee, with Jefferson, with Washington—he was great. And a great man is one who, when you have found him, you feel as though you have found a real human being among myriads of animals. For bitterness, cynicism and pessimism, which are tempers of pettiness, he had not; but love, cheer and hope abounded in him, for these are always the by-products of greatness.

Lingering on the verge of eternity for two days, Woodrow Wilson—wearied of the world—breathed his last. And with his departing, many tears were shed, for no President since Lincoln has had such friends and enemies. Through it all, however, he preserved an outward calm, while the Grim Destroyer, Death, hovered close about him during his last months as President, and followed him quietly and relentlessly to the modest home where he lived as a gentleman and continually knocked at his door every day until it, at last, gained admittance—taking our beloved ex-leader away.

But while living, Woodrow Wilson was a gentleman. And there are two essential elements of a gentleman. First, he was a man; and second, he was gentle. He was brave, not with physical lack of nerve, but unafraid in his heart, seeing the laws of truth and goodness and committing himself to them with utter indifference to consequences. And he was gentle; that is, he learned to use his courage kindly. For Woodrow Wilson, the immortal, was profoundly fearless, and he was gentle—hence he was one of the finest specimens of God's handiwork—a Gentleman. He had character, too; that spark of celestial fire which burns in our breasts—his spark was

one of the brightest. Never stooping to do a questionable deed, never leaning to anything that was not fair and square, Mr. Wilson lived the life of a Christian. God-fearing, God-loving, God-revering—such was Woodrow Wilson—the Man. A noble spirit, nobly gifted. He laid down his life, making the supreme sacrifice for an ideal. He feared no one, though many hated him and his policy. He braved the storm of eight long years as leader of a war-stricken country. And he won.

He won the war; and as he won the war, he won in life. Won in such a manner that, when the end approached, he said unfalteringly, "I am ready"—he won! His last battle is over; his last worry has passed. Woodrow Wilson is dead. Time alone can write his epitaph. But in leaving us, he left us a Principle which, along with his name, will live forever—that spirit of fairness, of democracy. And as he tried to make the "World Safe for Democracy," so God has made him safe in His Democracy.

But do not think that Woodrow Wilson is dead—he is only sleeping. His noble spirit, his perfected policy and polished method of procedure will linger long after his bones have crumbled back into the dust from whence they came, to mix forever with the elements in his eternal resting place. Do not think he is dead; for such immaculate, immortal principles can never die—they will live as long as the sun doth shine.

And since Woodrow Wilson has so quietly and easily passed away from us forever, let us not think of him as gone—but remember him always as one who, with an unfaltering trust, approached his grave—

"Like one who wraps the draperies of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

JULIUS SEES HER

A Story

By R. V. Williams

JULIUS HAD REFORMED, but now he smelled perfume. Women had been his downfall and jail his reformer. Julius had been making money easily, so easily that he had become careless, and he had to work a year with Uncle Sam. Julius hated work without pay, and that is why he reformed. Morally, Julius was the same, and he believed with all his heart that he had done nothing wrong. All he did was to teach some women a lesson, and he thought he ought to be paid for his troubles.

This was the lesson he taught them—it can best be understood by describing one of his affairs. He would start what would appear to be a friendship with some woman, married or single, it mattered not to Julius as long as she had money. He would then send her flowers and candy, and take her out to suppers and plays. When Julius was satisfied that the time and conditions were perfect, he would go around to her with some hard-luck tale about a small note due, and all his ready money tied up in business. The woman would offer to make him a loan, which he would refuse at first, but after she had pleaded with him he would accept it in a way that looked as if it hurt him. He never would come back. Julius thought that he did nothing morally wrong, because he did not ask for the money; he made no promise to return it, and besides it would be a good lesson to the woman. Uncle Sam had differed with him and had given him a job that had fully convinced Julius that he was wrong. He had kept the straight and nar-

row path, but now he smelled perfume, and he turned in his seat to discover its origin.

Across the aisle from him sat a large woman, dressed in silk, and almost hidden by a large fur coat that hung loosely around her. Suspended from her hat was a heavy, dark veil that entirely covered her face. Julius gazed at her, and the old temptation that had been restrained for two years began to whisper in Julius' ears. She must have weighed two hundred pounds, and for every pound, Julius saw a dollar. A moment later, she opened her beaded handbag, drew a handkerchief from it, and shut it again, but Julius had been watching, and he saw down in the bottom among powder puffs and vanity cases, a roll of bills that made his heart leap.

"Beg your pardon, but haven't I seen you somewhere before?" he asked in the most polite tone he could assume.

"I don't know. I have been several places before," she answered in a tone that made Julius want to pull his overcoat up closer to him.

"Aren't you from the South?" he asked.

"Yes! Are you?"

"You bet! It seems so good to talk to someone from Dixie. Where are you from?"

"Nashville."

"Well I declare, I'm from Birmingham."

And thus the conversation grew, and before many minutes had passed, Julius was occupying the seat with her. They introduced themselves to each other and Julius was so wrapped up in conversation that he rode two blocks past his destination; but before leaving the car he had arranged a date for the night.

Julius walked slowly into the office building. He had a position that paid him twelve dollars a day with the largest construction company in the world. He went to work at eight and stopped at four. No one gave him orders, he looked at the plans and went ahead. He changed his suit for a pair of overalls, sharpened his tools, and was soon laying brick on the second floor. Julius had learned this trade while in prison.

It was almost four o'clock when Julius stepped upon a plank that had not been nailed and fell to the bottom floor. He was rushed to the hospital, but an examination showed no broken bones. Nevertheless, the doctors ordered him to stay there until he had recovered from his fall. Thus Julius began a long week in the hospital.

Two days had passed when Julius was much surprised to see his street car acquaintance walk into his room with a bunch of flowers that resembled a bride's bouquet. He had almost forgotten about her, and he had regarded his accident as a warning to leave her alone. She stayed with him about two hours, made his pillow comfortable and helped him in every way she could. But she would not remove the veil. She came the next day, and the next, always bringing flowers or something for Julius to eat. Some one has remarked that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, and Julius was no exception. He began to like her more than he ever dreamed of doing.

"Won't you take off your veil?" he asked one night.

"If you ever ask me that again, I'll never come to see you," she replied.

He never asked her again. Julius was falling in love with a woman that weighed two hundred pounds and whose face he had never seen. Strange thing will happen.

After he had recovered from his fall, Julius began to repay some of her kindnesses. He took her to suppers and plays, and he enjoyed doing it. Every day at lunch hour he met her in front of the building where she worked, and they lunched together.

One day Julius found the office building in flames, and saw his girl waving frantically from the fourth floor. Evidently, she had started down to lunch and had found her way blocked, for she was dressed for the street.

Julius' heart froze within him. Here was the only girl he had ever cared for in great danger. He rushed into the adjoining building, which was two stories high. A moment later he was upon the roof. He snatched the rope from the flag pole and threw it up to her. She fastened it securely to the legs of a deavy desk, and Julius climbed up to her. He tied the rope around her and let her slowly down to the roof. His burden was heavy, and once he almost let her fall. A few minutes later, he slid down the rope, just in time to escape the flames.

Julius proposed that night. She accepted on the condition that he would not ask her to remove the veil until after they were married. Julius was satisfied, for she had been nice to him; he had cared enough about her to risk his life for her, and, besides, she couldn't be the ugliest girl in the world.

They were married at twelve that night, and Julius rushed his heavier half to the hotel in order to see her face. After a midnight supper, they went up to their rooms, and she removed her veil. She was a coal-black negress, with very thick lips and an extra chin.

What would you have done if you had been Julius? Suppose you had risked your life for a girl and after you had married her, discovered that she was blacker than the ace of spades? What would you have done?

Julius didn't do anything; he was a negro, too.

MY SHRINE

A Sonnet

By J. E. Brown

Breezes whisp'ring, secrets lisping, if I only knew
What the Red Men whisper round
Ere they reach the hunting ground,
Which they while roving forests wild, from Nature's creatures drew.
Oh, let me rove and let me love where Heaven's glories shine,
Where pink, wild roses climb above—
God's works reflecting His own love;
Oh, let there be my daily walk, my kingdom and my shrine;
My law, that of the flitting birds, the canon of the flowers—
To multiply and beautify our Mother Nature's fold,
To gleam, to dream and then to wake with love, devotion true,
In the Spirit-of-the-Forest's bowers,
Fringed with flowing gentian's gold;
And humble homage do.

ANDE

A Sketch

By W. K. Wynn

JANUARY THE SECOND was a cold, rainy day. If you are a college student, you well remember that day; its inclemency needs no further emphasis. With a fresh kiss on my lips, a wet raincoat on my back, a suitcase in my hand, and a carbuncle on my foot, I limped on board the train. Virtually all the occupants of the train had the first three addenda out of the four which I have enumerated as being my personal traits; but I was unique in my possession of the last one. On account of its uniqueness, I felt a very keen interest in procuring a seat. After limping up and down the aisle of the car, yet

not without considerable difficulty, I found a half-vacant seat. If I had been delayed three minutes in appearing on the scene my alternative would have been: a seat with our Ethiopian brethren in the car just in front of ours, or a seat in the aisle of our coach. My foot continually reminded me, and I assure you in the most impressive way possible, that a posture other than standing must be assumed, and that right early. I believe my three-minute supposition is entirely unnecessary, yet it bespeaks boldly the pessimistic outlook which I had on life at this particular time.

The half-vacant, or to adhere to mathematical precision, the three-fifths vacant seat was apparently at my command. Yet the occupant of the remaining two-fifths must be consulted as a mere matter of decorum. I inquired of the young man, who had pushed himself so tightly against the window facing and who seemed to continue to shrink as I looked at him, whether the seat was reserved for any one. My words produce no other effect than to make the young man extend his height, by sitting more erect, thereby causing his width to diminish until the vacant part grew to be four-fifths of the entire seat. This was the only visible sign which he gave of having heard my voice; his head remained erect and straight to the front. I repeated my question with more vivacity; this produced satisfactory results.

"No, sir; no, sir. It isn't reserved," replied the boy. I thanked him in a rather irritated tone of voice, which was impelled by the increased pain in my foot. Without further preliminaries I sat down. This relieved the pain to such a satisfactory degree that it allowed me to become once more melancholy in my thoughts of leaving home and friends, for nothing more than to be educated. I soon found myself seriously wondering whether this thing called education was worth the sacrifice which I was then making. This thought and others equally as absurd flitted through my mind as a result of the enjoyable Christmas which I had spent while at home. These enjoyments were fastly taking their places in the limbo of the past. The train now started: but my line of thought remained equally as melancholy. Each puff of the locomotive brought me closer to routine work; each revolution of the car wheels shook the dear old home-town dust from their surfaces. The impress of the kiss (by the way, there is no cause for any excitement just here, as it was my mother's kiss) seemed ever to remain on my lips, forcing me to think of her who had converted a house into a home; and a group of people into a family. I raised my head in order to expel this thought, which seemed to be unusually dexterous in producing melancholy effects. My eyes now fell on the wet raincoat. This reminded me of the dark, dank, misty day on the outside, which seemed compatible with the dark, dank, misty day which I carried around with me on the inside. I at once dropped my head so that this prevailing thought might be expelled. The result was equally as futile, for my eyes now rested on my bandaged foot, the source of my severest disappointment while spending my holidays at home. Plans for a duck hunt had been made and were ready to be executed, when the most beautiful of all bubbles bursted at the appearance of that unsightly carbuncle. In an attempt to eke out my enjoyments while my friends were away hunting, I followed various authors through their hunting experiences; but this substitution proved as unsatisfactory as did parched corn for coffee. In short, I was melancholy to the point of cynicism.

I collected my thought well enough to direct them on a book which I had with me. Before long I had lost myself among its pages. About the time that I was sympathizing with little Alton Locke, as he toiled in the unwholesome tailor's shop, I felt some one touch me very softly on my pocket. I immediately

looked and saw the hitherto silent joint occupant of my seat jerk his hand quickly back into his lap. My suspicion was immediately aroused. The rapidity with which he jerked his hand in place, and the unchanged expression on his face, aroused my suspicion. I had some money in my pocket. My first impulse was to assure myself of its safety; this I did and found it undisturbed. I resumed my reading, but did not allow all five of my senses to be completely absorbed in my avocation. I reserved the partial service of my right eye and ear for the suspicious character.

After reading for quite a while, my eyes began to pain me. I reluctantly closed my book and decided to give my time to the study of the queer, unboylike boy at my side. He still maintained the same posture which he had assumed from the first. His hands were crossed on his lap, his back was erect to such a painful degree that he appeared to have an inflexible pipe inerted in lieu of his spinal column. His head and eyes were straight to the front. He wore horn-shell glasses; this, of course, accounts for the impossibility of describing the greater part of his face. The soft, silky down, which embellished his upper lip and his chin, had obviously never known the severity of a razor; this authentically fixed his age between sixteen and seventeen. He wore a rumpled brown cap, which, if we may judge by appearances, doubtless had been his inseparable friend since his early childhood. The brown coat, vest and trousers were apparently a recent acquisition. The uneasy manner with which he shifted his feet led me to believe that this was possibly his first appearance in public wearing long trousers.

It was Pope, I believe, who wrote: "Words are like leaves; and where they most abound, much fruit of sense is rarely found." If this philosophy could be taken literally, then the boy and I were modern Platos—up to this time we had remained as silent as did the seat on which we sat. Presently I saw my odd friend begin to cautiously slide his hand horizontally along the window facing. At each obstruction which his hand met he would stop and feel it; when his hand reached the vertical piece he moved slowly up it until he could reach no farther. At this instant a realization came over me which fully convinced me that there were just grounds for his seeming peculiarities. My eyes had been out of focus; this realization quickly focused them. In looking at the downy face, I had overlooked those patient and almost saintly features which were now fully revealed to me. The erect position in which he sat, with his hands crossed on his lap, no longer seemed to be signs of a bovine and apathetic being; but rather signs of infinite patience and long suffering. My whole sympathetic being went out to this boy who stood on the threshold of life—BLIND. He had hopes; he had desires; he had aspirations, just as I had. What chance did he have in clothing these ambitions in the royal robes of Reality? What chance had I? These and other thoughts entered my mind as advanced guards of Sympathy. I now fully understood why he had touched me while I was reading, and why he had quickly withdrawn his hand. The only eyes which he had were on the tips of his fingers; he was SEEING whether any one was occupying the seat with him. I now began to reflect upon the length of time which he had retained that cramped position, the reason for which now became evident to me. Not being able to see whether he was encroaching on any one's rights, or giving any one reason for complaining, he occupied very much less space than was allotted to him. He was cramping himself that others might not be inconvenienced. He had already kept this position for more than an hour. His blindness had surely taught him thoroughly an incomparable patience.

Now the train began to cross the river, which was well known to me. I knew every

creek and every cove along its banks in this vicinity; my canoe had left none of its waters unexplored. I instinctively looked down the river for a sign of ducks, as I had often done while I was there in my canoe. Huddled closely to the bank under a few overhanging willows were four or five ducks, mere specks in the distance. My mind instantly began to recall in vivid pictures all my previous duck hunts in this vicinity. In that marsh on the left was where I killed my first duck; a fine mallard drake. I had a feeling that comes but once in a lifetime when he folded his wings and fell at the report of my gun. Yes, there is that old oak log down the river a short distance. How well I remember that cold February day, how I was standing on the log when a drove of ducks flew over my head within easy range, and how in my excitement and greed I fired both barrels of my gun at the same time. The next thing I knew I had lost my balance and fallen into the river. As each familiar place loomed up, my mind had ready a picture of some past experience for me to live over again.

Now that the train had crossed the river, I turned again to my blind friend. I had entirely forgotten him in my ecstasy: but when this reverie ended it caused me to remember him with renewed pity. Hunting, fishing, canoeing, swimming, hiking, and camping each was to me as one-sixth is to the whole! I felt that no other five could be added and make such a perfect whole—LIFE. Then, according to my definition of life, the boy at my side was not living—he was merely existing. I looked more closely at his face; yes, the expression of joy, happiness, and tenderness was written there as plainly as was the print in the book at my side. Yet he had never lain down at night, after rolling up in a blanket, with nothing between him and the stars except a few swaying tree tops; and he was happy? He had never felt the thrill that comes with paddling a canoe so Indian-like that a drove of ducks were surprised and took to the air just in front of him; had never seen them as they churned the surface of the water in making their ascension. Then with a quickness which can only be acquired through practice, see one or two fall to the water at the report of his gun; yet he was happy? I did not believe it was possible. I was determined to find out.

"This is a very tiresome trip, isn't it?" I addressed the boy. Now for the first time his full face was turned toward me. As his sightless eyes faced mine his countenance fairly beamed. He was neither handsome nor beautiful; but he possessed a combination of qualities in his countenance that were so far superior to beauty that it would be mockery to even suggest a comparison. Beauty, today, means little more than a broad knowledge of the best cosmetics and their artistic application. I was forced to feel that the expression on the boy's face was more than skin deep; it was surely the reflection of his soul.

"Yes, indeed," replied the boy, "but it is a diversion from the monotonous, routine work at school, consequently I am rather enjoying it." His use of the English language was beyond reproach. Here was a blind boy of the high school age, yet his English was polished much more highly than is the English of eighty per cent. of our college graduates.

"Did you enjoy your holidays?" he asked. I assured him that I did except for the last three days, which were days of disappointment for me on account of not being able to take part in the hunt.

"I surely enjoyed my Christmas, the mere fact of being home with the family made it impossible for me to be other than happy." The expression on his face fully corroborated his statement; there was no question in my mind that this happiness lingered. I began to believe that the face before me was as unsuited to express a sad or a melancholy spirit as was my voice to sing, or my hand to draw.

The disappointment which I had felt hitherto so keenly, concerning the hunt, began to diminish considerably. If this blind boy could be so happy that one could read it in his face, even after Time had labeled those happy events as past, what moral right did a boy have to be melancholy who had no physical defects? I began to weigh this question, but without much progress, when I was interrupted by that cheerful voice again.

"You remember how warm it was Christmas day? Sister told me that there was not a cloud in the heavens. Well, there is a small creek which runs through a wood just behind our pasture at home. You know I live in the country, and I have never understood human nature well enough to know why people should wish to crowd themselves together in the towns and cities. There is plenty of room for all in the country. I have left my little story; let me get back to it. I suggested to my sister that we go down under the pine trees to a place we call Violet Hill. We went there almost every day last summer. My sister needed no further coaxing, but took my arm and we started together. Before long I heard that familiar sound, the wind blowing through the pines. The poet has made it more beautiful by calling them the 'whispering pines.' We both sat down on the carpet of pine needles. Just at our feet was the little stream babbling as it flowed over the rocks. That is a combination which every one doesn't get a chance to hear—the 'whispering pines' and the 'babbling brook.' I know just how beautiful Violet Hill is, even though I have never seen it. My sister has described every detail of its beauty to me.

"I asked her questions about it and she would paint the picture in words on my mind so vividly that I believe it was almost as good as seeing it. Oh, how I enjoyed my visit to Violet Hill. I can hear those 'whispering pines' and the 'babbling brook' now. You know, friend, I think that kind of enjoyment is what makes life worth living. If more people would forget themselves in nature, forget their cares, forget their business, then more people would remember God; there would be more smiles for us in this world. It has gone a long way towards making my life happy. What marvelous possibilities lie there for those who have eyes with which to see them."

The effervescing joy which the blind boy showed in telling this simple experience with his sister made my melancholy spirit as much out of its element as was the proverbial tortoise who wished to learn the art of flying by being carried into the air in the talons of an eagle. The story proved to be as detrimental to my melancholy as did the flight of the eagle to the tortoise.

"Are you on your way back to school?" I inquired of the boy.

"Yes, I am listening for the porter to call Clover Hill any minute now. A splendid school for the blind is at Clover Hill. This is the ninth year that I have been going to the same school. While I am thinking of it, I want to ask you if you will help me off the train when we get to Clover Hill? My father has written some one to meet me there."

I assured him that I would be delighted to assist him. I felt as if I wanted to do something for him; he had unconsciously done much for me. I had forgotten my sore foot when I agreed to help him. But sore foot or well foot, I knew that I would find a joy in helping this boy who had taught me more in the short time I had been in his presence than the average boy of his age ever acquires. As it was only the second day of a new year, I thought it a proper time to make a resolution. This resolution, up to the present time, has proved to have more permanency than the proverbial new year resolution: be it resolved that any person with perfect health and perfect command of all his faculties has no right under heaven to be melancholy, as there is enough good in everything to more than com-

pensate for the evils thereof. Are there not "sermons in stones; books in babbling brooks, and good in everything?"

"Clover Hill! Clover Hill! Clover Hill the next stop!" The words emitted from the mouth of a short, black, negro porter, who threw back his head at each outburst like a dog howling at the moon. It seemed prodigious to me that his mouth was capable of containing such loud words, so forcefully expressed, in addition to an enormous plug of tobacco. It was evident, however, that the position of his head at each howl was a preventive against losing his tobacco with the words.

"Here's where I get off. If you will get my suitcase down and show me the way out, I will certainly appreciate it." I gladly took the boy's suitcase as he rested his hand on my arm. No ludicrous thought had entered my mind concerning our appearance as we walked down the aisle of the car together, until the frank and inquisitive faces of the various college students looked up at us. I then realized the rare humor of the combination. I was limping like a peg leg man, under the weight of the suitcase, while I led a blind boy. I at once thought of the lame man who rode on the blind man's shoulders; mutual necessities were thereby derived. A smile played across my lips as I enlarged on this thought, this quickly changed into a broad grin, and if I had not reached the steps of the car when I did it would have outgrown those bounds of a grin and exploded into a laugh.

It was dark, a cold drizzling rain was falling lazily as we alighted. The expected man was at his post of duty. I gave the boy's suitcase to him and bade the boy a farewell. I hobbled on board the train at the command of the copious-mouthed porter. I instinctively remained on the steps of the car before going in, that I might ruminate over the lesson which I had been so uniquely taught.

The rain was falling just as it was when I left home; but how different it seemed. I now looked again at my wet raincoat; but no melancholy feeling ensued. How thankful I was that I could see those beautiful raindrops on it. I remembered the recent kiss on my lips; but no melancholy feeling ensued. How thankful I was that I had eyes to see the dear mother who placed it there. I now looked at the carbuncle on my foot, which had been the chief cause of my depression; but now no melancholy feeling ensued. How thankful I was that it was there only temporarily; and that I would soon be walking in the woods by the side of my friend, SEEING those "whispering pines" and the "babbling brook" which had been the mute teacher of my blind friend.

ONE VIEW

A Poem

By R. H. Hodges

A speck of living matter,
Ten times ten million years,
A biped walks the earth.

The Maker laid down His law,
Ten times ten million years,
A man was born.

But whence the living matter,
Ten times ten million years,
When life began?

The Creator made it live,
Ten times ten million years ago,
In the beginning.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE

An Essay

By J. M. McKnight

THE ANNOUNCEMENT of the Monroe Doctrine in 1823 was but the second step in the formation of the great American policy that was to influence the destiny of the entire Western Hemisphere. Washington made the first step by declaring in his farewell address that we should refrain from entangling alliances that would plunge us into European squabbles. Monroe took the second step by telling the world not to meddle with or entangle itself in American affairs.

The occasion of the Monroe Doctrine was the determination of the Holy Alliance formed by the sovereigns of Austria, Russia and Prussia to enforce the divine right of kings against the progress of liberal principles. Joined by France, they undertook to put an end to the system of representative government, and after France had proceeded accordingly to restore the rule of Ferdinand VII in Spain, it was proposed to direct their efforts to the overthrowing of the new government erected out of the old colonies of Spain in the Western Hemisphere. This was the situation in August, 1823, when George Canning, British Foreign Secretary, suggested a joint declaration against the proposed action of the Holy Alliance. But, as Great Britain would not recognize the independence of several of the South American States, the United States would not take joint action, but proposed to map out her own policy.

President Monroe, in his message to Congress on December 2, 1823, gave to the world what has since been known as the Monroe Doctrine, declaring that "the American continents are no longer subjects for future colonization by any European powers, and that we would look upon an attempt on their part to extend their systems to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety, and as the manifestation of an unfriendly spirit towards the United States."

The dominant motive back of Monroe was the security of the republic; it was a policy of "live and let live," with no imperialistic designs or thoughts of aggression. There was a deep-seated conviction that the opportunities of a hard-won freedom would be threatened by the ambitions of European powers constantly seeking their own aggrandizement by the forcible imposition of their will upon weaker peoples, and that the peaceful aims of the new nation could be achieved only by keeping clear of the European politics and strife.

Technically, the Monroe Doctrine is not a legislative pronouncement, although it has been approved by action of Congress. It is not defined by treaty and does not draw its force from any international agreement. It is simply an executive assertion of a policy of self-defense and of the principle of national security.

There has scarcely been a year since the announcement of the Monroe Doctrine that it has failed to be before the eyes of the American public. Several nations have from time to time, during the past hundred years, violated the doctrine, just to see whether we meant what we said and how far we would go to enforce it.

For fifty-one years, from 1850 to 1901, the principle proclaimed in the Monroe Doctrine clashed with the most dangerous and most obnoxious treaty ever made by the American government. That agreement was the Clayton-Bulwer treaty—a most lamentable break with the tradition created by Monroe. It was the eighth article of this agreement with England that permitted joint action on the part

of America and Britain in providing, supervising and defending a canal route across Nicaragua. In the seizure of Greytown, England possessed the Atlantic terminus of the proposed canal and backed up this possession with the statement that her claim to Greytown long antedated the Monroe Doctrine. Again in 1882, Britain converted her settlement of British Honduras into a possession without the consent of the United States. As President Cleveland stood solidly for the Monroe Doctrine, the two nations were on the verge of war. American diplomats went to work and it was a happy day in 1901 when the American nation wiped its hands of the whole treaty.

The next real test came in 1865 during our Civil War, when France conquered Mexico and set up a government with Maximilian, of Austria, as Emperor. When our war was over, 100,000 American soldiers were sent to the Texas frontier and Secretary Seward demanded that the French set a time when they would leave, and the French troops withdrew reluctantly and unwillingly.

In 1870, General Grant notified France that she could not purchase Santo Domingo, declaring that "hereafter no territory on this continent shall be regarded as subject to transfer to European powers." This was but a reiteration of the same principle enunciated by Clay in 1825 when he notified France that she could not purchase Cuba and Porto Rico from Spain. This principle was not directly stated in the Monroe Doctrine, but it was implied. It is now a part of the Monroe Doctrine, and reveals how the original scope of the document has widened.

Again the Monroe Doctrine loomed large in the famous dispute over the Venezuelan boundary. There had long been controversy between England and Venezuela as to the boundary between that country and British Guiana. England repeatedly moved the boundary into Venezuelan territory. The American government offered its services as arbiter, but England refused it, declaring there was nothing to arbitrate. Lord Salisbury, of England, denied that American questions were for American discussion only. However, President Cleveland, in his message to Congress, asked for an appropriation to send an investigation commission, and further declared it the duty of the United States to see that the findings of the commission were carried out, no matter what the consequences. England, fearing war, submitted the question to our arbitration and the Monroe Doctrine was thus upheld triumphantly.

The next challenge of the Doctrine came from Germany in 1901, when she established a Pacific blockade and carried on naval demonstrations along the Venezuelan coast in an effort to force the payment of certain financial claims of their citizens against the Venezuelan government. The war fever ran through the national life of America. For a time it seemed as thought we must fight or renounce forever our national doctrine. But actual conflict was prevented by our American ministers persuading Venezuela to recognize in principle the claim of the three nations and agree to refer the claim to a mixed commission. But Germany stubbornly refused to consider arbitration, and it was at this point that Roosevelt "laid down the law" to the German Ambassador, and declared that the American navy would positively prevent foreign possession of Venezuelan territory. He gave Germany but 48 hours to agree to arbitration, and the German Ambassador used but 36 of the 48 hours—another triumph of the Monroe Doctrine!

The most recent application of the Monroe Doctrine was in August, 1912, when a Japanese commercial company was reported about to take possession of Magdalena Bay, on the west coast of Mexico. A Senate resolution expressing "grave concern" over the possession of such a harbor by those in relation to

another government, not American; and the Magdalena Bay incident was closed forever.

The interference of the United States in the governmental affairs of Cuba, Porto Rico and later the Philippine Islands, together with our purchase of the Virgin Islands from Denmark, aroused the suspicion of the South American States, as well as the rest of the world, that we were using the Monroe Doctrine as a cover for our aggression at the expense of other nations. President Roosevelt soon set the fears to naught when he declared that the act was in no wise intended hostile to any nation and that the Monroe Doctrine was not a cover for American aggression.

Later President Wilson declared that the United States would never again seek one additional foot of territory. Time has revealed to the world the fact that we intervened only to help these small nations to govern themselves.

At the last two or three Pan-American Conferences held in South America, the Latin American nations have requested that the interpretation and execution of the Monroe Doctrine be invested in the Pan-American nations as a whole, but the United States flatly refused to do so, declaring the Doctrine was fundamentally a national and historic policy of the United States, which could neither be abrogated nor modified, and that the right to interpret and control this policy was vested exclusively in the United States. It is a distinctly American policy of self-defense, proclaimed by her own authority, and to be maintained upon her own responsibility. As Mr. Root has pithily said, "Since the Monroe Doctrine is a declaration based upon a nation's right of self-protection, it can not be transmuted into a joint or common declaration by American states, or any number of them."

President Wilson proposed the League of Nations as an extension of the Monroe Doctrine, so that all great nations should cease to attempt to hamper other peoples in their legitimate policies, but the people of the United States clung tenaciously to the Monroe Doctrine and repudiated his League of Nations.

However, in its attempt to win the United States as a member of the League of Nations, the world has recognized the Monroe Doctrine as valid and enforceable, a thing that had not been openly done before. Today, after the passing of 100 years, it remains a cherished policy, inimical to no just interest, and deemed to be vitally related to our own safety and to the peaceful progress of the people of this hemisphere.

(International Relations Club Paper)

MAGIC OF THE SEA

A Poem

By E. H. Gregg

The sea is calling loud tonight,
  And I must up and listen;
So down the beach alone I stroll
  To where the wavelets glisten.

The rising moon, full round and bright,
  Above the deep suspended,
Cast o'er the waves a shining path
  In silvery splendor blended.

I heard within the measured beat,
  The sea's deep voice disclosing
To me her magic roundelays
  And melodies imposing.

In mingled awe and dread I stood
  And felt my soul expanding
With feelings of profoundest depth,
  Beyond my understanding.

A MOUNTAIN STREAM

A Sketch

By H. M. Gilbert

HAVING a slight degree of appreciation for the beauty of nature, and therefore a desire to come into close proximity with all things involving nature, it was with genuine pleasure that I chanced to come upon a mountain stream one day in the course of my wandering way.

The day was one of rare February beauty, the ground, just beginning to thaw from the freeze of the preceding night, the azure sky, the sharp, chilly tang of the air that sends the blood coursing through the veins, all combined to make one want to be up and doing.

As I had tramped several miles over a rough and rugged region, winding in and out, dodging bramble bushes and other tangled growths, I was quite out of breath when I discovered the rivulet. Thinking this a good place to rest, I stepped out upon a rock and sat down.

The stream at this point held its course in an almost direct line for about an eighth of a mile, thus allowing a magnificent view either up or downstream. The current as it coursed over the rocks produced a noisy, babbling gurgle, as if in protest to some angry demon directing its destiny. The sunlight, striking the gleaming and sparkling foam, sent forth a radiant sheen of all colors of the rainbow. Then descending to the shimmering sand-bar below the shoals, the water changed its violent, swirling contortions into an unruffled and placid surface, the rays of the midday sun glinting down upon the waves and sending forth the reflected rays upon the overhanging branches as they dipped and swayed in the water below.

Just above the water line, suspended from the branches, hung myriads of icicles glistening with a brilliancy almost equalling the lustre of the diamond. Rising perpendicularly from the water's edge, the impending bank, clothed in the garb of winter's bare reeds and shrubs, towered upward for fully two-score feet until it seemed as if it would precipitate itself into the swirling torrent below.

Glancing upstream, I perceived countless rocks in the path of and along the watercourse, some low-lying and continuously covered with spray, others rearing their cold, grey heads up from the surface and standing, as they had for centuries, silent sentinels, as it were, over this bewitching solitude. If only these had the power of speech, how interesting would be their history. Perchance many a wild and weird tale would they tell of forgotten peoples: of their combats, their commonplace emotions; the lithe and sure-footed hunter seeking his quarry; or perhaps even of lovers, as they sought the quiet and fascinating solitude as a fitting place to pour forth their fancies.

In reflecting upon this inanimate brook, how like our own lives does it seem. We, too, have our calm and peaceful moments, but never do we know at what moment the whole course of events may be changed and we may be plunged into turmoil just as the stream when it reaches the shoals. Thus we go on in daily life, from one state to another until finally, like the stream as it plunges into the vast and unknown sea, so we are ushered into the great beyond and the affairs of man and nature go on, in endless procession, as before.

THE LIE

A Story

By D. L. West

LIEUT. JAMES OSBORNE entered his room, slamming the door after him with such vigor as to cause the windowpanes to rattle loudly. Not an expression of anger was this impolite display of energy, nor yet was it employed in a premeditated desire to disturb the peace and tranquility of the other inhabitants of the house. Instead, it was merely the vent which the joyous feelings of Lieutenant Osborne gave themselves.

Lieutenant Osborne had just taken a bath; hence his jovial mood. Perhaps the dear reader will be surprised and even shocked that the mere performance of this necessary and important function could in anywise affect human emotions. Therefore to him this statement may seem as radical and unreasonable as if I had said that the Lieutenant's state of vivacious bliss was due to the fact that he had just completed his manicure, or had just shaved, or attended to any other detail of his toilet. But if the dear reader will be lenient enough to imagine himself as having spent two solid weeks wallowing around in trenches where the mud was in places waist deep, in others knee deep, but nowhere below his shoe tops, he will be able to sympathize with the young Lieutenant. And if he will go still further, and imagine that, in such unsanitary surroundings as just described, there were no means of performing ablutions of any sort, then he might possibly fathom the secret of Osborne's joy.

A scant two hours ago, along with several hundred other American boys, he had trudged wearily into this little French village where they were billeted when resting from duty in the trenches. They were all tired, foot-sore, and dirty beyond description. The mud clung to their clothes in cakes; it was in their beards; it had dyed their faces; and it adhered in sticky lumps to their shoes, making them heavy and tiresome to walk in. For a whole week it had rained without ceasing, and they had literally lived in mud.

Lieutenant Osborne lost no time in getting rid of the "sacred soil of France" which had accumulated upon his person. A wonderful transformation soap and water wrought, too. When he stepped up to the mirror, which hung over the mantel, to survey himself, he beheld not the drooping, mud-spattered figure of two hours before. Instead, a young man of ruddy complexion and sandy hair, with a face that glowed from recent rubbing, gazed back at him with blue eyes that twinkled good-naturedly. He also had on a snappy new uniform, which contrasted sharply with the sodden raiment he had cast aside. In addition, much of that tired feeling with which he had left the trenches had disappeared with the mud and grime. On the whole, the beneficial effects of his bath were great.

Outdoors a steady, drizzling rain showed no signs of abating; so Osborne decided to stay in and read instead of going to a show, as he had planned. Therefore he yelled at the little French boy downstairs to bring him something to put on the fire; and then, picking up a month-old American magazine, sat down before the flickering blaze in the big, open fireplace, which was bravely fighting to dispel the autumn chillness.

He was in the middle of an absorbing baseball story when someone rapped at the door.

"*Entrez!*" he called, thinking it was the boy with the wood; and, without looking up, he resumed his reading.

The door opened, and a young man, with one arm in a sling and wearing the uniform of a Second Lieutenant in the American army,

entered. Osborne, however, was so deeply buried in his story that his gaze remained glued to the printed page before him.

The visitor saw that he must do something to attract the reading man's attention. To accomplish this, he tip-toed up close, and, with his free hand, dealt Osborne a resounding whack on the shoulder.

"What the ——!" cried the startled Osborne. Then, after glancing at his assailant:

"Why, Frank Stone! Where did you drop from? Mighty rough way you have of greeting a fellow."

He got up and extended his hand before he noticed the sling which the other man wore.

"You've been wounded, Frank?"

There was sympathy and concern in his voice.

"Yeah," responded Stone. "Got my wing clipped in that big drive on Nomeny last week."

"What! You've been at Nomeny? Why, that's only about twenty miles from here. I had no idea we were so close together. I'm mighty glad to see you, Frank, old boy. Seems like a million years since we were last together. But say, how did you find out where I was?"

"That's easy. A Captain, who had served here, was transferred down there recently. Perry, I think, was his name. I'm on my way to Paris to do my convalescing, and just thought I would drop in."

They were great chums, these two, and always had been. In the little Southern town where both were reared, they had been inseparable; they went to the same school; shared the same amusements; played on the same teams; and, in fact, were together more than if they had been brothers. Indeed, their friendship was of such quality and constancy that it might have run that famous amity between Damon and Pythias a close race for first honors. Their neighbors were not versed in classical lore; but they knew real friendship when they saw it; and they rewarded the two chums by nick-naming them after the principals in another famous and more widely known friendship: Osborne, because of his lanky proportions, receiving the title of Mutt, while Stone, who was shorter and somewhat inclined to stumpiness, was affectionately known as Jeff.

College life, with all its trials and temptations, and with all its joys and pleasures, left them still pals. They did not separate even when going into business, but became partners in an automobile agency.

It was not until Uncle Sam decided that it was up to him to stop the Big Scrap in Europe that a separation of any consequence took place. Both enlisted as soon as war was declared, and were hurried off to widely separated training camps. Here they kept up a desultory correspondence, neither being very fond of letter writing, and since the daily routine of camp life granted little leisure, their letters became less and less frequent as time went by, so that after arriving in France they lost track of each other entirely.

This meeting being the first between the two pals in over a year, it was quite natural that they whiled away much time in relating their various experiences since parting. After that the conversation became reminiscent, as it often does in reunions of this kind. Finally, they began to discuss the future.

And glorious prospects the future held. The Germans were in retreat all along the line; and it was just a question of days until they would be begging for peace. Then the war would be over, and the Americans could go home.

Home! What word is there in the language that so appeals to the Anglo-Saxon mind? What word is so rich in memories? So constantly in the thought and speech of the English-speaking people?

Coupled in Lieutenant Osborne's mind with

thoughts of home were visions of his sweetheart. He turned to his friend.

"You know, Frank, if I could do something that would cause Mildred to love me, I would be the happiest man in the world."

"But I thought she had promised to marry you when you go back?" remarked his companion.

"No, she said she would wait; but she told me herself that she did not love me enough then to marry me. All she promised was that she wouldn't marry while I was away."

"She is a mighty fine girl, Jim; and you have my best wishes." There was a touch of huskiness in Lieutenant Stone's voice.

Osborne understood. They had both courted the most wonderful girl in the world. Each had striven to make himself more pleasing to her than the other, but with the tacit understanding that this rivalry was never to be a cause for dissension between them. Poor Frank was the first to propose to the object of their mutual affections, and was flatly refused. Osborne's suit was given a more favorable reception; but try as he would, he could not win the young lady's heart. Therefore he was fully cognizant of the feelings which were betrayed in his friend's last utterance.

He said nothing, but grasped his comrade's hand; and in that hand clasp and that silence was an eloquence of sympathy and understanding which was so genuine, so heart-felt that it would have been folly to have even attempted to express it in mere words. They sat for some time in silence. It was broken, at last, when Stone looked at his watch.

"Good heaven, Jim! I must be going. My train leaves in ten minutes!" he exclaimed, jumping up from his chair.

Osborne arose slowly. He had the air of a man who has made an important decision.

"Frank," he said solemnly, "may I ask a favor of you?"

"Anything, old dear, short of murder. But make it snappy," replied Stone, again glancing at his watch.

"I've just thought of a plan which ought to bring Mildred around," continued Osborne, "and I need your help to do the trick. If I were killed on the field of battle, I know that she would repent of the way she has treated me. Now, what I want you to do is to send her a cable from Paris—here's the money—saying that I have been killed in action. When I get home I'll tell her that there was a mistake somewhere, and that I was only captured. It ought to work fine."

He noticed the look of amazement on Stone's face as he placed the banknote in his hand.

"Oh, I know you'll say that I shouldn't resort to such methods," he continued, and there was a trace of bitterness in his voice. "But, Frank, her attitude has rendered me desperate. I am hoping that this bit of deception will change it. As for the methods—well, you know the old axiom that everything is fair in love."

Lieutenant Stone put the banknote in his pocket.

"I'll carry out your instructions, Jim," he said, "but I really think you are acting unwisely in deceiving Mildred like this. But I must be going. *Au revoir.*" With these words, he hurried off.

Three weeks later the huge conflagration, which a tiny spark of political fanaticism at Sèrajevo had ignited, was extinguished. The armistice, which the Germans were forced to sign, went into effect on the morning of November 11; and for the first time in four years France was free from the roar of cannon.

Upon the cessation of hostilities, Lieutenant Osborne obtained leave to go to Paris. Arriving there, he lost no time in looking up his friend, Lieutenant Stone.

"Did you send the cable?" was his first question.

"Yeah. Sent it the day after I got here," replied Stone.

Osborne looked relieved.

"How's the arm?" he inquired.

"It's stopped hurting, but it's rather stiff. That's just my good luck, though."

"How's that?" queried Osborne, failing to see how a useless arm could be anything but a misfortune.

"Well, you see, old top, I get to sail home next week on a hospital ship, while you fellows who are whole and sound will have to wait your turn."

"That is rather lucky," commented Osborne, and allowed himself to relapse into a state of reflective melancholy.

"Don't take it so hard, old boy," admonished the genial Stone. "You'll get home some day."

Then he added:

"Say, come on and let's get something to drink. We had better make good use of our time, because I've heard that anything with alcohol in it is mighty high in the good old U. S. A."

Disregarding Osborne's protests, he led the way to an establishment which catered especially to thirsty Americans.

Osborne accompanied his pal to Brest, the port of embarkation. Just before Lieutenant Stone went on board, Osborne said to him: "Frank, I have another favor to ask of you."

"Rave on," encouraged his friend.

"I want you to go to see Mildred when you get home. Find out how she feels towards me now, and let me know."

He paused.

"You don't mind doing it, do you?"

There was no trace of emotion in Stone's face as he replied:

"No, not at all. I think I have recovered from my infatuation."

"Very well. My ship sails one month from today. That will put me in New York about January 1. Suppose you send me a telegram on the first. I will be at the Imperial Hotel."

"Sure thing, old top. Your wishes shall be carried out. Well, there goes the whistle. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

It was January 5 when Lieutenant Osborne reached New York. As soon as the big parade down Fifth Avenue was over, he hurried to the Imperial Hotel.

"Is there a telegram here for Lieutenant James Osborne?" he asked the clerk.

Yes, there was one. It had come three days before. Just a minute and he would get it for the Lieutenant.

"Good old Frank," thought Osborne. "He is always true to his word."

As he took the telegram from the clerk, he noticed that it was sent from Palm Beach, Fla. Somewhat puzzled, he tore open the envelope with feverish haste.

But the message on the little yellow slip of paper was even a greater surprise. What he had least expected had happened. Why, he had never conceived of such a thing being possible. It did not seem plausible. Her previous conduct was such as to indicate that this would be the last thing to expect of her. And that Frank—well, it just seemed incredible!

Believing that his eyes had played him false, he glanced at the telegram again. No, it was true. The message slipped from his nerveless fingers, falling on the desk. The clerk noticed that the expression of surprise and dismay changed into one of grim determination. Then, recovering himself, Osborne turned and walked away.

As soon as he was gone, the inquisitive clerk picked up the telegram, which was left lying on the desk. It read:

"Mildred was sorry to know that you were killed. We were married Xmas. Having a wonderful honeymoon. "FRANK."

NURTURED BY NATURE

A Poem

By J. C. Bailey

One day, while crossing a woodland dell,
  Can you guess what I did see?
'Twas there I saw a pretty maid
  By a spring in front of me.

As she stooped to fill her pitcher white
  From the fount of purity,
Again I saw as I stood amazed
  How beautiful was she.

When I drew near, in half affright,
  She turned and said to me:
"Do you wish a cool, refreshing drink?
  It's as cool as cool can be."

Lifting the cup, I questioned her,
  While glancing in her face:
"Will you kindly tell me, pretty maid,
  Whence comes this lovely grace?"

She threw back her head and laughingly said,
  "Since you ask, I'll now tell thee.
From Nature comes my simple charm;
  She gives all beauty free.

"The song in my heart is the song of birds,
  And the light in my eyes, you see,
I get by letting the morning star
  Pour down its rays on me."

I was loathe to go, but I turned about,
  And I thought to myself how we,
Perhaps, by seeing Nature more,
  More beautiful would be.

LIVING

A Poem

By B. E. Elks

I have heard that some men who have riches,
  Who have titles and such to their name,
Do not seem to get very much pleasure
  From their titles, their wealth, and their fame.

I have heard that some men who have clambered
  O'er the poor, o'er the needy and weak,
Do not find what they thought they were seeking
  When they started their climb to the peak.

It appears that these men have been selfish,
  That they've thought only of the big I;
And have lost all their friends in their scramble
  For a glorious place in the sky.

And I've heard that some men who have nothing,
  Who have neither great wealth or renown,
Do assert that the joys and the pleasures,
  The delights of this world they have found.

I have heard that they have no desires
  For distinction, for glory, and pow'r;
They decry all such things that are fleeting,
  That are here and are gone in an hour.

It appears that their idea of living,
  When they're looking for joy that transcends,
Is to live for their townsmen and neighbors,
  Just a-treating all people as friends.

BOTTLED IN BONDS

A Story

By C. C. Herbert

THE THREE BOYS plodded wearily on through the wood. The lengthening shadow of the mountain toward which they were tramping warned them that darkness would soon put an end to that day's walk. Overhead dark clouds, ominous and lowering, scurried before the freshening wind. The pines all around them sighed softly and mournfully as they waved majestically in the rising gale. The three were walking in single file and, as they reached the top of a steep little hill, the first halted and turned around.

"Say, fellows," he said to the other two, "I declare I don't know where we are. That's Crayney's Head up yonder in that direction, I think, but we'll never in this world make it by dark."

"Doggone it," a slim, dark youth replied. "We've been climbing foothills and going down into the valleys between 'em for the last three hours. Frank, why in the name o' sense did you persuade us to leave the road we knew and take that thing you called a 'blazed trail'?"

The third, a sandy-haired young man with a pug nose, laughed ruefully.

"You don't think I lost us on purpose, do you? How was I to know that the blinking trail would die out after about a mile and leave us here in the middle of the wilderness?"

The one who had been leading pulled a green cap off his head and ran his hand thoughtfully through his hair.

"Don't blame Frank, Ralph," he said. "You know he said he wasn't sure the blazed trail would take us anywhere, and we were just as anxious to try it as he was."

"Oh, I was just kidding him," answered Ralph. "The thing is to find out what we are to do. Here we are, three studious young college men, on a well-earned vacation, somewhere in Western North Carolina under the shadow of a mountain that we think is Crayney's Head in the midst of a trackless forest." He waved his hand in a sweeping gesture. "A stormy night approaches; we have no place to lay our weary heads, and—"

"We all know all that," broke in Ed, of the green cap, peevishly. "Cut out your confounded big talk and suggest something practical."

"Aw, let's don't get mad with each other," interposed Frank. "It won't help us a bit. Suppose we walk on a little while longer and watch out for a good place to pitch the tent and camp for the night."

"I thought I saw some smoke down toward that end of that little valley," said Ed, pointing. "It may have been my imagination, though. Suppose we go in that direction, anyhow, and see what we can find."

Following this advice, they drew on their packs, which they had unslung while they talked, and began to walk down toward the bottom of the little valley in front of them. A small stream flowed there, and up it they turned in the direction indicated by Ed. They were all tired from the long day's tramp and from the loss of sleep the night before, when they had tried desperately to find soft resting places on hard sand. Silently they trudged on, each busy with his own thoughts.

Suddenly they broke into a small clearing. Several newly-opened barrels were lying around on the ground, as were also some scraps of copper piping and other such unexpected things. Across the clearing there appeared to be a cave in the side of the hill, for some smoke was coming from a tin flue there, but the entrance was covered by bushes. All three pushed forward to look at the bar-

rels and the other queer-looking objects scattered around.

Ralph stooped over and picked up something.

"Well, well!" he cried, "just look at—"

"Reach! All uv ye."

All three whirled around to look into the muzzle of a double-barrelled shotgun pointed at them by a grizzled-looking mountaineer with a dirty, yellow moustache and pale blue eyes. With one accord six hands were stretched heavenward in the approved style as displayed on the motion picture screen, although these hands went a little higher, perhaps, than do those of the actors for the celluloid films. The mountaineer held his gun-stock down by his right hip in a peculiar sort of way that looked rather murderous, and his fingers played nervously around the trigger-guard.

"Whut d'ye mean by trespassing on private property whar ye ain't wanted?" he drawled out in a voice that sounded extremely harsh and unmusical to the boys.

Ed opened his mouth to speak, but no words would come.

Finally Ralph managed to stammer out, "We got lost and were trying to find a place to camp for the night."

The man stood looking at them in silence for a few minutes. He wore an old army coat with bulging pockets and few buttons. His trousers, or "breeches," were soiled and baggy and his laced boots, into which his trousers were tucked, had also seen hard service. He chewed at the ends of his moustache with dirty, yellow teeth which reminded the boys of a tiger's. Apparently he was undecided as to what to do with his prisoners, now that he had caught them, for the wrinkles on his forehead deepened and he munched meditatively on the yellow hair in his mouth. Presently his face cleared. He nodded for the boys to lower their hands, after observing that there were probably no weapons in the group.

"Whut you-all a-doin' aroun' hyar?"

Ed plucked up nerve enough to speak.

"Why, I'll tell you, sir. We are on a little hiking trip, and we decided to tramp to Crayney's Head. We left the road back there, and thought we'd try a new trail that looked like it would get us to the Head quicker. But the trail gave out and, since we didn't want to turn back, we kept on going toward the mountain and happened to break into this clearing."

"We certainly aren't looking for any trouble," interposed Frank. "All we were hunting was a place to camp for the night."

The mountaineer grinned a horrible, toothy sort of grin.

"Wall," he said, "ye've found some trouble, and ye've found a place to spend the night, tu. Take yer packs off and leave 'em out hyar, and go yonder into thet cave ye see behind them bushes."

The boys looked at each other, wondering whether they ought to try to overpower the man and break away from him or not.

He saw all, and jerked out: "None o' thet! Three others have got ye covered frum the bushes. Don't ye try to git away, 'less ye want a load of buckshot er two apiece."

The boys glanced around fearsomely, but could only see one other gun-barrel glinting in the bushes. They did not doubt that there might be others, for it had now grown so dark that it was hard to distinguish objects at any distance. They dropped their packs as the man had bade them and walked slowly over toward the cave, jumping the stream which lay between. Pushing aside the bushes, they stepped into a low, short passage-way. This led them to an irregular, natural chamber, large as a good-sized room. Over in one corner, as they had half expected they would, they saw a distilling apparatus of reasonably large size. Around the walls of the chamber were barrels of mash, stacks of bottles, and other essentials of a whiskey-distilling business. Light was furnished by a smoky oil

lamp, and also by the fire burning under the still. A young mountaineer of about their own age was tending the apparatus. He merely glanced toward them, going back to his work when he saw the older man follow them in. The man got some rope from one corner and bound their wrists behind their backs. Ed tried to hold his hands apart while they were being tied, in order that he might be able to loosen them later. For his pains, he got a cruel poke in the side that nearly drove the breath from his body. The others took warning and submitted passively to the binding.

The man showed them some old sacks piled in a corner and told them that they might sleep there; then he and the mountaineer boy went out. They were all three so tired that they were very glad to rest, even in that condition. They tumbled on to the sacks and, healthy young men that they were, were all asleep in a few minutes.

Several hours later, Frank awoke. It was absolutely dark, except for the faint glow of the fire under the still. His hands were numb from being so tightly bound, and his muscles ached from the strained position in which he had been sleeping. Mountain nights are cold even in the summer; thus, having had no cover he was thoroughly chilled. Leaning upon his elbow, he glanced around the cave. The faint glow showed no other person there except the boys. He lay back and whispered into the ear of Ed in an attempt to awaken him. Ed roused up and raised himself.

"What do you make out of this mess?" Ed asked.

"I can't make a thing of it. Why should the old 'moonshiner' want to keep us here as prisoners?"

"My notion is," answered Ed, "that he's afraid we are prohibition officers or something like that."

"I don't think he does," replied Frank. "I believe he just doesn't want the whereabouts of his still known, and is afraid that if he lets us go now, we'll notify the officers. What do you think we ought to do? Try to get away by overpowering him? I guess we could loosen our hands if we tried hard enough."

"Sh! You'd better not talk quite so loud. I'm pretty sure they're out yonder in front of the cave guarding it. My notion is that we are lost, anyway, and even if we could get away, we wouldn't know where we are any more than we do now. Of course, they won't kill us, or anything like that, but I admit I was scared last night."

"So was I. I suppose you're right when you say that it wouldn't do us any good to get away, particularly. I tell you, I really believe that if we could show him clearly that it won't do him any good to keep us here, and if we promise to keep his place a secret, that he would let us go. We dropped on him unexpectedly, and he didn't know what else to do with us."

"Sounds like it might work, but you know good and well he wouldn't take our promise. Still, it won't hurt to try. Suppose one of us goes out and holds a confab with him."

They awakened Ralph and told him what they had decided. He agreed with them, and Frank, the "bull-artist," was selected to do the talking. All three crept as best they could through the little tunnel to the entrance of the cave, and from there looked out into the clearing. The clouds had disappeared, leaving it a beautiful, starry night. The old mountaineer was sitting crouched near a small wood fire with his gun across his lap, apparently asleep. The boys' hands were still tied, but they patted Frank on the back as best they could, and sent him forth with whispered words of encouragement.

As Frank brushed through the bushes which covered the mouth of the cave, the old mountaineer started and looked toward him with his gun ready. The two boys in the cave

looked through the foliage at their ambassador as he moved forward. The old man seemed hostile at first, but he appeared to calm down when Frank showed that he merely wanted to talk with him. The two in the cave were too far away to hear what was said, but they could distinguish the high, harsh voice of the mountaineer and Frank's low, mellow tones as they talked together.

"I wish old Frank could have his hands untied," whispered Ralph to Ed. "He could talk so much better. Ah! Look there! What did I tell you? The old man's untying 'em for him."

It was interesting to watch the two talking there in the firelight. At first the old man had seemed immovable and had looked as if he intended to shoot Frank for arguing with him. But not in vain had the great Frank Suddeth gained the title of "bull-artist" at college. The "moonshiner's" face slowly relaxed and he listened attentively to what the boy was saying. The two in the cave, tense with excitement, watched eagerly as their friend talked on and on.

"Confound it. Look at that old 'moonshiner'," murmured Ed. "I believe he wiped a tear from his eye. What sort of a line can Frank be shooting him?"

Presently Frank and the old man arose. They shook hands heartily, and then the man handed Frank a knife. Taking it, he started toward the cave, so the two crawled back to their sacks. Frank arrived much excited.

"I did it, boys," he whispered. "After I finished getting us off, I shot him a line about the evils of liquor. He told me that he was going to tear up his still and quit 'moonshining,' so I promised him that we would keep it all a secret. He says for us to sleep here till morning, then he'll take us by a short way to the trail. He gave me this knife to cut you loose. Turn over, Ed, and let me get at your fetters."

The boys, still tired and sore, were just about ready to drop off to sleep again when they heard a shot outside. They ran out, to discover that officers were raiding the still. In the early morning light they saw two men wearing badges leading up the young fellow who had been in the cave, and also another mountaineer whom they had not seen. Another officer was handcuffing the old man. Two others were coming toward the cave, and, when they saw the boys, they ordered them to surrender. Frank, acting as the talker again, explained how they happened to be there, and showed the marks of the ropes on their wrists as evidence. The officers were scarcely inclined to believe them.

"Tell it to the judge," one of them said. "Hold out your hands for these bracelets before we have to hurt you."

Chagrined, the boys were forced to submit to the handcuffing. The officer who had been securing the old mountaineer came over and looked at them curiously. He walked over to where Ralph was standing.

"Are you Ralph Edwards, the doctor's son?"

"Yes, I am. Well, well, and you're Sheriff Williams. Say, get us out of this pickle, won't you?"

"Sure," replied the young Sheriff, and he proceeded to have the boys released.

They were required to give their names for witnesses when the trial of the "moonshiners" should be held. The officers said that they had several cars with them at the road a few miles away, and that they would be glad to take the boys to the county-seat if they cared to go. The boys declared, however, that they wished to complete their hike, and only went with them far enough to get on the right trail.

The rest of the trip passed without notable incident, but when the boys got home they had one experience with which to regale their friends.

When the trial was held they were all present as witnesses. Frank told the court of the

mountaineer's promise to him to stop making liquor, and pleaded eloquently for the court to be merciful to the old man.

The accused, who seemed to take his situation very philosophically, getting in the witness box when he was called up, said, however: "I thank ye, my young friend; but I didn't have no notion uv quittin' my business. I promised thet ter git ye ter keep my place a secrut."

HIS HOPE

A Poem

By T. A. Myers

Down in despair, dear, crushed by my rivals,
Thoughts of you, dearie, cloud thick o'er my brain.
Can I live over, dear, hours spent beside you?
That was the sunshine, but this is the rain.

Still I shall hope and pray that in the future
I'll see again, dear, your sweet loving face;
So I shall pray that sometime in the future,
God will reward me by His loving grace.

Take me, I beg of you, out of mine anguish,
Back to your heart, where my love doth abide.
Then I'll live o'er again, live o'er those moments—
Those precious moments I spent by your side.

Thus I shall count myself richer than Midas,
Who, in his folly, lived only for gold.
You'll be my treasure, dear; you I shall cherish;
You, in your beauty, I'll have, and I'll hold.

TO A CAT-TAIL

A Poem

By W. C. Wallace

Behold thy brownish coat
Of velvet and of fur.
Within thy sluggish moat
What wonders do occur.
Thy head stands proudly there
While fall and winter pass.
Thou standest without a care
Above the deadened grass.

Then spring, with all its life,
Comes to thy snug retreat
And causes lots of strife
Within thy muddy seat.
The frogs awake and croak;
The ice has left the ground;
The tassel 'dorns the oak,
And all is calm around.

Thy velvet coat is rent,
Thy wool exposed to view.
Thy stately head is bent,
The taming of the shrew.
Thy seeds cover the earth,
Like Abraham's of old.
Thy stem falls in the dirth;
Thy tale . . . is told.

MOTHER MEANT WELL

A Story

By J. M. McKnight

JOHN WEST sat at the breakfast table in the latticed back porch, eating contentedly of the chicken, rice, gravy, hot biscuits, butter and coffee which his wife, Mary, had prepared for him. He had already fed the stock, milked the cows, and done all the outside jobs Mary had set for him, including the catching of a pert fryer for dinner, and was prepared to go to town with a load of garden vegetables and fruits. He munched away slowly with his jaw teeth, most of the front ones being gone, and pondered in his mind the route through the city he would take.

"Well, sir," he broke in, "if I didn't clean forget to gather those figs yesterday for Captain Billy Hughston. He'll be asking for them this morning, but I can't wait to get 'em now. I want to get to town early today, as this is Saturday."

"Yes, that's just like you, John. I told you yesterday afternoon to get them up before dark," replied his wife, as she pushed back her plate and rose to finish the churning.

"Oh, yes! Mrs. Smith wants two pounds of butter this morning. Don't let me forget that," he said, as he gnawed on the drumstick of the chicken and sipped the remainder of his coffee.

"And don't forget that new dress for me. I've got to have it. This one is worn out," she said, pausing momentarily in her churning.

"No! Can't afford it. We've got to save, to economize. Hard times are coming. Besides, I promised Joe Blakely I'd take that new wagon today. Got to have it. This one won't stand up much longer."

"Hush, John! You know you ain't going to get a new wagon—the idea of such a thing! That old one is good enough. I'm surprised at you, John! You know I've got to have that dress. I ain't had a dress in—well, I can't remember how long," she said as she paused her churning movements, and gazed out of her soft blue eyes across the room at her husband.

"No! We have to stay within our means. I've done bought the wagon, and your dress looks all right."

He arose from the table, smoothed his short gray mustache, brushed his tousled, rapidly vanishing hair and buttoned his collar band with a big white collar button.

His form was somewhat bent, his hands calloused and his face furrowed with wrinkles from nearly forty years of tramping behind a plow. He had been strong and healthy all his life, but somehow poverty kept rapping at the front door. It had taken all his skill and ingenuity to keep the stalwart, unwelcomed visitor from his hearth. All the children were grown and had departed, each on his own career. This gave him a sense of relief for awhile, but still he felt a strange anxiety that the uncanny spectre might return in his old age, when he was none too strong to combat it. He had a vivid, tragic remembrance of a struggle for just food and clothes when the children were little.

For the past several years he had begun to stint himself and his wife to save. He now had a big account with the bank, but this did not suffice. He must make it bigger, must keep it growing, for the time would come when he might not be able to add more. He had a queer idea that all the big mills, corporations and capitalists of the country were joined together in one big combine to swindle the farmer. He even vaguely associated disease, famine and poverty with them, and accused them all of being in one great intrigue against mankind. He was obsessed with the

fear of poverty, and he combatted this foe with not only economical, but miserly living.

His steel gray eyes peered into the cracked mirror on the wall as he adjusted his collar and began tying his tie.

"No! Mary," he continued, "we've got to save. You can't tell what those swindlers are going to do. May drop cotton down to ten or fifteen cents again, and where would we be? I want to get what we absolutely have to have—a wagon, a few farm tools, a plow, before any more crashes come. You remember the other one."

He put on his shapeless hat and threadbare coat and moved towards the yard, still repeating again and again the necessity of economizing, of staying within their means, of saving something.

Mary reiterated the fact that she must have a new dress, but he appeared not to hear it. Mary, seeing it was useless to argue or try to convince him when he got into one of these moods, quietly resumed the task of taking up the butter and molding it into half-pound cakes. No, sir! she couldn't understand him. He was getting too stingy. There wasn't any use of it. There were only two of them now. The children were all gone and he didn't have to keep them up. Besides, he had $1,200 in the bank. What more did he want? He just wanted to see that bank roll grow bigger and bigger.

"I'll fix him yet," she whispered to herself as she moved back and forth in the kitchen. "I've got to have that dress."

"If Lucinda, Pearl, and Juanita, and all of the children were here, it would be different, but there ain't no sense in it. I've got to change his queer notions," she continued to soliloquize.

"He ain't mean or cruel, but he just keeps that pocketbook shut too tight. And all he don't need, he crams into that there bank. I've got to change him somehow."

She was scraping the butter pan clean and putting the finishing touches on the cakes, when suddenly her soft, tender-like countenance beamed with a smile. She had thought of an idea; she continued to smile. "I'll do that very thing, that very thing, right this morning."

She ran to the kitchin window and looked out. John had pulled the wagon out of the shed and was loading it with the fruits and produce of this truck farm.

She grabbed a tin lard bucket that had been converted into a milk pail, rinsed it out with a slosh of water from the old gourd dipper, dropped the four cakes of butter into it, procured a piece of twine and disappeared through the front door in the direction of the well. "I'll fix him. You wait and see," she kept saying to herself.

She opened the top of the well box, caught the uppermost bucket and tied the twine in a double knot just above the galvanized well bucket and set it on the boxing. She reached for her bucket with the butter, and holding it in the center of the well, which was only about forty feet deep, let it drop. Splash! The bucket hit the bottom, bobbed up and down several times, and then assumed its upright position without sinking, although partly filled with water. "There! That's good enough, I guess."

She raised herself from her bent posture, re-examined the twine, and then placed the well bucket in a suspended position in the air by allowing the other well bucket to sink deeper.

"John! Oh, you John! Come here quick!" she cried.

"Well, what's the matter now?" he asked as he sat the last bushel of tomatoes in the wagon and turned in the direction of the well house.

"John! Come here quick! I dropped the bucket of butter that you were going to take to Mrs. Smith in the well."

"That's just like women. Get a man all balled up right at the last minute.

"How come you to drop it?" he queried as he removed his hat and scratched his head.

"I was going to tie the bucket on here with this string," she said as she fingered the white twine in apparent embarrassment, "and let it down in the well to cool and harden while you got ready to go—when I lost hold and dropped it."

"Why didn't you just put the butter in the well bucket? What did you want to tie another bucket on for?"

"Well, you always tied the milk bucket on like that. So I thought I'd fix it the same way."

"Milk ain't butter, though! That's just like you. Tie another bucket on, when this well bucket here will hold twenty of them cakes"

"But it's still setting upright, John, and hasn't gone to the bottom," she said, as she pointed into the well.

He stepped up on the boxing and peered into the well. "All this trouble right when I'm in a hurry to get to town."

"John, don't you go down on that bucket," she resumed with a serious and slightly alarmed expression. "You get those grappling hooks and catch in the handle. You will fall, sure, if you go down," she admonished.

"No! It's too much trouble to get out the hooks. I'll save time by going down myself. Here, you hold this chain and don't let it go down too fast." He was up on the well box now and had one foot in the bottom of the bucket, testing its strength.

"No, John! I ain't going to let you go down. You get those hooks," she continued with a woman's intuition, knowing that the more she protested, the more stubbornly he would determine to go down himself.

"Yep! It's strong enough, all right. You hold the other side now and I'll go down."

"No, John! I ain't—"

"Hold steady. I'm going." With this he lifted his other foot, and placing his weight on the bucket, he slowly descended into the well. He gripped the chain of the up-coming bucket with one hand and assisted his wife in making the descent a slow and gradual one, until he reached the half-way point, where it became necessary for him to turn loose.

"Hold tighter now; I'm turning loose," he cried out from the well.

Mary permitted the bucket to descend to the surface of the water, where she stopped it by sticking her butter knife in the link of the chain next to the pulley. She did this without John's noticing it, as she feared that it might be too great a strain to hold the bucket—especially any great length of time. John was busy fumbling around in the water, and had not noticed her maneuvers at the top of the well.

"All right, I've got it," he grunted from the bottom of the well.

"All four cakes?"

"Yes, all four cakes. Pull steady and hard till you get half-way, and then I'll be all right."

"Oh, John! Are you going to get that new dress for me today?"

John bent his head backward and looked up. He saw his wife leaning over the boxing with her chin resting upon her folded arms. "Say, what's holding this here bucket up? You ain't turned it loose, have you? Pull me up," he replied, blinking his eyes confusedly.

"Never mind about what's holding you up. Are you going to get my new dress today?"

"New dress! Why, no! I told you I wasn't. How many times do you want me to tell you? But what's that got to do with this here job? Pull me up. I ain't for swinging here all morning."

"It's got this to do with it," she began, as she straightened up and pointed her finger down in the well at him. "I've got you right where I want you now. You're down in the well and you're going to stay there until you

promise to buy me that new dress when you go to town this morning."

"Stay here till I promise to get yer a new dress! What does this mean?" he asked, gazing upwards with an utterly confused countenance.

"I mean exactly what I say. I'm not going to draw you up until you promise to buy the new dress I've been needing a long time. I ain't going to stand it any longer. You've got to get it, or stay in the well."

John was unable as yet to connect the dress with the butter, and launched into a heated argument, repeating all that he had said at the breakfast table about the necessity of saving, economizing and living within their means. "I tell yer I can't afford it, and yer might as well hush talking about it," he concluded, and he made a vain endeavor to gesture emphatically with his hand that held the bucket of butter.

Mary looked into the well at John. His situation was ridiculous: one foot in the bucket, one dangling in the air; one hand clutching the chain, the other holding the butter. He wriggled around terribly in an effort to maintain his balance. Mary laughed at the spectacle before her eyes, but quickly straightened up her face and murmured something about "necessity being the mother of invention."

"You'd better quit wriggling around so. You'll pull this little nail out and you'll go slam to the bottom. Hurry up and decide what you're going to do. I ain't going to wait long, but I'm going to have my dress, sure."

"Jimminities! You haven't got this chain hitched on that little nail where I tie the horse, have you? It won't hold up two minutes."

"Well, I told you to be still. I'f you'll do like I say, you'll be out of here by the time that two minutes is up."

"By golly! I ought to have used them grappling hooks after all. I would have saved time in the long run. Pull me up, Mary; don't want any foolishness. I've got to be going to town. If you don't, I'll have to climb out."

"You can't climb out without spilling the butter again; and besides, if you try to, I'll let the rest of the chain out and Johnnie will have a bath."

He looked again intently at his meek little wife, and beneath her soft, tender-like features he saw her set jaw of determination. He saw that further parley was useless. She had him, and he knew it, and he know that she knew it, which was worse. He was cornered, beaten at his own game, and would have to surrender to her desire, though he hated like everything to do it. "Well," he resumed, in a subdued and cowed tone, "If you have to have it, I guess I'll have to get it."

"I don't want any guessing about it. You've got to promise to get me that new dress, and get it today when you go to town."

"All right, I'll get it today when I go to town," he concluded, impatient to be drawn up, as he was tiring slightly from his awkward position.

"And remember, John West always keeps his promises," she said as she placed her hands on the chain.

"I ain't broke it yet," he said. "When I promise to do a thing, I always do it. I reckon you deserve it, even though you don't need it."

"Yes, I do need it, John!" she concluded, as she drew forth the butter knife and began tugging away at the chain.

"Uh-huh! So that's what was holding it up, eh?"

She pulled steadily at the chain until he reached the half-way point. It was hard work, but she had drawn water all her life and was used to hard work.

John slipped the handle of the bucket over his arm and grasped the down-coming chain, and by means of it assisted in pulling himself to the top.

When he clambered out, he grunted a sigh

of relief and said something about being in a hurry to go. He went straight to the wagon and proceeded to harness the horse. Mary followed him up.

"It's the pretty blue and white checked one I showed you the other day over at Simpson's department store."

"Yes! Yes!" he responded, being in no mood to talk. She was victor and he the vanquished. He wanted her to hurry up and get through, as her very sight rubbed it in.

He hurriedly buckled the few remaining straps, climbed into the wagon, placing the butter beside him, and started the mare down the trail to the road.

"Don't forget, John! the blue and white one, about seven yards, and—oh, yes! two spools of thread to match. Miss Jones, there, will show you. She remembers the goods I was looking at," were the last words Mary shouted to him, as she stood near the well with her hand over her forehead to shield her eyes from the rising sun.

As John got out on the road, he began to muse: "How did she happen to think of the dad-gum dress right at the time I hit the bottom of the well? And how was the butter and the butter-knife connected with it? Did she drop the butter purposely? No! That was impossible. There was the white string where she had tried to tie it—and the knife was to cut the string with. That was all right. It is beyond my power to figure it out. She must be mighty dog-gone quick-minded to think of the dress right at the time when I couldn't help myself. And when she set her head that way, there wasn't any use of talkin'."

Next day Mary sat at her machine and stitched away happily and contentedly on her new dress.

MUSINGS ON A BAREFOOT LAD

A Poem

By H. M. Patrick

I like to watch the teeming mass
  Of people pass my door;
There pass thereby all kinds of folk,
  Some rich and others poor.

The other day there passed my gate
  A dirty little lad;
He wore no shoes upon his feet;
  His face was drooped and sad.

His coat was patched and torn to shreds,
  Its sleeves were much too long;
His pants were torn on both the knees;
  A contrast with the throng.

But as I watched this ragged lad
  Go trudging on his way,
I paused to think about the man
  This boy would be some day.

Would this young life be spent away
  In idleness and shame,
Or would this lad be lifted up,
  That great should be his name?

Oh, would that some great hand of power
  Would touch this humble boy,
And lead him up the path of life,
  Its duties to enjoy.

HIGH SCHOOL SECTION

We print with pleasure the following prize winning stories and poems in The Journal Contest for high school students. A check for $12.00 has been mailed to those winning first prize, a check for $8.00 for second prize, and $5.00 for third prize.

(First Prize)

GREAT FIRE'S TREASURE

A Story

(By Miss Elizabeth Werner, Memminger High School, Charleston)

"Wall, I'll be *hanged,* if that thar ain't a rooster! A rooster as sure as I *live!* and hit's plum carved out o' rock!" The man stood surveying with amazement a bird clumsily carved of stone, then he half turned away, and was this time struck dumb with surprise, for there before him were three crudely carved stone figures, a quail, a rabbit, and a "rooster," by which term Jerden called the pheasant.

They were almost hidden by the ferns, and the leaves had fallen over and around them for many years. The man stood and looked, and then stooped down and broke away the ferns, with no respect at all for the beautiful maidenhair or any of the other lace-like ferns. Then he scraped away a few of the leaves and even dug down a few inches into the rich mold, but as he discovered nothing he straightened up, shook his head to show his inability to understand the queer things, picked up his gun and climbed on up the mountain.

Several hours later he was telling his wife about his remarkable find, as they sat down to supper in their comfortable mountain cabin. Nance was a good woman and made the best butter to be found in all those parts, but she could understand no better than her husband why any one should put "them creeters" out in the woods. "If," said she—oh! how much depended on that little word "if"—"it warn't nearly dark, I'd go with you'n to see the creeters now."

But it was nearly dark, and as it was far more important on the next day to see after the corn than to go tramping the woods after creeters, they were promptly forgotten.

Several years passed after that, and Nance and Jerden were not as prosperous as they had been; the hollow where the best corn had grown was now a red gash that the Big Flood had made, a great many of their prized cattle had been washed away by those same waters. Jerden now worked all day clearing "new land," while Nance toiled and sold her butter.

Then there came into those parts an Indian, not a robed and blanketed Indian, but an Indian all the same, for he had a darker complexion than the mountaineers, and spoke of Great Fire, his ancestor, who had ruled over all the mountains even after the white men had come to other parts. Peoples for miles around came and listened to his marvelous tales. The little store at the cross roads in the valley did a flourishing business.

It was Saturday, and Nance and Jerden had left the mountains and were buying their weekly stores. Nance didn't usually accompany Jerden on these trips, but the wonderful accounts of the Indian had reached her, and she was naturally curious. As they entered the store and leaned up against the counter, the Indian began another tale.

He told the tale his great-grandmother had told him. It was about Great Fire. He told how Great Fire became rich by trading furs with the settlers that were on the edge of his country, how he learned the white man's trick of buying trinkets for very little and trading them for valuable furs. Great Fire loved gold, and he never traded his skins for anything

else. All the Indians knew of this gold, and when Great Fire died they searched everywhere for it; they couldn't find it, however, though they looked for many moons. But his squaw had not watched for naught those many nights when Great Fire was busy with his wonderful chisel that he had gotten from the great white men. After his death she didn't tell the tribe, for she wanted the gold for herself, so she looked the woods over for the three figures that the great chief had carved, for she knew that buried under them was great treasure. She didn't find them, so she told her favorite son, that he might find them and be rich. But the tribe didn't have a leader, and the white men drove the Indians away to the west.

The Indian stopped and looked around, then he said that over in those mountains somewhere were a pheasant, a rabbit and a quail, and underneath them was the treasure of Great Fire. Jerden looked at Nance's white face and walked out of the store. Nance followed him; they got into the wagon and drove away.

"Whar?" said Nance. Jerden looked at her blankly and shook his head.

"Hit war in a hollow, a kind of cove," he said slowly. "I remember thar war a deal o' ferns thar."

It was nearly dark when they reached home, but they didn't wait for the next day. They searched the woods and tramped many miles over the rough mountain land. There was a full moon, and its silver light made the mountains very beautiful and cast deep black shadows in all the hollows. Now and then a fern a little taller than the rest would make Nance's heart jump. On they trudged—they had the lure of treasure before them, and with the wild moon looking on they tried to find the silent watchers of the old chief's treasure. Oh, if the moon could have told them in which lonely cove were the pheasant, the rabbit, and the quail! At last, they decided to go home and rest, for the hunt could be continued on the next day. They were up early and Jerden, forgetful of his clearing and Nance of her milk, they started out, but this day's search was fruitless, and so were many more days that they spent in tramping the mountains. At last, winter came, and the snow was too deep to allow them to continue walking as they had been doing. Then they found to their horror that they had no stores. Jerden had forgotten to till the ground and Nance had forgotten the butter and the eggs, and they could do nothing but tell their secret. The appearance of Nance's sister made it easier than they had suppose it would be. She, a tall, gaunt woman, had come to find out why she had not seen her sister for so long. She made them come and spend the winter with her. But the secret was a secret no longer, for the people for miles around knew and talked about it, and told each other what they would do if they had the pot of gold. As soon as the weather permitted, the staid mountaineers tramped all over the country in search of the treasure, singly, or in groups they went, but had no better success than all who had looked before them. Nance and Jerden did not hunt any more, but went back to their own land and the next year they had the best crops in all the country 'round. On winter nights Jerden tells his tale to the listening mountaineers, but he no longer searches the mountains over for treasure. He and Nance have found the real gold—the gold of work—the only gold that gives true satisfaction.

The three silent watchers still guard the treasure of the old chief, and every now and then boys or tramps hearing the story will search up and down the mountains, but with no better success. The cove seems to have been swallowed up completely.

Author's Note.—This is a true tale, gotten by me personally from a mountaineer.

(First Prize)

THE SNOW QUEEN'S PARTY

A Poem

(By Miss Louise Smith, Spartanburg High School)

The Snow Queen gave a party
  In her crystal palace fair,
And all her loyal subjects
  And relatives were there.
In all his frigid glory
  Her old friend, the Ice King, came,
And many little princes,
  The Icicles by name.
The North Wind flew a-blust'ring
  From his wintery retreat,
And with him came his cohorts,
  The Hail-Stones and the Sleet.
The Lord of all the Icebergs
  From the north seas, tempest-tossed,
Was also at the banquet;
  And so was blithe Jack Frost.

Now, Mister Sun felt slighted
  Because he was not a guest,
And so he said in anger,
  "I'll spoil the fun of the rest."

He beamed down on them fiercely,
  And when his hot rays were felt,
The feast indeed was ruined—
  The guests began to melt!
Just then a friendly cloudlet,
  Since she saw the Snow Queen's plight,
Sailed right across the heavens
  And shut out all the light.
"I'll not move on till night-time,"
  Cloudlet said to Mister Sun,
"Unless you'll give your promise
  To let them have their fun."
So Sun relented fin'lly,
  And withdrew his fiery glow.
With dance, and song, and laughter,
  The feast went on below.

(Second Prize)

THE COWARD

A Story

(By Andrew T. Cooksey, Blacksburg High School)

The bright October sun had begun its downward journey. The air was crisp and cold, just bracing enough to make the weather ideal for football, the king of the sports.

"Twenty-one — three — eight — thirteen," yelled the quarterback. There followed a plunge, a piling up of players, and the shrill blast of the referee's whistle. Again the teams bounced into position. The varsity eleven of Northwood University, a husky bunch of men, was in possession of the ball. It was opposed by a light, fast team composed of "scrubs." Once more the signals were called, and a speeding halfback snatched the ball, shot around right end, and was off for the goal, ducking, rushing, plunging onward. At that moment the opposing halfback tackled. Lawrence Nelson, star backfield man of Northwood's eleven, struck the ground with a thud that could be heard all over the gridiron. Louis Carpentier, Laurie's opponent and rival for a position on the team, had tackled him at full speed. Laurie did not rise. Water was brought, and he was able to get to his feet only after several minutes of working and rubbing by his teammates. "You'll be all right now. Just knocked the breath out of you," said Coach Carter, slapping him on the back.

Nelson tore the helmet from his head, and, to the great surprise of all present, shouted to the coach: "I've got enough of it, and don't ever expect to play football again, with that fellow Carpentier knocking a man almost senseless with his tripping. I tell you, I'm through." He disgustedly hurled his helmet across the field and turned his weary steps toward the dormitory, leaving Coach Carter and his astonished teammates gazing after him in bewilderment.

"Carpentier, go in as halfback on the varsity," shouted Carter.

As Laurie passed through the gate leading from the field, he glanced back and saw Carpentier buck the line for 15 yards. A deep sigh escaped him. How he did regret his act, and what he had said. He knew well that Louis did not trip him, yet his temper got the best of him. He realized that he was a coward and could not bear to have it kown. It was now too late to go back. He had sacrificed his position on the varsity team to his rival because of one cowardly act.

Night drew slowly onward, and with the increasing darkness came increasing anger on the part of Nelson. How the incident of that afternoon had kindled the spark of bitterness toward Carpentier. Some minutes later there came a knock at his door and Carter stepped in. "Tell me, Lawrence, why you quit this afternoon. Do you realize that you are sacrificing all your honor, as well as your many friends? Now, listen, your team needs you and your school needs you. Can you afford to deliberately quit, when your honor and the success of your team are at stake?"

"I can tell you why I quit in a few simple words," began Laurie. Breaking down and sobbing bitterly, he confessed his cowardice—how he feared to play against Carpentier, how his temper got the best of him, and how he had lied concerning Carpentier's tripping. "I am a coward of the yellowest kind, and have lost all confidence in myself."

"That being the case," continued Carter, "you indeed will be a very unusual boy if you are able to play football again. When a man loses self-confidence, his athletic career is hopeless. But in case you do at any time think yourself able to play again, I give you the privilege of reporting once more for training. In the meantime, I shall be glad to help you in any way possible."

He extended his hand to Laurie, who grasped it eagerly. "I can never repay you for your helpful talk," he assured the coach as he left the room.

Laurie felt a sense of relief for awhile, but as the hours rolled slowly on, that misery of the afternoon's events returned. After all, he felt that the coach's proposition was of no value to him. He shrank from the very thought of a football game, and knew he would not be able to play again.

There swept over him a longing to forget it all. Out into the hall he went and strolled over to a group of boys who were conversing seriously. As he approached, one of the boys remarked in a very low tone of voice: "Hush! here he comes." The words fell on Laurie's ear. A tint of crimson darkened his face as he pretended to pass unnoticed.

"What made you quit, Nelson?" shouted a lanky youth.

"Oh! he's yellow. Look! even his hat is about to turn yellow!" jeered another, laughing loudly and pointing to Laurie's hat of a light brown shade.

Laurie wheeled, and with a steady step and a flash in his eye, walked up to the boy, and without warning delivered a blow to his chest that sent him sprawling on his back. At once a crowd gathered, yelling wildly. The boy arose to his feet and made a plunge at Laurie. The latter, caught unaware, was knocked from his feet. As he lay on the floor, his larger antagonist seized a piece of a bed slat that happened to be in the corner and raised it high above his head, evidently with the intention of dealing a series of blows to Laurie.

"Stop that, you coward!" thundered Nelson, as he scrambled to his feet. The larger boy dropped the slat, and exclaimed: "And you, the coward, dare to talk that way!"

Laurie, humiliated beyond description, muttered something in a low voice, and, picking up his hat, walked slowly to his room.

No one can realize the anguish which Nelson suffered until almost midnight. At last he made a grim resolution. Remembering

what Carter had told him, he determined to go back into the game and make good. He realized that it would be a hard matter for him to regain his old position, since Carpentier was showing everything that is desired in a good football player, but he resolved to do his best, to go back into the game without fear, and, whatever might happen, to play with bulldog tenacity and grit. The football classic of the season was to take place two days later, with Northwood battling Easthampton for the State title. "Oh! if I can only get in that game," thought Lawrence, "I'll show 'em I'm no coward."

Early the following morning there came a knock at the door of Carter's room. Upon opening the door, he was very much surprised to find Nelson wishing to talk with him.

"You told me I could report for training whenever I felt that I had self-confidence again," began Laurie. "Well, I feel that way now. I want you to try to get me in shape for that game tomorrow. I've just got to show that I am game."

"That's the right spirit!" shouted the coach. "I'll do my best to give you a chance to show you're not a coward. Report for practice today."

Those last words seemed to Laurie like a voice from heaven. He went to his room whistling merrily.

That afternoon Laurie did report for practice and put forth the best he had. Carter said later that he had never seen "a coward play with such fearlessness."

The day for the game dawned bright, clear and crisp. Everywhere could be seen small groups of boys talking of nothing except the game. Public sentiment favored Easthampton to win by at least two touchdowns. The Easthampton team was light, strong and exceedingly fast.

Nelson came quietly from his room and closed the door softly behind him. He tiptoed across the hall to a room and knocked. The boy with whom he had had the fight, Jim Shuford, came to the door. "I want to beg your pardon for hitting you the other night," said Laurie straight-forwardly. "I was so enraged by your jeers, when really I needed to be jeered at. Jim, I'm going into that game this afternoon, and I'm going to show you fellows that I am not a coward."

"Shake!" exclaimed the boy, extending his hand. "I believe you'll make good. I ought to be called a coward for picking up that slat, but let's forget it all. Go in that game and play like you did once before."

Laurie grasped his head eagerly and then departed.

An hour before starting time every seat in the stands had been taken. In due time the referee's whistle blew. The teams lined up with Northwood receiving the kick-off. "Ready, Easthampton—ready, Northwood?" shouted the referee. Another long blast of the whistle, and the game had started, but with Nelson on the bench. Low-spirited, he sat, wrapped in a huge blanket, watching the game.

For two quarters the game progressed with neither side able to score. At the beginning of the third quarter, however, Easthampton showed new strength and spirit. She immediately advanced the ball by line-plunges to Northwood's fifteen yard line. Here they were held for three downs. The Easthampton quarterback stepped back, and, receiving the ball, lifted a beautiful drop-kick through the bars. From that moment Easthampton was held, the third quarter ending 3-0 in Easthampton's favor. In the fourth quarter, neither team was able to gain for a few minutes. Captain Whitman, of Northwood, called called time out. He motioned to Nelson. "Go in for Carpentier and show 'em something," he shouted as Laurie trotted to his place. A low murmur ran through the stands. At that time the ball was in Northwood's possession on her own 20-yard line.

Victory was eighty yards away. The ball was snapped and Nelson went through center, with incredible speed and gameness, for fifteen yards. "Forty-one — fifty-three — nineteen — eight — seventeen," yelled the quarterback. The ball was snapped and the quarter sent it spiralling far into the air—a beautiful forward pass. On and on it sped, dropped, but into the arms of Nelson. A whoop went up from the Northwood "rooters." No one could understand how the fleet-footed fellow ever got under the ball, but he snatched it from the air and kept plunging forward. One, two, three men tackled, but missed. On he shot. Then suddenly he was downed almost miraculously by an opposing back only one yard from the goal line, and victory! The stands were wild with enthusiasm. Jumping into place, the quarter called signals. "Six — fifteen — eighteen — four!" he roared, throwing his helmet from the field. Nelson was to carry the ball. Cheer leaders threw megaphones high in the air. The excitement was appalling.

At that moment, a long, low, mellow-toned whistle floated through the air. The game was over. Northwood had lost. The hand of time had turned a dirty trick. Northwood players madly tore their helmets from their heads. Many of them, sobbing bitterly, left the field leaning on stronger shoulders. Nelson noticed a cheer in the stands. He could hear his name being passed from lip to lip. What could that cheer mean? In a moment he knew, for students, headed by Jim Shuford, rushed up to him and lifted him to their shoulders. Cheering wildly, the crowd bore him from the field. He realized then that though Northwood had lost, he had won in his fight against that great barrier to success in the world—cowardice.

(Second Prize)

THE STOLEN KISS

A Poem

(By Miss Sarah Sanders, Anderson High School)

I sat before the piano, and my hands,
Aided by the slim, tapering fingers
Of some unseen genius,
Caressed the ivory and ebony keys
And brought forth a sweet melody,
Full of spring-time and beauty and gay love.
I heard no sound of approach from behind,
Until strong arms enfolded me
And warm lips against my neck were pressed.
I turned—you stood there at my back,
Your black head thrown back, your eyes dancing,
While your teasing laughter filled the room.
You had kissed me—but too late!
Once—when I loved you—I might have minded,
But now—I did not care—
I laughed with you over the stolen kiss.

———o———

(Third Prize)

THE PRINCE OF PEACE

(By Miss Frances Bell, Spartanburg High School)

In the days when Herod was ruler of Jerusalem, there lived in the East many wise men, or magi. The richest of these magi was Rhodaspes. His camels numbered as the stars; his orchards of figs and dates stretched out over the land as far as the eye could see from Mount Monhajay. Then, too, great numbers of servants and slaves had he. Added to this material richness was wisdom. The wise men came to him from afar to hear his prophecies. The rulers and kings held court with him to find out the meaning of their dreams.

Though he could read the heavens and knew that tonight the star should appear, still he did not believe that it heralded the coming of a King who was to save the world. For a score of years he had nourished a grudge against the Hebew religion. For when his

small daughter was deathly sick, he had been told to pray to the Hebrew God to save her. He had prayed earnestly and devoutly, but she had gone to rest in the beyond. Now, even the mention of the Hebrews or the Hebrew God was a curse to his ears.

That night his house was still and dark, after the tumults of the riotous feasts and revelry. There was no noise except, now and then, the faint chirp of a sleepy bird. Even the air breathed forth an odor of calmness and serenity. All was deathly silent, even the distant voice of the water was muffled as it trickled through the green moss and leafy wild fern at the foot of an old palm tree. The stars, all azure and silver, were sparkling in the heavens, and the sky was powdered with white points of radiance from the zenith to the horizon. Such was the night; no excitement after the excitement of the feast.

Amariah, an old Hebrew slave, was seated under the shade of a tall palm tree which cast a long black shadow on the silver sand. His hair was whiter than the snow-capped mountain peak and hung in locks about his bent, bowed, submissive shoulders. In his dark, wrinkled face, tanned by the desert sun, were deep-set eyes which looked like pools of darkness through which you could see the sufferings of humanity. His face was fixed on the heavens, his thoughts were there. While laboring for his unappreciative master, he had accumulated bits of information, until now his whole mind was upon the King who was to come and save his people.

Rhodaspes, becoming disgusted with the drunken revelers, had dismissed his guests, and was lying on his couch of embroidered tapestry, but it was impossible to sleep. His eyes wandered out into the night, so calm and peaceful. The thought of his dear child, who had slipped away from him—oh! the agony of the calmness, oh! the throbs of the serenity—was keeping him from rest. Wearily, he arose and walked out into the garden. He was a tall, dark man with furrowed brows and brilliant eyes, in which was burning the fire of youth. Though brilliant and youthful, he looked on the world with scorn, as man looks on the busy, crawling ants. The tightening at the corners of his mouth showed his determined character and haughty nature. In the darkness he searched for the Star, the Light.

He wandered through his orchards and groves of olive-trees. Try as he might, he could not keep his thoughts away from the star and the coming of the Christ-child. The more he thought of it, the more peaceful he became. After roaming for some time, he saw the silhouette of an old man, seated under a palm tree, intently watching the stars. With curiosity, he quickly turned his steps toward him. As he came near, he quickly recognized his slave, Amariah.

"Ah, ha! Amariah, you are waiting for your star?" sneered his mocking dictator.

"Ah, master, I almost fear I will not live to see it," answered the pitiful old slave.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Slave, you may live to see the star, but as for the King, Father Earth will not live to see Him," laughed his haughty lord.

"Ah, master! Look! A new star is appearing, the Lord of Lords has come," whispered the feeble slave.

Out of the misty haze, there appeared a faint glow. In a few moments it grew brighter than any of the other stars. It was the Star, the Sign. Its celestial light was as the lighthouse in the storm; it beckoned to the weary ones to follow and filled them with inspiration and hope. A new day was dawning in the spiritual world.

As Rhodaspes looked, he felt his heart swelling with a certain unmistakable joy, and his eyes that looked at the world so scornfully softened as mellow as the star itself. Words had slipped away. They both stood enraptured in the joy of the Light. Soon Rho-

daspes regained his composure, and his thoughts came down to earth. With a tear rolling down his face, he cried out: "I believe, Amariah! There must be a King of Peace born tonight, for joy is in my heart. The prophets said the star would lead to the Child. Oh, but I am not worthy."

"Two wise men now wait to carry their gifts to the Christ. If you make haste, you can go with them to see the Lord of all," hopefully reassured the thin, broken voice of the old Hebrew.

"I will go now and obtain my forgiveness. All our treasures will I take to the King," exclaimed Rhodaspes joyfully, as he hastened to go.

"Farewell, Amariah; may the Lord of Light bless you," called back Rhodaspes.

As the noise of his master's departure faded away, the old slave sat rejoicing in that he had been permitted to see it come to pass. All was dark. There was night over the earth, but all was light in the heart. There was no darkness there, for the soul had caught the celestial light of the Star.

———o———

(Third Prize)

CANDLE-LIGHT

A Poem

(By Miss Lucie Allen, Spartanburg High School)

Candles, softly gleaming,
  Shed their silv'ry light.
Flick'ring flames are beaming,
  Burning thro' the night.

Hours and hours enduring,
  Shadows softly creep.
Now they're light and luring,
  Now they're dark and deep.

Thus 'twill be forever.
  Shades and candle-light
Linger here together,
  Lasting thro' the night.

Wofford College Journal
Established 1889

STAFF
Editor-in-Chief—R. H. Hodges
Business Manager—M. B. Wilson
Literary Editor—J. E. Sprott
Literary Editor—A. F. Graham
Literary Editor—M. L. Meadors
Exchange Editor—J. M. Bailey
Circulation Manager—W. S. Hoole
Advertising Manager—A. H. Stokes

Entered at the postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as second-class matter.
The Wofford College Journal is published seven times a year, on the fifteenth of the month, by the Student Body.
Subscription per year, $1.25; single copy, 20c.

EDITORIALS

The Journal Contest

THE JOURNAL contest for High School students has proved itself a great success. Although the Contest Editor had received only three submissions within three days of the close of the contest, we had received some forty-five stories and thirty-five poems when the last day came. Many of the stories and poems were of such merit that the judges had a difficult task to select the three best of each; but we believe they have succeeded admirably. Many of the High Schools took a great interest in the contest, and we earnestly hope that the staff which succeeds us will see fit to conduct another contest to stimulate interest among high school students in better prose and poetry. The college writers of the next four years are now in the high schools, of the State, and the sooner they become interested in writing, the better prepared will they be for college work.

To those who won prizes, we extend congratulations. For those who did not win, we wish better luck next time. To all who helped to make the contest a success, we wish to express our appreciation; especially do we wish to thank Dr. Myers and Miss Snyder, of Converse College; Dr. Snyder, Dr. Pugh, and Mr. Harris, of Wofford College, who kindly acted as judges for us in this contest.

Evolution

Evolution is a subject which perhaps the layman had best not discuss; that is, in so far as its truth or falsity may be concerned. As the writer is not a scientist and professes no profound knowledge of the theory of evolution, it should be clearly understood that anything he may say should not be taken as an attempt to prove or discredit this theory, for he simply intends to discuss evolution and religion.

A very eminent evangelist is quoted as saying the other day that no one could believe in evolution and Christianity at the same time, and further, that anyone who believes in evolution is a fool.

Let us ask ourselves for a moment, what is the fundamental message of Christianity? We wonder if it could be summed up in the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, and those great precepts of Faith and Humility and Love of the Great Teacher? Stripped of all irrelevancies, we cannot see that Christianity has anything else to offer us. Is evolution antagonistic to any of these great tenets of Christianity? If it is, we fail to see the contradiction.

Some thoughtless people point to the story in Genesis. If our memory serves us correctly, the same Book that records the story of the creation tells us that a thousand years with Him are as a day and a day as a thousand years. If the Creator saw fit to evolve man from a lower species and it took a million years, would that make any difference? To hold heedlessly to one's belief and thereby limit the Creator to one method of creation strikes us as arrogant conceit of opinion and a low order of faith.

To call one a fool because one does not happen to agree with the speaker needs no notice; it only serves to illustrate the baneful

IF IT BE A READY-MADE WEAR_____ **Kuppenheimer**

If it be a Made-to-Order, It should be made by____ **Ed. V. Price & Co.**
CHICAGO

HARRY PRICE

116 EAST MAIN STREET

The Store for Better Merchandise Spartanburg, S. C.

THE DuPRE

Book Store

THE LARGEST BOOK STORE IN SOUTH CAROLINA

Students Cordially Welcomed

attitude of well-meaning Christians. If I held any opinion whatsoever and some one called me a fool for believing as I did, that would not change me in the slightest unless he gave me something more than his assertion to prove that he was right. Mere assertion that the theory of evolution is false and a heresy proves nothing whatsoever. It might be well to note in this connection the difference in the attitude of scientist and religionist. The scientist says: "I have discovered this. Here are the facts as I see them. These facts lead me to believe that this hypothesis is true. If you can show me any other facts, I will be glad to consider them." Such religionists as the speaker above referred to seem to take this attitude: "If you don't agree with me you are bound for hell."

Many religionists fall into the inexcusable error of putting up the Bible as a text-book of science. The Bible was never intended to teach science. It might be well for those who endeavor to prove evolution false by the Bible to remember that once this Book was used to prove the earth was flat. Does not the Bible refer to the four corners of the earth? How then can it be round, as these heretics assert?

We have the highest respect for the speaker above referred to, and we do not for one moment doubt his absolute sincerity—but sincerity is no objective recommendation. We dare say the men who persecuted Luther, burned Savonarola, and crucified Jesus were absolutely sincere. Truth has a queer way of being what it is in spite of our opinions. We are inclined to believe that more harm has been done to the cause of Christianity by well-meaning friends than by enemies. Suppose, for example, a young man has come to believe with all his heart that man evolved from a lower species of animal, and suppose further that one whom he has reason to respect tells him that he cannot be an evolutionist and a Christian at the same time, what hap-

DRINK

IN BOTTLES

Spartanburg Coca-Cola Bottling Co.

SNAPPY FOOTWEAR
For the College Man

Square Toe Effects in Shoes and Oxfords, Dancing Oxfords in Patent and Dull Calf, Silk and Wool and all Silk Socks in the New Shades. : : : : : : :

IF IT'S NEW AND POPULAR, WE HAVE IT

Wright-Scruggs Shoe Co.
"THE SHOE STORE"

ITS INFLUENCE—

A strong, progressive Bank wields a powerful influence in the business affairs of a community. It is gratifying to know that the aims and efforts of our officers and directors are so generally understood, and so thoroughly appreciated.

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK

U. S. DEPOSITARY

THE ELITE

CANDIES, SODAS

ICE CREAM AND LUNCHES

WELCOME WOFFORD BOYS

MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT

THE ELITE

pens? He must be convinced of his error or he will stultify his mind or reject Christianity. Why is it not better to show him that Christianity and the theory of evolution are not in conflict?

Too many unessentials are tacked on to Christianity. Emotionally bombastic defenses of the irrelevancies of theology do more harm than good. Theology is one thing; true religion is another. The essence of Christianity is one thing, and unimportant details which well-intentioned people waste time over is another. To take an analogy from history, does the truth or falsity of the story about Newton and the falling apple affect in any way the truth of the great law of gravitation?

Many eminent divines are evolutionists, many evolutionists are ardent Christians; how, then, can Christianity and evolution be antagonistic?

In my opinion, any preacher who takes an hour to hurl invectives at evolutionists is simply wasting his time, and his preaching is wholly negative. If the theory of evolution is false, it will die of its own accord, and you need not kill it. If evolution is true, you cannot kill it, and you are simply wasting your time when you try to stand in the way. Further, such sermons only serve to throw simple people in the agony of doubt.

There is one thing the leaders of religion had best accept. Evolution is a matter for the scientists to work out, and they will. They will find the truth without any aid or hindrance. Further, few preachers know enough about evolution to discuss it intelligently. Now, what have the preachers? They have the life, personality, and message of Jesus of Nazareth. What more do they need?

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

J. M. Bailey, *Editor*

We have just received the January issue of the *Limestone Star*. The contents are well

Home of

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES

AND

FLORSHEIM SHOES

Spartanburg's Best Clothing Store

Greenewald's

INCORPORATED

Spartanburg, South Carolina

The Limestone Star

ordered and varied. However, we think the addition of another short story would add greatly to the attractiveness of the magazine. "Mrs. Aiken's Choice" deserves comment. The story shows an orderly development, but the climax is reached too suddenly. "The University of Alexandria" is interesting, both from the standpoint of literary and educational value. Also the essay, "Success," is worthy of special mention. The author gives us a few ideas of success and how it is attained. The essay, "Homer and Homeric Troy," is good.

The poems deserve no praise, because they could be much better. However, they are important in that they lend assistance in keeping the balance of material as nearly perfect as possible.

The *Limestone Star* is an excellent college publication. However, there is room for improvement. We think there should be more fiction and better fiction. Then we would advise that some critical essay be added. Essays of that sort are interesting and afford the readers something which is necessary in their constant endeavor to reach the goal of culture.

The Orion

The Christmas number of *The Orion* is not up to the standard which college publications should reach. It is lacking in almost every respect. Two poems, two stories, two sketches, and one play are not a sufficient number of articles to demand praise-worthy comment. Then there should be added a few essays with serious thoughts.

The story, "Two Pronouns and a Verb," is very well written. It has a good thought, but the real romantic element is not developed as well as it might be. It is interesting, but one can not feel the thrill and emotion which, no doubt, the author intended one to feel. "In the Other Fellow's Shoes" is a sketch with much truth in it. The play, "The Return," is too short. It is more on the order of a

J. T. BOOTH
JEWELER
102 Kennedy Place Phone 528
EVERSHARP PENCILS,
FOUNTAIN PENS,
WATCHES,
CLOCKS, JEWELRY, Etc.
Watch Repairing My Specialty
Typewriters for Rent and for Sale—Your Patronage Appreciated.

A. LEVIN
FINE TAILORING
Suits made to order
$35.00 AND UP
Altering, Repairing and Pressing
117 North Church Street
PHONE 896

brief. The writer suggests an interesting idea, but should go more fully into the subject and bring out more details and particulars.

As a final word, let us suggest that more time, thought, and hard work be put into this publication. More poems, more stories, more sketches, and several essays would add greatly to the value of your magazine. We would suggest that you develop it more fully along these lines, even if you must leave out the "College Notes," "Jokes," and "Alumnae News." L. H. C.

The Isaqueena

On perusing the pages of the *Isaqueena,* we find that the magazine is not as good as it should be. There is a scarcity of material, and that doesn't deserve a great deal of praise. However, there are two or three excellent articles and poems. In order to have a more balanced magazine, we would suggest to the editors that they add more fiction. This feature alone determines in a large degree the success and popularity of such a publication as the *Isaqueena.*

The poem, "A Day," expresses a very beautiful thought. Also the structure of the poem is excellent. The essay, "The Humor in Holmes' Poetry," is interesting, and we commend it not only for its educational value, but also for its excellence in composition and development. The title of the article written on "The Decline of Old-Fashioned Courtesy Toward Women" is especially interesting. However, several statements of the author are a bit overdrawn.

There is one feature of the magazine which we do not approve. And that is the jokes, which we think should be published in the weekly paper. However, if there is no such publication, the only place jokes can be published is in the monthly magazine.

The October issue of *The Chicora Maga-*

DR. WEBB THOMSON
DR. H. A. FEEMSTER
DENTISTS
Dental Bldg. 153½ N. Church St.

The Ford Leads the World in Automobile Value—We Lead the State in Automobile Sales.
Ford
ERNEST BURWELL
Spartanburg Ford Dealer
199 West Main St. PHONE 402

Clothiers and Furnishers
To Men Who Care
Agency Society Brand Clothes
MEYERSON'S
The Man's Store

The Rex Theatre

COLLEGE AMUSEMENT HEADQUARTERS

— THE HOME OF —

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

WOFFORD STUDENTS ALWAYS WELCOME

J. F. MANNING

Annual Photographer

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

zine is one of the best magazines that we have received. But it isn't perfect. The story, "Satisfied," has a good plot, but the sentences are awkward and ambiguous. "Gwen Changes Her Mind" is the title of a very interesting short story. The plot is excellent, for it is true to life. Women change their minds so often that the fact has become a by-word. "Gwen" was no exception.

The Chicora Magazine

The essays written on two of the great masters of English literature are interesting. Also they serve the ends of knowledge in that they possess an extraordinary educational value.

The poems, while deserving no special praise, are good.

The joke department should be published in a weekly paper—we believe the space in a college literary magazine can best be devoted to literary material. If, however, you have no weekly, then this criticism is unwarranted.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED

The Criterion, The Winthrop Journal, The Trinity Archive, The Limestone Star, The Aurora, The Echo, The College of Charleston Magazine, The Newberry Stylus, The Carolinian, The Orion, The Right Angle, The Chicora Magazine, The Isaqueena, The Emory Phoenix, The Wake Forest Student, The Maine-Spring, The Occident.

AS OTHERS SEE US

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL.—"Somebody's Darling" is very good both in regard to the idea and its presentation. We note the high standard so far maintained by this poet. "The Unknown Seaman" is more nearly a story than a sketch, because of the explanation of its antecedent action. It is none the less vivid and effective. "Loony, Nutty or Simply a Fool" is a quaint little story of a small town, with a distinctly humorous twist. "By the Fireside" is a highly creditable poem. The word pictures are colorful and pleasing. "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" is interesting and amusing. "I 'member" is a whimsical and clever verse in semi-dialect. The essay on Belgium is commendable, being clearly presented. Poem, "Autumn," is smooth and picturesque. "The Life of a Cub Reporter" is good, but is not a pure sketch. "All is Not Gold That Glitters" is a clever bit of cynicism with which we heartily concur. "Twenty" is an effective

379 N. Church St. Phone 1307-J

PEARSON'S

Between Calhoun and College Streets

A FULL LINE OF SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Also Hot and Cold Lunches, Milk, Cold Drinks, Crackers and Cakes of all kinds.

Wofford Boys Are Always Welcome

Everything in DRUGS, SODA, CIGARS,

but especially for

Y—O—U!

Norris Candies, Waterman's and Parker Fountain Pens, Eversharp Pencils, and a select assortment of Stationery.

Yours for Quality and Service,

WILSON'S DRUG STORE

THE REXALL STORE

152 W. Main St. Spartanburg, S. C.

"The Best in Drug Store Service"

poem on a good subject. "Zack and the Mud" is an anecdote, and is vivid and interest-holding. "Tameor Timur, the Rani," is a colorful and realistic romance. The sound plot is ably developed. The "Echewed Past" has for its theme a philosophy of doubtful value. "Sights from a Ferris Wheel" is a sketch of merit. Its most outstanding characteristic is the careful observation of minute details. "November" is smooth and regular, and paints autumnal pictures. We congratulate THE JOURNAL on this worthy issue.—*The Carolinian.*

The first number of the WOFFORD JOURNAL has been received. The size and cover are very attractive. The quality of the literary work is good, but a few more poems would make it much better. The story of "Mr. Houser and Business" is interesting, and deals with conditions that actually exist. The sketches and essays of this number are good and help very decidedly in improving the literary value of THE JOURNAL.

The greatest fault of THE JOURNAL is that the advertisements are distributed among the literary compositions. Often the reader, in search of a continued article, is attracted by an advertisement in the department and completely loses the literary value of the article. If the advertisements were placed in a group, the magazine would be much more readable. THE JOURNAL is lacking in a Joke Department. The addition of this department with a few "peppy," original jokes would add greatly to THE JOURNAL.

The attitude of THE WOFFORD JOURNAL toward the betterment of high school poetry and prose is very commendable. The prizes offered are quite worth trying for and should be an incentive toward better high school work. When our high school boys and girls become really interested in literature, the problem of material for future college publications will have been solved.—*The Isaqueena.*

WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL is good, the exchange being unusually vigorous in both its condemnations and commendation. "The Unknown Seaman" is a good sketch that not only "reads" well but "sounds" well when read aloud. So many college literary productions do not.—*Pine and Thistle.*

FOLLOW THE CROWD TO——

BISHOP'S

Rex Theatre Building

——FOR THE BEST——

Sodas, Ice Cream and Candies

TOILET ARTICLES

KODAK FILMS KODAK FINISHING

Agents for Schloss Bros. & Co. and Adler Collegian Suits and Overcoats.

Boys, make our store your headquarters. We carry a full line of high grade Clothing, Shirts, Neckties, etc.

We Cash Wofford Students' Checks

IT PAYS TO TRADE AT

Cannon & Fetzer Co.

MENS & BOYS OUTFITTERS

118 East Main St. Spartanburg

THE WOFFORD JOURNAL shows thought and effort on the part of its contributors. The poems, stories, and sketches are arranged in such a way as to break up any monotony which might occur. Perhaps one or two articles with a deeper and more serious line of thought would add to the value of THE JOURNAL. "Tameor Timur, the Rani," is an interesting story and well developed.—*The Orion.*

One criticism that we have often seen of THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL is that it lacked poetry. This criticism certainly cannot be made of the November issue of this magazine. It contains a number of very good poems and is the best balanced issue of THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL that we have seen.—*The Chronicle.*

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL seems to have been unfortunate in finding material this month (referring to October issue), but this will probably apply to none of their later issues. The essay, "The Historical and Strategical Importance of Constantinople," is well written and proves its author to be a diligent student and careful writer. We also notice that this magazine is trying to interest the South Carolina high school students in writing by opening to them a High School Contest. This should do a great deal of good, and the prizes you offer are such that you may expect a goodly number of contributions.—*The Wake Forest Student.*

Chero-Cola

THERE'S NONE SO GOOD

WE SELL

'GIFTS THAT LAST"

of Known Reputation

Gifts for All Occasions

Imagination--Master Force

Emerson.

"There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many more. Society is a troop of thinkers, and the best heads among them take the best places. A FEEBLE man can see the farms that are fenced and tilled, the houses that are built. The STRONG man sees the possible houses and farms. His eye makes estates as fast as the sun breeds clouds."

STRONG MEN, TRAINED MEN, EDUCATED MEN, CHRISTIAN MEN, the world needs more than ever today. They always have been, and always will be, fired by IMAGINATION; but this is not all—Self-Control. THRIFT has been their handmaid. It is the mission of this bank to help you in your THRIFT, your self-mastery.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

A. M. CHREITZBERG.....President
J. B. CLEVELAND.....Vice-President
FRANK C. ROGERS.....Vice-President
ROY E. LEONARD.....Cashier
W. FRANK KLUGH.....Assistant Cashier
J. WESLEY ISOM.....Assistant Cashier
H. B. CARLISE.....Attorney

ALL WOFFORD COLLEGE GRADUATES

RESOURCES OVER 3½ MILLION

BAND & WHITE, PRINTERS, SPARTANBURG, S. C.

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

MARCH
1924

Vol. 34 No. 5

"Saved by the Red Dragon"
By D. L. WEST

"Three Score Years and Ten"
By W. K. WYNN

Engraved Cards

Let us furnish your Engraved Cards, either from a new plate or your old one. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed, and prices reasonable. : : : : : : :

Come to—

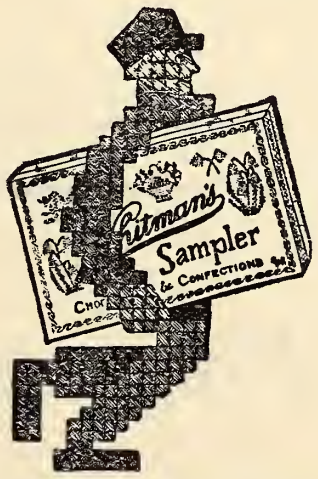
Ligon's Drug Store

for Courteousness, Service and Good Treatment

Prescription Specialist

Pure Drugs - Best Toilet Articles - Safety Razors and Blades to Fit All Safety Razors : : : :

Exclusive Agents for Eastman Kodaks and Films



When You Send HER Whitman's You Have Sent the Best

Largest and Best Assorted Stock of Fountain Pens and Eversharp Pencils in the City

We are always glad to see you

Ligon's Drug Store

Phones 30 and 31

Wofford College

HENRY N. SNYDER, LL. D., Litt. D., President

All courses leading to A. B. Degree. Fourteen Professors. Departments: Ethics, Religious Education, Astronomy, Mathematics (pure and applied), Physics, Chemistry, Biology and Geology, Latin, Greek, English, German and French, History and Economics. J. B. Cleveland Science Hall, Whitefoord Smith Library. Carlisle Hall, a magnificent new Dormitory. Athletic Grounds.

Next Session Begins September 18, 1924

For catalogue or other information, address the President, Spartanburg, S. C.

Progressive Banking--

The earnest desire of our organization is to help you transact your business pleasantly and satisfactorily.

Bank of Commerce

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

B. T. EARLE, President
J. W. BELL, Vice-President
C. W. BOYD, Cashier
H. C. HICKS, Asst. Cashier

May We Serve You?

March, 1924

CONTENTS

		Page
The Flower (Poem)	H. M. Patrick, '26	180
Three Score Years and Ten (Story)	W. K. Wynn, '25	181
Drums (Poem)	G. O. Henry, '27	188
Saved by the Red Dragon (Story)	D. L. West, '25	188
The Novel Laboratory (Sketch)	J. M. McKnight, '24	194
The Passion Play (Essay)	C. T. Gay, '26	196
Loneliness (Poem)	R. H. Hodges, '24	199
The Dilemma (Story)	J. M. McKnight, '24	199
The Dewdrop (Poem)	A. N. Reed, '25	202
Robert E. Lee (Essay)	R. A. Durham, '25	203
Our Town (Poem)	B. E. Elks, '24	205
A Uncousining (Story)	C. C. Herbert, '25	206
March (Poem)	H. M. Gilbert, '26	209
Mum Betsy (Sketch)	J. G. Gerald, '27	209
The Sailor's Song (Poem)	E. H. Gregg, '25	210
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT		211
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT		215

THE FLOWER

A Poem

By H. M. Patrick

I wandered as usual this morning
  O'er the pathway I trod every day
When my spirit is carefree and happy,
  And my heartstrings are tuneful and gay.

But the dealer of fate had this morning,
  So it seemed, stacked the cards against me,
For my spirit was blue as the heavens,
  And my sorrow as deep as the sea.

But I stopped in this moment of sadness,
  Just to pick up a flower that lay
On the ground in the pathway before me,
  In this pathway I trod every day.

And it seemed that the voice of the Father
  Spoke out of this blossom so bright;
And in accents as sweet as the Angels,
  He brought me a message of light.

I saw there this dear little flower,
  So joyous, and happy, and free;
With its face turned up to the Heavens,
  While the world was so dreary to me.

And I thought if this gay little flower
  Could smile when the world was so blue,
Why could not we who call ourselves humans
  Turn our faces to God and smile, too.

O we call it the "Blues," or what not,
  And we say that we're downcast and sad,
But the easiest thing in the world
  Is to make ourselves think we are glad.

Every cloud has its lining of silver,
  Every winter is followed by spring;
We can always find gladness in sadness,
  If we trust in our Master and King.

THREE SCORE YEARS AND TEN

A Story

By W. K. Wynn

THE SECOND QUARTER of an April moon shone from a cloudless sky. In a low, marshy ground on the banks of a river there moved, very slowly and always in a stooped position, a human form. The nearness of his head to the ground revealed the fact that he was searching every foot of the ground in that vicinity. Hour succeeded hour; but no less assiduously did the man continue his search. Occasionally he would stop and dig at the root of a plant. Then with a disappointed but determined face he would move on. The entire swamp in the vicinity of the man was pitted with holes which he had made with his trowel. After some time his despondency found utterance in a low mumble.

"Only two more nights and the moon will begin to wane. Then another year to wait until April's waxing moon. I will find it! I must find it! I can't stand this strain of expectation another year!"

Two more hours elapsed; the moon was fastly gaining the western horizon. Far down the river was heard the low, metallic sound of the tower clock as its hammer announced the fact that two hours had passed since midnight. On and on worked the man with the unweariness of a machine. Each hour that passed plainly increased the anxiety on his face and made him more determined to cram the present hour with twice as much work as the last one had contained.

"I have it! I have it!" sounded a muffled but victorious voice through the swamp.

The man raised himself in an erect position for the first time; a beam of light was on his thin, sallow face. His feet fairly danced with glee. He held in his muddy hands a small plant. Dangling from its roots were a number of tiny spherical fungi; there surrounded this fungi a transparent animal excretion. The man placed this into a small box containing some of the mud in which it grew. With ever-increasing steps, he climbed the acclivity, and in a short time gained the road.

"Home—with as much speed as safety will permit!" He addressed his chauffeur, who now awaked from his sleep with a start and executed his orders to the letter. At 3 o'clock the man's apartment was reached. He rushed madly up the steps, dashed into the house, and ascended to the second floor, where he unlocked a door, and pushed a button which flooded a laboratory with light.

The man was of middle age, but his face was thin and emaciated; his eyes were encircled with blue. He was clearly the victim of worry and loss of sleep. Dinklinn was a man of inherited wealth. This inheritance afforded him the highest chemical and biological education available. Wealthy men are likely to pursue those vocations, or avocations, which afford them the greatest pleasure. Wealth, however, is not the only requisite for a man to do just as he wishes, to whoever he wishes, and whenever he wishes. He must be a rich bachelor to have this prerogative. Dinklinn had it; he was a bachelor. He was a slave to but one thing, and that was his laboratory; and he willingly and intentionally became enthralled there. His unceasing experiments were never made from any pecuniary desire, but merely for the sheer love of it.

"There may be a bourne from which no traveller ever returns; but there will be little use for him to go there," thought Dinklinn, as he washed his hands. He threw on his rubber apron with a quick motion, sat down to

the table, and poured a previously concocted chemical into a test tube. Dinklinn set to work with a satisfaction which had never before been revealed on his countenance.

"Yes, this parasitical growth is teeming with protoza. My success is almost inevitable now," mumbled Dinklinn, as he bent over the microscope. "If this discovery comes up to my expectation, I shall dam permanently the river Styx."

Two hours passed; Dinklinn was still lost in his experiment. He moved not a muscle. His eyes were riveted on a dark liquid which was in the process of distillation. As the liquid continued to boil, there dripped from the mouth of the retort a transparent liquid. This distilling process continued for several minutes before Dinklinn moved. After cooling the distilled liquid, he took, with a nervous hand, an almost microscopic part of the protoza and dropped it into the liquid. Here ensued a violent effervescing, which soon subsided and left a blood-red liquid in the beaker.

"Five years of incessant toil; but I have it now! Oh, God! what a feeling! Oh, God! what a discovery! Oh, God! what a blessing to humanity!" Dinklinn fairly shrieked these words when he saw the final result of his long labor. He now took a hypodermic needle, filled it to its capacity of eight drops with this serum, and injected it into the fleshy part of his arm. When he had done this, he went about distilling the remaining liquid and using the greater part of the protoza which was left until he filled a pint beaker. The serum which he injected into his arm apparently gave him no more worry than would the act of drinking a glass of pure water.

Days passed. Dinklinn spent them in more or less a dormant state. He never failed, however, to go into his laboratory each day for four consecutive days at the same hour and inject the same amount of serum into his arm. Within a month his recuperation was complete. He now bore nothing in common with that ghastly form which bent over the river marsh four weeks before.

After the recuperation was complete, Dinklinn had several photographs taken of himself. He had made such a marvellous discovery that he knew the world would call him mad if he attempted to assert its potency without giving unquestionable proof along with it. Years were necessary to bring this proof; therefore, Dinklinn was forced to remain silent until Time could corroborate his assertion.

Year succeeded year, until seven of them had come and gone. Dinklinn was still working in his laboratory. His physical strength had not diminished in the least; but he wore a more thoughtful expression. It seemed that he had let Worry into his laboratory again. As he worked in his laboratory one morning, his maid knocked at the door and handed him a visiting card. Joseph T. Scall was engraved on it.

"My gracious! Has he come back? Tell him to come on up to the laboratory, and be quick about it!" Presently a man, apparently a few years older than Dinklinn, threw the door of the laboratory open.

"Well, Jeff, I'm dern glad to see you! How have those Californians been treating you?"

"Not so well as you have been treated. What in the deuce have you done; taken a bath in the Fountain of Youth? I'm four years your junior, and I'll swear if you don't look five years my junior. What are you doing to yourself, anyway?"

"This thing of getting old is a bunch of bunk; I've decided to stay young all my life," replied Dinklinn.

"I wish I could decide the same thing. I've been having too good a time for the past five years. It can't last much longer. Why don't you ever come around to the club, Dink? The fellows say that you haven't been around there but a few times since I left. We used

to toot 'em up around there before this chemical craze took hold of you."

"I don't know, Jeff, why I can't get back into the good old times we used to have at the club; but that stuff doesn't appeal to me now. I guess it is just a process of changing which all have sooner or later in life."

"Well, I had my best times at the clubs in California, and I intend to fall in line here and revive some of the good old times, if you fellows have let them go to the bow-wows. Dink, I don't worry but about one thing, and that is the fact that it can't last always."

"Why can't it?" asked Dinklinn, with a significant smile.

"Yes, why can't it? Just because all fools like me have to go and serve a term under 'Old Nick' after he has been here three-score years and ten. If I get stewed like I did one time in California very often, I'll go before two-score years. But I don't let it go to my head often. I'm still master."

Dinklinn did not reply for several seconds, but looked steadily at the floor. He was plainly in deep thought.

"Don't take my foolishness too hard, Dink; I'm still your pal. Don't think that just because our avocations change that our friendship can."

"You are sure you haven't changed any, Jeff? Is my word just as good as it ever was to you? Are you still ready to confide in me like you once did?"

"Have you any more blame fool questions to ask? Up to the time I left, we knew each other as well as any two persons living ever get to know each other. I have come around tonight to let you know all my affairs, both business and social, which I had while in California. Who has made you so skeptical toward me? You actually look worried. If you have anything to tell me, spit it out. It will never get outside of my head, if you don't want it to, any more than did the other thousand secrets that we have unquestionably exchanged. I don't like to see you act like I'm a stranger just because I have been away for a while."

"I've made a discovery, Jeff; no one on the planet knows of it. When I first made the discovery, I would have gladly told any one; but I had sense enough to know that I would be called an idiot, and that if I had persisted in my statement, I would have landed in the insane asylum. I had no way to prove my statement, except by waiting several years; so I waited. I am more thankful for that time I waited than for anything else at present. This old world may have been in chaos now if I had not waited. The only thing that waiting did for me was to make me think. I didn't have to think long before I fully convinced myself that I was a fool. I hold the future of the world in my hands. That future would be a dark one if I let my discovery out; therefore, I will not let it go. I wanted to discuss it with someone, and up to this time I have not had the opportunity. I haven't a friend except you that I would trust to such a degree that I would tell him. For this reason, I must ask you to swear solemnly that you will never mention it to a soul."

"I swear it!" replied Scall. "Come on, now, you have sharpened my curiosity."

Dinklinn walked slowly to the door, opened it, looked down the hall, then closed it and turned the key.

"Here it is in as terse form as I can possibly give it," said Dinklinn, as he climbed back on his stool. His voice was rather low and soft. "I have discovered a serum that has the power to give Death a death blow."

A smile of incredulity played across Scall's face.

"See! I thought so; you even think I have gone crazy," said Dinklinn disappointedly.

"I don't think anything of the kind," replied Scall. "But who could keep from laughing at such a statement?"

"You remarked on my apparent youth when you came in, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"I injected the serum into myself seven years ago. That accounts for my apparent youth. I'm no younger, 'tis true; but the real secret is that I'm no older. Look at these photographs which I had taken seven years ago. Can you tell the slightest difference? Can you count a single new wrinkle?"

Dinklinn awaited an answer; none was forthcoming. The expression on Scall's face told that Incredulity was fastly giving place to Credulity.

"Of course, I don't mean that the serum will make you invulnerable," continued Dinklinn. "I can be killed as easily as any man, or I can catch a disease and die. I will not die, however, if I continue to live as I have in the past. Most of the diseases can be cured in the present day, so there is no fear from that. I have not yet been able to determine just how long this serum will remain in effect, but there is plenty more if its effect should even give out every century. There is enough in that little beaker for thousands and thousands of people," said Dinklinn, pointing towards the serum. "I worked five years before I could find the exact conditions necessary for the growth of the most important ingredient. As soon as I learned that, I didn't have to search but a week to find what I wanted. It can only grow when April's moon is on the increase. I firmly believe that the most careful search of all biologists would prove futile if they searched for it any other time than this."

"My God, man!" interrupted Scall. "You are keeping such a discovery away from the world deliberately? You have known it for five years? Then you are responsible for all those who have died in that time if you had the power to make them live. It is by far easier for me to understand the possibility of such a serum than for me to understand why you are keeping it a secret. You would command the admiration and the astonishment of the world. There would be nothing that you could not command. Yet you hold it? If you have such a serum, man, you owe it to the world!"

"Wait!" exclaimed Dinklinn. "You are certain that this would be a blessing to the world, just as I was sure of it until I cooled down and gave the matter careful consideration." Dinklinn spoke with such a coolness that it made Scall's impetuosity appear as madness.

"Why, man, how in the world could it be anything except a blessing? Death is practically the only thing man hasn't subdued. Isn't this inevitable wasting away of the body, which always terminates in death, the curse of humanity? How could it be a curse to live always? The curse on humanity is death; not life."

"Hold yourself down, Jeff Scall!" interrupted Dinklinn. "The fever has you, just as it had me. You can't think logically so long as you are in this excited state of mind. Calm yourself, and I will show you the true, and, I believe, the only logical side of the question. Get that excitement under control, or I shan't say a word. Your eyes are dilated with excitement."

Neither spoke for several minutes. It was obvious to Dinklinn that Scall was striving for mastery of himself. His head was lowered; and when it was raised again, his eyes had assumed nearer their natural appearance.

"Go ahead; I'm listening," said Scall finally.

"All right; continue to listen, and don't interrupt me until I have finished," replied Dinklinn, making himself more comfortable.

"All will have to admit that birth is as inevitable as death," began Dinklinn. "Since this is true, what would be the condition of this old world in a century with all births and no death? Can a river be dammed forever? Of course not; it will soon burst its obstruc-

tion, and the result will spell disaster. The billions of lives on the earth now have grown from a few millions in comparatively few years. Yet the law of three-score years and ten has constantly been in operation. The cemeteries must make room for the cradles. If the law of death was not such an unrelenting law, you and I would not be here today. At the present increase of population, even with Death doing all he can to make room, the world is fastly reaching a limit to the number of people it can support. When that limit is reach, woe be unto those then alive! Look at China, Japan and the thousands who are starving in Europe, even in our day and time! In our own broad and thinly populated country, there seems to be no limit to the number of mouths we can feed; but Europe was once just as prosperous, and even larger, yet they have almost reached that fatal capacity now. I have seen those poor people starving in Poland. Man, I tell you no hell could be worse! As long as the birth rate exceeds the death rate, there is a time coming when all the world will be populated like Japan is now. Then the old cave man's code of laws will be again put into execution: the survival of the fittest. Who can live when this limit is reached? That will be hell! Do you want me to hasten the coming of that hell? If this infernal discovery which I have was given to the world, that hell would be on us before we were aware of it. It is coming soon enough, without my speeding it on for mere gain of fame and power. As soon as the worlds about us are brought into communication with us, and we can move back and forth from them, then I shall give the secret; not until then. Would it be any less hell to destroy the infant life as fast as it came into this world in order that the mature life might live? The life on this world would then stagnate. Where do the great men come from—like Socrates, Moses, Milton, Shakespeare, Goethe and Wilson? They were once babies. What a terrible place this world would be to live on if we had no hope of having other men equally as great as these! What a terrible place this world would be to live on if we had no hope of having any men greater than those we have here on the earth now. Did you ever stop to think how few they are at any one time? This diabolical thing that I have discovered is the more a curse, because if I gave the formula to the world, everybody would do as I have done—use it without any consideration as to the hell it would bring. I have never claimed to be a philanthropist; but neither am I in partnership with the Devil. He seems to be progressing fast enough without my aid.

"Now, what have you to say, Jeff?"

Scall looked up now for the first time since Dinklinn began.

"That argument you have put up sounds logical, I'll admit; but has any great discovery or invention ever been perfected on this earth that did not call for some vital change in public life? No! Furthermore, has that change ever failed to come? No! Some person or persons are always able to devise some means by which the discovery can be put into full operation. Your discovery would make this challenge the more binding, for human life is at stake. When the world sees that it cannot exist without something being done, then that something shall be done. The same old tale: necessity is the mother to invention."

"Yes," replied Dinklinn, "the curse could probably be temporarily avoided by man's ingenuity; but this dreadful thing approaches infinity as a limit. There is no permanent limit this side of there. It could be stopped for a while, but it would inevitably break out again. The only means of stopping a river permanently is not to dam it; it is to stop it at its source of supply. The only means of stopping this hell which my discovery will lead to is to stop its source. If the formula is once given to the world, then the source could never be stopped, for its source would then

be everywhere. I hold the source in my own hand now. It shall be stopped. No person would let this terrible thing be know who saw its effects as clearly as I see them. I see by your eyes, Jeff, that you are of your own opinion, and my reasoning has no more effect on you than has water on a duck. I am now beginning to think I have made the second greatest mistake of my life by telling you of this thing. I thought it impossible for you to have any other opinion than mine. How in the world can you see it otherwise?"

"What was your first mistake?" asked Scall.

"When I injected the infernal serum into myself," replied Dinklinn quickly and positively.

"What a fool you are, Dink! It seems to me that you should be perfectly happy. The curse, as you insist on calling it, cannot come to the world any sooner by your using the serum."

"He is a fool who wants to live always, Jeff. I was a fool, or I would have given myself time to think before I used the stuff. Since I have had five years to think of nothing except my eternal future, I'll swear to you I'll go mad if my mind isn't relieved from this curse. Who wants to live on only to see friends and loved ones fade away and die? I can't remain in this place many more years; if I do the entire community will begin to notice my youthful appearance and take steps to get the secret from me. I must move from place to place under assumed names in order to keep from being looked upon as a superhuman. Then the mere fact of thinking of living more than the allotted time on this world is in itself repulsive. Oh, God, would that I could grow old along with you, Jeff! I may be able to counteract the action of this serum yet. This is just what I am working on now, and have been at work on it for a year. I hope this worry will kill me if I am not successful. I'd rather die by worry than not to die at all."

Before Dinklinn had finished, Scall was standing on the floor with his hat in his hand and preparing to go. He wore an expression on his face that was the source of more worry to Dinklinn.

"I guess you may be right," said Scall, as Dinklinn opened the door for him. "I'm going home and think it over. I'll see you later."

That determined look on Scall's face was enough to add to the worries of Dinklinn. Something was there that Dinklinn, his closest friend, had never seen there before. Something was there that Scall himself had never seen there before, for he was thinking as he had never thought before.

Scall continued to call on Dinklinn, and continued to assure Dinklinn that he had thought the matter over calmly, and unless he injected the serum into him he would do something desperate. There grew a treacherous expression on Scall's countenance, especially when he would make this demand of Dinklinn. It caused Dinklinn much alarm; he began to lose faith in his friend. He lost faith to such an extent that he injected the serum into Scall, so that his discovery would not be known to the public. Dinklinn cursed the existence of the discovery now with renewed vitality, for it had brought another curse on him. He believed that Scall could not be trusted; and Scall believed that Dinklinn was a menace to humanity because he refused to give the world that for which the world cried. Scall became more and more indifferent to Dinklinn's friendship, until at the end of a year's time a close friendship had faded into a mere pretense.

The second quarter of an April moon was fastly gaining the western horizon. There was a light in Dinklinn's laboratory. Perched on a high stool, and bending over the laboratory table until his back almost made a com-

plete semi-circle was Dinklinn. The tower clock with its mechanical voice announced to the town that two hours had passed since midnight. The man who bent over his chemicals did not hear the striking of the clock; did not hear the various town cocks as they carried on their midnight conversation, for he was soul, body and mind in his work, striving to undo that which he had striven so assiduously to do, exactly to the hour, eight years before. The form of Dinklinn did not even hear the rattle of a key being inserted from the outside of his laboratory door; he did not hear the key fall to the floor on the inside as the other key was being forced into the keyhole from the outside. The door of Dinklinn's laboratory slowly opened; but the back of the chemist was still bent over his work. A man silently stepped into the laboratory. His face bore the signs of an inexorable determination; a terrible determination. Glassy eyes, wrinkled forehead, and set jaws, all bespoke this terrible and unchangeable determination. The man stopped just behind Dinklinn. He did not look at Dinklinn, so intently as did he look at a beaker of blood-red fluid which rested near him on the table.

As the sinister figure stood behind Dinklinn, with a revolver in his hand, Dinklin suddenly straightened himself with the words: "I've found it; I've found it!" ringing joyfully from his lips.

"I've come for the serum, Dinklinn!" At these words, immediately following his, Dinklinn wheeled around on his stool, and sat face to face with a veritable demon from Hell itself, gripping a revolver in his hand.

"My God, Scall! You are drunk!" yelled Dinklinn.

"I'm not drunk nor crazy, Dinklinn! I've thought this matter out for one year, and I have decided that you owe that serum to the world. Will you give it, or must I take it?" Dinklinn did not have to look twice to see that Scall was determined. His eyes became piercing; death lurked there. "Answer me! Will you give it, or must I—"

"NEITHER!" shrieked Dinklinn, and at the same time whirled himself around on the stool, grasped the beaker containing the serum, and with one wild fling broke it into a thousand pieces in the bottom of the laboratory sink, causing the liquid to gurgle as it flowed down the drain pipe. Dinklinn did not hear the crash of the broken beaker, nor the gurgle of the serum, for when the beaker was in mid-air, there was a pistol shot, and the form of Dinklinn fell crumpled at the feet of Scall. Scall searched diligently for some of the serum, but found none. He searched no less diligently for the formula; but he killed that when he killed Dinklinn.

One month later the jury found J. T. Scall guilty of murder, but with recommendations for mercy, on account of the victim's insanity. Scall had continued to say he committed the deed for "humanity's sake"; that humanity might, like himself, "live always."

The judge saved the "insane Scall" from the hangman by giving him the penalty of life imprisonment. When this sentence thundered from the judge, Scall implored them to kill him, as life imprisonment for him meant imprisonment throughout eternity.

One month later a suicide occurred in a prison cell; because Chemist Dinklinn was not able to convince Joseph T. Scall that to live more than three-score years and ten on this old world would be a curse to the world and to the person living; because J. T. Scall was unable to convince the jury that he had killed Dunklinn in order to give humanity the blessing of eternal life.

"Since then I haven't wanted to live always," said the stranger, and he gave it emphasis by striking his leg with the palm of his hand.

That reminds me, patient reader—I do believe that I forgot to inform you that this story was told by a traveling salesman. Wait,

that isn't the worst of it; for he was in a smoking car. Can any combination be more detrimental to truth than this one? A traveling salesman in a smoking car? I think not!

DRUMS

A Poem

By J. O. Henry

It is "fair day" in the land;
You can hear the circus band
As it shrills and as it toots,
With its cornets and its flutes;
And above the brazen sounds
Comes the music of the drums,
Keeping merry, merry time
In their rata-ta-ta-tat
And their deafening boom-boom—
The snare drum with its rattle
And the base drum with its boom.

Battle drums, battle drums!
Hark! the throbbing battle drums,
Urging on the hearts of men
To a task so dark and grim.
Now they charge! Now they charge!
At the drummers' rolling beat,
As if soul of drum and human
Are attuned to chord alike.
At the muffled, throbbing summons,
As the deadly drum is groaning,
Souls of men and heroes answer
With their deeds of bravery.

Funeral drums, funeral drums—
Alas! the rumbling farewell comes,
As with silent step and tread,
They do honor to the dead.
Drums now beat with quiet wave
Funeral marches to the grave;
And the melancholy drum
Tells the world: a life is done.

SAVED BY THE RED DRAGON

A Story

By D. L. West

MR. JUDAS I. PONDEXTER was not by any means a gentleman of sentimental temperament, and yet, as he made his way from the Jim Crow section of the New York-Birmingham train to the subway of the Union Station at Spartanburg, he felt a thrill of pleasure at being again in the city of his nativity. His sojourn in strange lands had been of considerable duration and his experiences many and varied before he reached the conclusion that, after all, Dixie was the place for him. He had indeed been a prodigal, but he was glad to be home, though no fatted calf awaited his arrival.

"That boy what said they ain't no place like home sho' knowed his stuff," he reflected a moment later, as he stood on the sidewalk watching a huge locomotive disappear in its own smoke beneath the soot-begrimed bridge that spanned the railroad cut some distance ahead.

Soon abandoning this pensive mood, Mr. Pondexter faced himself southward, and started leisurely up Magnolia Street. As he passed through the Saturday crowd which thronged that thoroughfare, he met several of his old associates, whom he greeted. These, however, to a man, showed no signs of recognition; nor did any of them stop to welcome the wanderer home. At first Judas feared that his old friends had ostracized him; but after some reflection upon the matter, he divined the real cause of their aloofness. It was on account of his wearing apparel. They

evidently didn't know him in his "nawthu'n" clothes.

Judas believed in the theory that clothes made the man; the louder the garments, the bigger the man. And in his own "puss'uhnal" opinion, Judas was a man of considerable importance. Upon his head reposed a straw hat of a rich cream color, around which ran a wide band of ribbon, flaring green in hue. His suit was made of large-checked material, and was pressed to perfection, especially the trousers. These had the regulation creases to the front and rear of each leg, and, in addition, also creases on the right and left flanks of each leg. The necktie was a brilliant yellow affair, selected purposely to harmonize with the pink silk shirt. As for his pedal equipment, it was nothing less than the quintessence of elegance. His feet were shod in No. 11 patent leather shoes, which, as they were propelled along under the glare of the blazing July sun, were simply dazzling to the beholder. Add to all this a smart cane, jauntily carried, and you have the masterpiece of the haberdasher's art—Judas!

No, it wasn't hard to understand why Judus' friends failed to greet him, when one contrasted him now with the figure he presented four years ago. The Judas his friends had known had departed in sack cloth and ashes, figuratively speaking. This stranger in their midst was arrayed in "purple and linen." It was unreasonable to expect them to recognize him after such a transition.

After passing the Courthouse, Judas left Magnolia and journeyed up a side street from whence he emerged into North Church. He halted before the Dixie Theater, where a diminutive negro man was posting posters on a billboard in front of the ticket office. Judas accosted this person.

"Hello, Ig! How de do?"

Mr. Igneous Jones, sole owner of the Dixie Theater, was known among his neighbors as a man of remarkable intelligence, but none was registered on his face as he surveyed the beaming Judas.

"Beg pahdon, suh?" he said, when he became articulate.

"You don't 'membuh me, Ig? Well, Ah'll declah! Ah tho't sho' you'd 'membuh yo' ole buddy. You don't 'membuh ole Izzy?" (Judas' middle name was Iscariot, and to his more intimate friends he was known as "Izzy.")

Judas removed his hat, and the look of incredulity on the other's face gave way to a wide grin.

"Hot dam, Izzy!" he exclaimed. "Ah'se sho' delicious to see you. You suttinly does look scrumptious. Wheah 'bouts at you been keeping yo' self?"

"Jes' been ramblin' roun' up Nawth," said Judas with the laconic indifference of the globe-trotter.

Mr. Jones appraised, with admiring eyes, the sumptuous raiment of his friend; then he remarked:

"Musta rambled into a gole mine."

"Naw," said Judas sadly, "fuhnanshally Ah ain't what you think Ah is. In fac', Ig, if Ah don't git hol' some money soon, Ah's gwine to be bank-ruptured."

He fingered fondly the ivory cubes resting in his right-hand pocket. He took them out; shook them in his closed hand significantly.

"Hopes to make these babies wuk fo' me to-nite," he announced. "That is, if you kin git up a game."

Mr. Jones was mounting the last of his posters.

"Ain't nothin' doin'!" he said. "Ain't absolutively nothin' a-tall doin'! The police don't 'low crap-shootin' in no fohm whatsumever now."

"Wheahfoh does that make any difference? They didn't 'low it 'for Ah left, but us useta do it anyway."

"It jes' can't be did now," reiterated Mr. Jones. "The wimmin, they's done orgumized

the Holy Secret Purifyin' Society, an' they is down on gamblin'. Somehow, they fin's out all 'bout the games, an' then they tells the cops. Ain't been a crap game in this town since that thing wus orgumized what wuzn't busted in on by the cops."

Mr. Jones took his paste inside, and reappeared with his hat. The pair walked on together towards a colored residential section in the southern part of the city. This revelation that his favorite pursuit had been effectively outlawed somewhat dampened the ardor of Judas' spirits, so that when he tried to engage his companion in conversation, Mr. Jones found him unresponsive and apparently in deep meditation. Inferring that loquacious entertainment was out of order, Mr. Jones, accordingly, began to whistle the refrain of a well-known song. Judas stood it for a while, and then burst out:

"Lissen, heah, niggah! If you don't lay off with that song-buhd stuff you is gwine to be ain't. I'se heard that dawg-gone chune till Ah can't stand it no mo'."

Mr. Jones seemed hurt that his friend so berated his musical endeavors.

"Why that song's mah favorite hymn," he expostulated. "It's called, 'Yes, Us Ain't Got No Bananas.'"

Judas was adamant.

"That maybe is," he said. "An' agin, it maybe ain't; but nevumtheless, it got to stop. Ah's tryin' to think up a way to put one ovuh on that Purificashion Soci'ty, an' Ah can't heah mahself think with you goin' on lak that."

Mr. Jones offered no further protest, and the two walked on for some time in silence. Suddenly Judas exclaimed:

"Ah've got it!"

"Got what? The fits?" Mr. Jones' tone was sarcastic.

"Naw, Ah've thunk up a way to camera-floss our crap games. Did you evuh heah of Mah Jong?"

It appeared that Mr. Jones' ignorance concerning Mah Jong and all related subjects was very profound; therefore, Judas proceeded to elucidate for his benefit.

"You plays this heah Mah Jong with dice and a lot of li'l blocks," he explained. "Up Nawth ev'body's gone crazy 'bout it. What Ah aims to do is to git these wimmin intrusted in it. We gits them playin', then us kin have our crap games an' pertend we'se playin' Mah Jong."

At first Mr. Jones was skeptical; but this only spurred Judas on to additional eloquence in defense of his scheme. By the time they reached the gate of Mr. Jones' little home, Judas' arguments had become so irrefutable that the objections of his companion vanished, and Mr. Jones was converted into a fervent apostle of the ancient and honorable Chinese pastime.

They lingered at the gate, discussing various ways and means of putting their plan into effect. Here they encountered an obstacle which was difficult to surmount; and, try as they would, they could agree upon no appropriate method of introducing to the ladies of the Holy Secret Purifying Society the novel and delectable pleasures of Mah Jong. So there they stood, leaning against the white-washed fence—Judas gazing thoughtfully at the pavement; Mr. Jones studying, with reflective mien, a patch of fleecy clouds that floated lazily overhead; each searching his mind for a solution of the problem. Before such was produced, the querulous voice of Mrs. Jones began to disturb the welkin with imperious exhortations that her spouse come to dinner, making it necessary for the pair at the gate to adjourn before the business at hand was disposed of.

It was at a party given by Mrs. Plutonia Plunkers, several days later, that from the nebulous original, Judas' idea evolved into a definite plan of campaign. Mrs. Plunkers, that worthy, though plump, leader of Dark-

town society, managed during the evening to rescue Judas from the bevy of dusky beauties who had gathered about him, attracted by his cosmopolitan airs and fancy clothes as candle-flies are drawn to a light. She found a deserted corner, and in the conversation that ensued the big idea dawned on Judas.

"You know, Mistuh Pondexter," said his hostess, "life heah is awful monot'n'some."

"Yas'm; reckon so," agreed Judas.

Mrs. Plunkers was inclined to expatiate upon the subject.

"What Ah means," she explained, "is the socialistical life. It's jes' the same ole thing ovuh an' ovuh agin. I gives a party, an' then somebody else gives one, an' then somebody else; but they's all so jes' alike until Ah declahs Ah's mos' tired to deaf of them."

"Yas'm, these heah parties is as alike as two twin tadpoles," said Judas, in an attempt at metaphorical sympathy.

Mrs. Plunkers was persistent.

"Mistuh Pondexter," she said, "Ah wants to give a party that's diff'unt. You's traveled a lot. Couldn't you suggestify somethin' new, like what they has up Nawth?"

Judas saw the opportunity for accomplishing a masterpiece of strategy. He scratched his head reflectively.

"Up in N'Yawk, ev'body's givin' Mah Jong parties," he suggested.

Mrs. Plunkers clapped her chubby hands delightedly.

"Oh! that's jes' the thing!" she exclaimed. "Ah'se heard a lots 'bout this Mah Jonk game. Does you know how to play, Mistuh Pondexter?"

"Playing Mah Jong is 'bout the onliest thing Ah don't know nothin' else but," responded Judas.

Thus it was that the conspiracy to foil the vigilance of the Holy Secret Purifying Society and the police began to take shape. The next step was to inform the downtrodden males of Darktown that a game would take place at Mrs. Plunkers' party the next Saturday night, and to advise them to come prepared. This done, Judas and Mr. Jones repaired to a popular establishment on South Liberty Street which catered to the gastronomical passions of the colored populace.

Between the halves of an enormous salmon croquet, Mr. Jones stopped eating, his face assuming a decidedly puzzled expression. Judas, noticing this, also suspended hostilities, and inquired:

"What's matter, Ig?"

"They's one thing 'bout this plan us is got up what Ah don't un'nerstan'," said that gentleman—namelessly, how we'se gonna have a game with them wimmin there playin' Jaw Mong?"

"Ah's done arranged fo' that," replied Judas, with a knowing look; and all Mr. Jones' efforts to have him divulge the details of this coup d'etat were in vain.

"The abode of the Plunkers, on South Liberty Street, was one of the most pretentious in the colored section. There were two rooms in the front part of the house, the living room and the parlor, connected by a sliding door. In both of these, on the night of Mrs. Plunkers' much-heralded Mah Jong party, were tables equipped with smart wooden sets of the game. On the walls were decorations of an Oriental sort, and Japanese lanterns, suspended from the ceiling, cast a colorful radiance over the rooms. To make the atmosphere more appropriate, Mrs. Plunkers had arrayed herself in a profusely beflowered kimono. Also, upon her suggestion, Judas had donned a black turban and an imitation silk bathrobe.

When all the guests had arrived, Judas, who was to act as master of ceremonies, stood up in a chair, and asked the crowd for its attention.

"Ladies an' gemmun," he announced, "we is come togethuh an' dissembled ourselfs to pass away a few hours of pleasuh. Mis'

Plunkahs has pervided for us to play some of that fassuhnation, intellekshul an' thrillin' game of Mah Jong, an', being as Ah has spent some time studyin' the game, she ast me to tell you all somethin' 'bout it. In the fust place, ladies an' gemmun, this heah Mah Jong is a Chinese game, as you will preceive from the dec'rations. Ah knows you all ain't nevuh played befo', but that don't make no diffunce. It's very easy to luhn. In China the best kinda Mah Jong is played by the nobles an' lawds, or the nobilious class, as they is called. The men an' wimmin, they don't nevuh play together. All the mandolins an' the sheeks an' the rah-rahs an' the counts an' the discounts, they plays in one room, an' the sheekesses an' countesses an' the harems plays in another room. Mis' Plunkahs says she wants the thing done up in the bes' style, so tha's the way the party will be divised up to-nite. The ladies will play in this room heah an' the men ovuh theah. Mis' Plunkahs will instruc' the ladies how to play an' me the men."

The men, wide-eyed, and amazed at the genius of their fellow-citizen, followed him like sheep into the adjoining room. The day before, when he had informed them of his scheme, there was not one of them but believed that it would fail. They knew too well the uncanny efficiency of that dreaded feminine organization which was so antagonistic to the favorite Ethiopian pastime. But hope reigns eternal in the human breast, and these oppressed disciples of Lady Luck were, to a man, prepared for the big game. That is, with one exception: the Rev. St. Patrick Walker, pastor of the Mount Sinai Afro-American Methodist Church, whom Mrs. Plunker had invited without consulting Judas.

Being uncertain as to the *status quo* of the Rev. Walker, Judas inquired of Mr. Jones relative to the opinions of the reverend gentleman towards games of chance.

"Ah don't know what his pussuhnal opinions is," said Mr. Jones, "but he sho' gives 'em down the country in his sermons."

Judas saw visions of impending disaster, should the Rev. Walker, on account of his moral views, be disposed to become an impediment to the evening's entertainment. Being a man who could make quick decisions, he resolved upon desperate measures. Also, being a man of action, he approached the Rev. Walker.

"Mistuh Walker," said he, "Ah craves a word in private with you."

They withdrew to a corner of the room. Judas' tone was ominous as he spoke:

"Lissen, heah, cullud man. Us boys come heah to have a game what ain't Mah Jong, an' Ah don't aims to have it busted up by yo' tellin' them wimmin."

He tapped his hip-pocket significantly.

"An' remember, Mistuh Walker, Ah don't tote no safety-razuh roun' fo' social puhposes."

The Rev. Walker's jovial face lost not a whit of its amiability during this heated discourse.

"Tha's a' right, Mistuh Pondexter," he said. "You may 'pend on me not to say anything. My onliest regret is that Ah didn't bring some money, so Ah could jine you. An' to help you out, Ah'll stan' watch at the keyhole."

So saying, the Rev. Walker took up his position beside the keyhole, through which he could observe the movements of the enemy; namely, the ladies of the terrible anti-gambling society. Judas was conciliated; apologized for his remarks, and went back to his post as master of ceremonies.

And then began the game long famous in Darktown annals. While buxom matrons on the other side of the sliding door waxed enthusiastic over Mah Jong, excitement from a different source was rife in the masculine aggregation. Exhortations of various sorts filled the air.

In addition to Judas' newly-coined battle-

cry, "Come on, you Eas' Win'," some of the more prevalent were:

"Come, seben! come, leben!"

"Roll, you bones! Baby needs new pair of shoes!"

"Ah fades you two!"

"Six an' five make 'leben. Hot dam!"

"Come to papa!"

"Lady Luck, wheah is you at?"

For perhaps two hours the game went on without interruption, during which time the original stakes of Judas doubled, tripled, and even quadrupled itself. One of the contestants, however, was not so fortunate. This was Oren Sly, the local undertaker. Finding himself without more funds, he arose to declare insolvency.

"Boys," he said, "Ah's busted."

"Go home an' git some mo' money," advised Judas.

So Mr. Sly climbed out through a window; but go home he didn't. No, resentment rankled in the bosom of the undertaker. His grievance was two-fold: First, he had been deprived of his reputation as a champion of dice-throwers; secondly, he had sustained considerable pecuniary loss. Therefore, the egocentric and avaricious sore of Oren Sly desired revenge; and the fertile mind of Oren Sly soon concocted a plan to secure it.

Instead of going home, Mr. Sly stepped into a nearby grocery store, and asked to use the telephone. As a result of this action, a half-dozen blue-coated minions of the law, upon the receipt of the anonymous 'phone message, invaded the Plunkers mansion, and conveyed by force therefrom an equal number of protesting gentlemen of color. The others managed to escape the long arm of Justice.

Next morning the sextet were haled before the Recorder, charged with having indulged in an African version of the game that, along with bag-pipes, kilties, Bobby Burns and several other atrocities, has made Scotland notorious. The visage of the Recorder was grim and stern; and, as he eyed them, the accused could not restrain the oscillatory tendencies of their nether limbs.

Judas, who had no desire to pay out any of the hundred and eight dollars won the night before, finally summoned enough courage to speak:

"Jedge," he said, "we wasn't shootin' no craps last nite. We was jes' playin' Mah Jong, or Pung Chow, as some calls it."

The hard lines of the recorder's face relaxed. He, too, was a Mah Jong fan. He addressed one of the policemen:

"Sergeant, is this true?"

"They said something to me about how they were playing this Punk Chow, Your Honor," said the Sergeant. He took a couple of dice from his pocket, and added:

"But here's some of the evidence I picked up."

"Was that all you found?" was the Recorder's next question.

The Sergeant again felt in his pocket, this time producing a Mah Jong tile. He handed it to the recorder, saying:

"Well, Your Honor, there were a good many of these things scattered around."

The Recorded took it, and examined the quaint outline of the dragon which was inscribed in gilt on its surface. Then, leaning over, he handed it to the astonished Judas.

"Take this, boy," he said kindly. "Keep is as a talisman; and remember that you were saved from thirty days on the chaingang by the red dragon. Case dismissed."

THE NOVEL LABORATORY

A Sketch

By J. M. McKnight

THE DOOR of the book store opened, and Rev. W. T. L. Alden, the pastor of the little Puritan Church, the only one in Westshire, entered. He was a preacher. You could tell that by his swallow-tail coat and religious attire. His was an average figure of medium weight, erect stature and soft-tender-like expression, so characteristic of some ministers.

When met at the front door by a hospitable saleswoman, he assured her that he was not ready to make a purchase yet, but would browse around first. Whereupon, he turned and wended his way to that part of the store devoted to popular fiction, and to the open table of cheap dime novels. He would sweep his eyes over the table and single out several books whose titles were just romantic enough to be attractive. He would pick up a novel, note the title and the author, and if it were melodramatic and sensational enough, he would peruse the first few pages and also glance at the last page to see how it ended. Occasionally, he would turn to see if anyone were observing him.

Yes, he was a preacher, the son of a stern Puritan minister who had fed him on Hymns, Psalms and the Catechism; but, in his teen age, in a reactionary period against this discipline, he had acquired a mania for cheap dime novels and romantic sensational dramas. He adopted this habit from the rough, carefree companions of his wild, reckless youth. However, after nearly breaking his dear old father's heart, he repented and took up his parent's high calling, the ministry.

After a half hour's perusal, he summoned the clerk, and handing her two volumes, said: "Madam, I'll take these two, if you please," and handed her fifty cents.

While the clerk went to wrap the books and procure the change, he picked up another one with a more startling title and began the perusal of it. The opening pages were so interesting that he failed to look up when the front door opened and another shopper entered. It was no other than Mr. Smith, the short, chubby deacon of the Church. Mr. Smith, being also the clerk of the Church, had stopped in at the book store to purchase some additional leaves for his ledger. Upon noticing the pastor, he went over immediately to pay his respects.

"Good morning, Dr. Alden! How are you this morning?" began Mr. Smith, as he edged up to the table over which the Rev. Mr. Alden was so intently occupied.

"Er—Er, good morning, Mr. Smith. Glad to see you this morning. I did not notice when you entered," he stuttered in amazement, as he quickly closed the book amid confusing blushes and turned to face his co-worker.

"Looking over the latest fiction?" ventured the deacon, as he picked up the novel in question and held it close to his eyes to ascertain the title of it.

"No! No! Just browsing around. Was looking for a little handbook by Spurgeon, the great English preacher, but have not been able to find it. This is just trashy, ephemeral fiction for the common folk, and is not fit for the learned mind," he said, as he gestured emphatically.

The clerk returned, bringing his nicely wrapped package and his change.

"Now, have you selected another one?" she broke in. "That is a nice one. Will you take it also?"

"No! No! That is all," said Rev. Mr. Alden, as he tried in vain to cut her off and

prevent her from revealing to the deacon the nature of his purchase.

"I see! I see! Just bought a couple of 'em, eh?" grinned the deacon.

"Quite true; you see this is the food with which the illiterate laboring folk stuff their minds," explained Rev. Mr. Alden.

"Yes, it's a pity they don't read something more cultured and refined," responded the deacon as he unbuttoned his overcoat, which had been tucked closely about him to shut out the wintry winds outside.

"I like to take a little of their food occasionally, carry it to my laboratory and analyze it to see wherein the charm exists. Then, perceiving what appeals to their infantile minds, I can mold spiritual food for them which will not be so strong as to choke them. You see, it is necessary for me to mix and mingle with this element in order to be able to lead them," continued Rev. Mr. Alden.

"Yes, yes; quite true," sighed the deacon.

"By the way, you will be at the meeting of the Board of Deacons tonight, won't you?" interrupted Rev. Mr. Alden.

"Yes, sir! and I am going to make a strong fight for a new roof for the church," the deacon began, assuming a determined air.

"Well, good morning, Mr. Smith. I must be going. The wife told me to bring some things home in time for dinner," concluded Rev. Mr. Alden, as he opened the door.

His face now relaxed itself into a more comfortable and restful attitude. After purchasing the provisions, he walked home slowly with his arms heavily laden with several packages. Depositing them on the kitchen table, where his wife was working, preparatory to the noon-day meal, he rushed into his study with great zeal and expectancy. Yes, this was his laboratory and he was testing the food of the common folk, but the testing was pleasant to him. More than that, he was a dime novel fiend, and could not help it. He gloated over the two books more than Jiggs over a plate of corned beef and cabbage.

A couple of hours had passed, and he was near the end of the first volume. He was at the climax when his wife came in and said, "Walter, dinner is ready."

"I'm busy right now; will be there in a minute," said Dr. Walter.

Her attention was attracted to the gaudy jacket of the book over which he was poring. Walking quietly to his side, she took the book from under his gaze and said, "Walter Thomas Llewellyn Alden! Are you reading such stuff? I'm surprised at you, defiling your mind with such bosh! I thought you were an exponent of the great eternal truths, and not a caterer to such ephemeral, nonsensical stuff," she said, appearing to be greatly surprised and alarmed at it, although she had inklings that he was addicted to such a habit.

"Wait a minute! Sarah! Wait a minute, and I think I can explain!" gasped the preacher, dodging the rapid-gestured speech of his wife.

"And wasting good money on such trash, when we are as hard up as we are. Ellen needs a new pair of shoes, and I haven't got a thing fit to go visiting in, when you start your congregational rounds next week," continued his wife, pushing up her dishevelled red hair with her hands.

"You see, Sarah, I was asked to pass judgment on these books and to inform the congregation whether they were suitable to read or not. They are a little light, frivolous, and even silly in a few places, but otherwise very interesting and good to read. You see, they expect me, their shepherd, to lead them in things intellectual, as well as spiritual. You understand, don't you, Sarah?"

"Yes, I understand all I want to know. You had better be studying for your prayer meeting tomorrow night, or your sermon for next Sunday."

"Just a minute, Sarah," interrupted the

doctor, as he strove frantically to get a word in edgewise.

"You remember you had to read your sermon almost word for word last Sunday," continued his wife, her temper unabated. "You are spending entirely too much time on that romantic, sentimental stuff and neglecting your duty. You will lose your pastorate before you know it, and then where will we be?"

"Now, Sarah, you know I was physically incapacitated last week, and could not do my best. Even the members of the congregation noticed my cold and expressed their sympathy."

"Well, anyway, dinner is ready! So come on and eat while everything is hot."

THE PASSION PLAY

An Essay

By C. T. Gay

About 300 years ago, a deadly plague broke out in Ober-Ammergau, a small Bavarian village, in spite of all efforts to keep it out. This terrible disease was so contagious and fatal that, in a short time, a large percentage of the villagers had died. After vainly trying to stay the fury of the plague, the head men of the town and of the church came together for a mighty, final attempt. The church officials prayed to God for mercy and salvation from this curse. They promised in their prayers that they would act the main parts of the New Testament in a great play, which they would give every ten years. It seems that God heard their prayer, because the people suddenly ceased to die, although many remained sick for a long time.

Ten years later, the first production of the "Passion Play" was given. From that time until this, they have failed only three times to produce this marvelous play. Each failure was caused, in some way, by war. As many of the leading actors were either killed or maimed in the World War, the last production was postponed from 1920 to 1922.

The play is given regularly three times a week from May to September. In case the crowd is too large for suitable seating accommodation at any one performance, an extra performance is given the following day. Nearly every ticket for the extra performance is sold before the evening of that day. Although the play lasts from 8:00 A. M. until 4:00 P. M., with only two hours recess for dinner, there is as much interest displayed throughout the performance as is shown in the best theaters of London or New York. Of the five thousand people that saw each performance of the play in 1922, approximately three-fourths were Americans. Only a few rich Germans were able to attend because of the prohibitive cost of the tickets,—100 marks. To Americans, this sum was absolutely ridiculous for such a play as the "Passion Play," because the American value of 100 marks varied from five to thirty cents.

Incidentally, everything else is charged for in the same proportion. However, many Americans, forgetting the difference in exchange, complain of the high prices. While to foreigners in Germany, things are very cheap, yet to those who earn their living there, and are paid in marks, these prices are extremely high, because the increase in wages has not nearly kept pace with the rise in the prices of everything.

Ober-Ammergau, a village of a few hundred inhabitants, is situated in Southern Bavaria, about thirty miles south of Munich. On every side are lofty, snow-capped mountains. High in the sky, on practically the highest cliff, is a large stone monument representing the "Crucifixion." Figures of two women stand on the right and left of the cross. The figure on the

right of Christ has an air of scoffing, while the one on His left, with her clasped hands and her face lifted up at Him, has an air of pleading. This is the shrine of the mountain people. This cross is plainly visible from the village. As for the village itself, there seems to have been absolutely no plan for laying it out. No street runs more than one hundred yards without definitely changing its direction. There is no paving, other than a hard soil surface. The main buildings of the town are the immense theater, of which I shall speak later, and the magnificent cathedral. The cathedral was built on the Egyptian plan, with a round dome, surmounted by a tall spire. Perhaps the most beautiful part of the church is the altar. Here we find many small marble statues in many different positions. Much gold has been used in the decoration. It is difficult to appreciate even the best description of a Catholic cathedral, unless one has seen the interior of one of them. Upon the exterior of many of the houses, which, by the way, are made of some form of cement, are many beautiful frescoes, representing biblical scenes. These frescoed walls are typical of many European countries, especially those of the Catholic faith. Excepting the time that the town is full of tourists, there is absolutely no excitement in the village. Therefore, there is no hotel here. To accommodate the play-goers, the citizens agree to take care of as many as possible in their homes. As the visitors must spend two nights there, five meals are served to them, and, believe me, they are good ones. The tourist receives an "assignment ticket" from headquarters, which tells him where he is to stay and how long. After the departure of their guests, the house owners take these tickets back to headquarters and receive remuneration for their entertainment. It was the ambition of almost everyone to stay at the home of Anton Lang, who took the part of the Christ. And we find that a very large percentage stayed with him. If all of these were accommodated, most of them would have had to stay on the roof or in the barn. The *New York Herald* had a registry, in which the American visitors were asked to put their names and those of their home towns. I have forgotten how many thousandth my name was, but I do remember that when I dropped by about two hours after registering nearly five pages, containing approximately two hundred names, had been entered after mine. These names were published weekly in the Sunday edition of the paper that furnished the registry.

The Bavarians seem to be natural born artists. This is evidenced by their marvelous sculpturing, painting, carving, and toy making, besides the splendid acting done in the "Passion Play." Some of the actors would rival the best that are on the modern stage. The leader of the chorus, it was rumored, refused an immense offer to sing in a London theater. The actors, all natives of Ober-Ammergau, were so excellent that one did not realize that they were acting. It might be mentioned that although the leading actors had many thousand words to remember—and German words, at that—there was no apparent halt in the conversation. Preparation for the play is begun between one and two years before it is given. The long hair of several of the actors is grown during this period. Undoubtedly, many people will wonder why the Ober-Ammergau version of this great masterpiece has not been put on the stage. When the motion picture began to encroach upon their rights, by attempting to commercialize the "Passion Play," the people of Ober-Ammergau took a firm stand against it. Filming this production would not only commercialize it, but would also tend to destroy its religious atmosphere, which is really the foundation for its being. Also, if the motion picture should spread the Ober-Ammergau version throughout the world, its rarity of production would be destroyed, and people would no longer go

from all parts of the world to this little German village to see the play. Thus, the original purpose of the play would be completely destroyed. For these reasons, the people of Ober-Ammergau rejected an offer of the Fox Corporation of $5,000,000, or 2,500,000,000 marks, at that time.

But let us return to the theater and the play. The great theater looks more like a Zeppelin hangar than a theater. From the outside, a person sees only the massive wooden structure, with an immense opening at one end. A closer view reveals to him tier upon tier of seats, giving the empty theater somewhat the appearance of a porcupine. Just beyond the great opening is the stage, with the sky as its only covering. Seated between the stage and the audience, under a cover of small branches and leaves, was the orchestra. Behind the stage are a couple of small buildings used for theatrical purposes. Since the play is given rain or shine, the players have two sets of costumes. Although there were not more than six times that it did not rain, I was fortunate enough to see the play on one of these days, and consequently, saw the actors in their best costumes. Before leaving the village, however, I saw the greatest rainfall that I have ever seen in my life.

A mammoth chorus, one-half of which had entered from the right, and the other half from the left, opened the play. After the chorus had sung, an elderly man, with a powerful voice, addressed the audience. His address was followed by a solo of the chorus leader. All of this ceremony explained the first tableau and the first act. When the chorus had sung, it broke in the middle, swinging backward like the great gates of canal locks. In the opening thus created there was an immense curtain. When this was drawn aside an awe-inspiring tableau of a scene from the Old Testament was presented. This tableau corresponded to the main theme in the first act. Thus the other four acts were introduced and foretold. This ceremony of the chorus greatly prolonged the play, but gave a more religious atmosphere to it. A good illustration of the tableaus is: "The Betrayal of Joseph by His Brothers," introducing the act in which Jesus was betrayed by Judas.

The play dealt with the following events in the life of Christ: The Triumphal Entry, Cleansing the Temple, the Plotting of the Scribes and Pharisees, the Last Supper, Gethsemane, the Betrayal, the Trials Before Herod and Pilate, Peter's Denying Christ, the Ascent to Calvary, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, and the Ascension.

Many types of people witnessed each performance. On my right sat an eccentric old person, who seemed thoroughly bored, and made scathing remarks throughout the play. When the play was ended and a short postlude begun, this man looked at his watch and remarked that there was to be about five minutes more of acting. On my left, there was a type entirely opposite to this. This man was extremely devout, but rather superstitious, fearing to question any act of Christ, or any passage in the Bible. A little farther off was the type that was easily moved; those of this class wept considerably. Closer inspection showed a more hard-hearted, less sentimental type than the last mentioned. No doubt, many other types might have been revealed, if it had been possible to see inside of the minds of all of the people.

It is exceedingly difficult to express the emotion and high intensity of feeling that gripped the spectators, in many instances. At many points of unusual tragedy to our Lord Jesus Christ, numerous people wept. As the soldier jabbed Christ in the side, and blood gushed from the wound, a cold wave of horror and sympathy passed through the audience, causing many to gasp. There were so many other such emotional scenes that a high tension was kept up by the majority of the spectators through most of the play.

LONELINESS

A Poem

By R. H. Hodges

Strange faces, strange voices,
And the countless tread of many feet
Pounding endless pavement, on and on,
Towering buildings frown down on
The nameless multitude.
A heart at war with itself,
On and on.
A mind in the toils of
Uncertainty.
A heart aching for the sight
Of a friend.
A mind with no consuming passion,
No food in itself, no joy in the
Miles of faces.
The soul is alone with itself.

———o———

THE DILEMMA

A Story

By J. M. McKnight

THOMAS JENKINS moved slowly from one end of the station platform to the other, apparently engrossed in his thoughts and noticing no one in particular. Approaching the edge of the platform, he would face about and retrace his steps to the opposite extremity. Occasionally he would glance at his watch, note the bulletin board and peer off into the distance at the glittering tracks that were soon hidden by the curves and bends of the irregular mountainous country.

The little station, Black Mountain as it was called, was situated in the center of an elevated valley with the great forests and greater mountains rising up on all sides. The town, measuring some four blocks each way, was the only trace of civilization, with the exception of a big white spot on the side of a most awe-inspiring mountain, which seemed to take the form and shape of a great limestone cathedral. It was some four or five miles distant, yet plainly discernible in outline. The air was fresh and invigorating, in spite of the warm afternoon sunshine. One drew deep draughts of the air as if it were the fragrance of roses. The most striking feature of the country was the absence of all smoke and dust. Everything was of that grayish-blue tint so characteristic of mountain skylines.

But all this did not interest Thomas Jenkins, the tall, erect youth of some twenty-two or three years who paced the station platform. He, being an annual visitor to the place, had seen this before on previous visits. His straw hat tilted slightly forward over his brow to shield his eyes from the blinding rays of the sun. He was neatly dressed in a gray gaberdine suit. A serious, determined and confident air marked his features.

"Hello, Tommy! Want to ride over with us?" asked the driver of a big, dusty Buick, whom Tommy immediately recognized as one of his classmates. The car was draped artistically with the pennants of Louisville Seminary, and was occupied by four of his fellow-students.

"No; much obliged, Henry, it will be half an hour or more before I can go over."

"Waiting on the Staunton express, Tommy?" conjectured the driver.

"Staunton! I thought she was from Danville," broke in a second voice.

"Oh! It's a 'she' he is waiting on!" laughed the third, and the party moved on in the direction of the white cathedral, wishing Tommy good luck.

"Will see you over there before long," concluded Tommy.

Yes, Thomas was waiting on a friend, Marguerite Bailey, from Staunton, Virginia, whom he had met at the Missionary Education Conference two years ago, and with whom he had become infatuated. He had met her near the close of the conference, and their days of acquaintanceship, though brief, had made a lasting impression on each. He had corresponded with her ever since, and now after two years' interval they were meeting again at the same place by mutual understanding.

Tommy had finished at the Seminary a few weeks before, and was a candidate for work on foreign soil. Marguerite, his friend, was a musician who had finished at Randolph-Macon and was contemplating studying music at a Northern Conservatory.

The train came roaring in, puffing and snorting under its heavy load. The Pullman windows displayed the banners of Hampden-Sidney, Washington and Lee, University of Virginia, Randolph-Macon, and other colleges. But his eyes were stopped from further examination by Randolph-Macon's colors. He placed himself near the steps of the coach just opposite the conductor, and when Marguerite came out, veritably lifted her to the ground.

"Oh! Tommy, you're the same old boy. How thoughtful it was of you to meet me."

They gripped each other's hand in a hearty hand-shake.

"Marguerite, I'm so glad you managed to come; for if you had not, I would have had to come up there, as I could not wait longer to see you."

He picked up the handbag she had automatically dropped on seeing him, and they moved out of the crowd into the open area in search of a taxi.

"Here is a Cadillac! Guess it will do. I want to get one that will take the lead and not poke along behind all this crowd."

"The Cadillac ought to do it, if it can be done," she laughed.

He helped her into the car, placed her bag in the luggage carrier, and then seated himself beside her.

The car started briskly and soon left the little station in obscurity. The road wound round and round up the mountainside, which was heavily forested. The roadway was sprinkled with beautiful mountain laurel, trailing arbutus, mountain daisies and rhododendron, the most beautiful flower of the mountains.

"Isn't it lovely to meet here in the same place once more and live over again those pleasant days?" she queried.

"Too good to be true! It seems more like a dream than a reality. Think how often we have written, planned and hope for just such a meeting."

"'O *praeclari dies!*' as Cicero would say!" exclaimed Tommy, as he removed his hat and mopped his brow.

"Too antiquated! What would modern *monsieur* or Senior say?" she smiled as her spit curl danced about her forehead, fanned by Tommy's hat.

A sharp turn to the left and the white cathedral-like object lay open before them, a large, beautiful hotel with great, massive columns supporting the roof. This was Robert E. Lee Hall, their destination.

After assignment to rooms came the selection of the courses of study to be taken during the ten days of the conference. Marguerite was well pleased with the conference, and found her courses of study interesting. Every day was packed to capacity with walks, talks, hikes, swimming and numerous games. Everybody seemed to know everybody else, and each gave the other a hearty welcome. There was a spirit of congeniality and fellowship that pervaded the air all the time. It seemed easy to be good, to think of and aspire to high, lofty things in such surroundings. Then, too, they were being led by the master minds of

America in the realm of religion. It was an inter-denominational conference to which representatives of all the principal churches of America came for mission study. It gave one, not a narrow Episcopalian or Baptist view, but a broad, cosmopolitan view of the Christian affairs of our country and the world at large.

After supper, they took a stroll around the grounds during the thirty-minute interval till vesper service, during which time each gained an understanding of the mutual love borne the other.

"Marguerite, do you remember two years ago you promised me that you would consider full-time Christian work? What did you decide?"

"I had almost forgotten about it, Tommy. I hardly ever thought of it, except when you mentioned it in your letters."

"How do you feel about it now?" Tommy queried, hesitatingly.

"I am studying music now, Tommy, and had planned a career in it."

"You received your degree in music when you graduated in June, didn't you?"

"Yes, but Dad is going to send me on to the Racmanoff Conservatory to specialize in piano and voice. He says I am bound to make a success in it."

"Yes, you will make a success of it—but you will make a greater success, I believe, in this work. It is suited to your patient nature and benevolent disposition."

"Why do you think so, Tommy?"

"Marguerite, you made 99 on your examination paper yesterday on the course. You know of the needs. If you could but feel, or in some way visualize what you know, I think you would change your mind."

"Mother and Dad don't like the idea, though—then I would have to give up my musical career—lose all my life training."

"No, Marguerite! You are wrong. You won't lose it. You can use it every day in numerous ways. Music and religion are inseparable."

"Yes, Tommy, you are right; but, then, I'm not prepared for it. You see, I spent my college days on other things. I'm afraid I can't meet the requirements. I—I hear they are very strict!"

"There is but one absolutely essential prerequisite for the service, and that is a willing and determined spirit, which I am confident you have."

"Yes, but one needs more—much more!"

"You can take six weeks of special intensive training at the Moody Bible Institute, which will fit you for service."

"But, can't one do lots of good at home?" queried Marguerite, as her excuses began to give out.

"Yes, much good can be done here, but you will not do it if you stay. You will continue your musical career. Do not put up the home needs, which you do not intend to remedy, as an excuse for not helping in the foreign work."

"Tommy, you're wonderful!"

"No, I'm not. You don't think it, either! Marguerite, I really do care for you. No other has ever or can ever mean so much to me. We both can be happy and make others happy."

She was thinking. A silent minute passed.

The bugle sounded, the call to vesper service. Young folks gathered in from the lawns, woods and lanes and seated themselves on the steps beneath the massive columns of the great hall.

Off in the distance, in a row fronting them, were seven mountain tops, behind which the sun was beginning to set. The golden orb had just disappeared behind the central peak. The effulgent rays of gold, orange and red formed a radiant splendor over the mountain tops. The extreme brilliancy was diffused out to the most distant skylines. The many-colored, ever-shifting clouds formed curious and fan-

tastic shapes in the heavens. The resplendent light thrilled one's soul.

"This is a wonderful sunset," murmured Marguerite.

"In it and through it you see but the beauty of God."

The vesper service began. They continued to feast their eyes upon the beauty of the firmament while they listened attentively to the speaker of the evening, as if his words were coming from those clouds. At intervals, Tommy supplemented the words of the speaker with a few whispered phrases in Marguerite's ear:

"That means you!"

"You can do that."

"You are not exempted from it, but included in it."

The sun sank rapidly, the deep shades giving way to lighter ones, and those vanishing into mere tints or streaks of crimson. This settled lower to just a skyline of red, and then even this faded into a duskiness of twilight. The sun had set. The vesper service was over. They walked hand in hand to the lobby, where they parted.

"Just think, Tommy, how brief and fleeting time is."

"Yes, too fleet. I will see you in the morning before you go. Meanwhile, think of what I told you."

"Him or music"—which did she like best? She must decide that night.

At six o'clock next morning the whole place was bristling with activity. Everyone was preparing to leave.

Tommy met her on the steps near the taxi which was waiting for her.

"Oh, Tommy! I'm so happy!" she greeted him. "I've decided to give up my musical career."

"You have? For the other?"

"Yes, Tommy, I have decided to go with you and do what I can."

They fell into each other's embrace. His lips touched hers.

"I'm the happiest and strongest man in the world!"

"Come, the taxi is waiting for me!"

"Where are you going?"

"Home, then into special training at Chicago for six weeks, and then—wherever you say."

She climbed into the taxi and seated herself.

He leaned over the door.

"Six weeks! They will be ages, but I will be there then, if not before."

The car moved off slowly, permitting a final hand-shake. Tommy stood in the road several minutes, thrilled with watching the trail of dust down the mountainside.

THE DEW-DROP

A Poem

By A. R. Reed

Thou sparkling dew-drop, thou heaven-born
diamond,
That hangs by a blade of grass;
No earthly jewel nor man-made crystal
Can thee surpass.
But thy life is short. When the sun is high,
Thou, tiny dew-drop, must fade and die
And pass on wings to heaven.

Is it true, oh! is it true,
That we are God's, too?
And do we come and go as the dew?

Let us, then, if we be His,
Sparkle and sparkle for Him,
Like the dew.

ROBERT E. LEE

An Essay

By R. A. Durham

THERE is one thing that Southerners always have time to do, and that is to pay tribute to their worthy sons. We all know that for years one of the world's greatest sculptors has been carving on Stone Mountain, near Atlanta, the image of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

Recently the anniversary of Gen. Lee's one hundred and nineteenth birthday was celebrated throughout the Southland. On that cold, grey January morning, Southerners gathered from far and near to see and pay tribute—and as they stood in the presence of this lofty monument, so life-like that it seemed almost as if this great man was with us again, to them as to Henry W. Grady, it seemed that it had "been only a few short years since the foot-sore Confederate soldier had buttoned his faded grey jacket about him and turned southward from Appomattox."

We know that our fathers and grandfathers lost the Civil War, but it seems to us that there is a great glory in suffering the kind of defeat that they suffered, for they left us certain ideals and principles that we can never forget. Never before nor since their time has a people fought so gallantly for a cause they thought to be right. Never has a people been so gentlemanly in combat. Never has a people in defeat behaved as our Southern ancestors did.

There is no one who can deny that we of the South have many things to be proud of; for, besides the things I have just mentioned, it is universally admitted that we live on the garden spot of the earth. We have contributed much to the thought and greatness of the world, and Southern leaders have led our own country along right paths many, many times.

I have no fear of opening any old sores—arousing any hatred or anger. Those days are over. We of the South now recognize the fundamental principle for which the Civil War was fought as wrong. During the war, though, we did not; immediately after, we did not! but then, what did we do? We entered heartily into the reconstruction of a greater United States! "Fields that were once red with human blood were soon green with the harvest." Men who had worn the grey uniform were everywhere working for a greater America, and therein lies our glory, for today the North and South are united, and what I now say will be a poor tribute to the man who, by his influence and example, led us back into the house of America. This man is universally known as a warrior and a gentleman, as the flower of Southern chivalry and the most knightly leader ever born of the Anglo-Saxon race, and higher than this, as an American.

Follow this great man as he comes to Washington in 1861, summoned by the War Department from Texas. Devoted to the Union, disapproving of slavery and opposed to secession, he has watched with scarcely less than a breaking heart the widening breach between the two sections.

Let us draw upon our imaginations enough (if it is possible) to see him as he goes to his home in Arlington with these things crushing his very soul. Mrs. Lee tells us he asked to be left alone upstairs. All through the night, he paces backward and forward, pausing only to kneel at his bedside. "Under his feet is old Virginia's soil. In his heart the glory of her name. In his eyes the flickering lights of his nation's capital; in his hand the offer of the Commander-in-chief of her armies.

Conflict raged in the high altitudes of this man's soul, but under the stars that night he made his decision.

The next day, he refuses the command of the Northern army—turns his back on glory and power—mounts Old Traveller and rides across the Potomac to humiliation and defeat.

But let us see how he fought, both Lee and his men. They were gentlemen in arms. Go look at bleeding Belgium. See the once beautiful France now blasted. Now let us turn and follow the road of the armies of Lee. You find no burning homes, no devastated Maryland or Pennsylvania, no broken childhood, no woman weeping in her shame. A new form of chivalry was ingendered in these "Sons of the South," and their noble commander. History gives them a high place, and not merely for the lightning-like swiftness of the blow they struck, but because they never struck the weak or defenseless.

We all know that in the earlier part of the war, the Confederates were victorious. Their commander was glorious then, but he, as well as they, was far more glorious later when the tide of battle turned and the shadow of defeat grew thick and fast.

It is with this latter that we are now chiefly concerned, so we hasten on until now it is the day of Appomattox! All is lost! Defeat is inevitable, and General Lee can see this word written in glaring letters after his own name. His worshipping soldiers are weeping and calling to him to let the word go forth, and in one "last leap of valor they will fling the pallid glory of their death over all the darkness of history's story of defeat," and that ragged line of grey would light the world as it swept through the gates of death.

But no need! Lee was thinking; God was watching His man. He sees a vision, in that vision is a scarred and bleeding heart—your America and mine. What does he do?

He mounts his horse and rides through the lines of his weeping men on one of history's greatest quests. He is seeking a gate through which his men and his people may go into life—not death. A gate into tomorrow—a greater America—and as he makes his way into the presence of the magnanimous Grant, the shadows of his defeat are being illumined by light. It is a light from the face of Man wrapping him with History's benedictions.

In the bitter days that followed, a great glory is disclosed. He is defeated. His armies are disbanded. He is hated by the triumphant people. What will he do? "This hero in grey with a heart of gold." Upon the answer to this question hangs much of the destiny and hope of a people. He can flee to Europe, and there nurse his hatred and fill the world with his hatred. He can, by his word, make of America a Mexico, by lending his leadership to unreconciled groups and soldiers of fortune. He can lend his name to bitterness and hate. Many things seem to strengthen this temptation. He is offered a princely estate in England. He is offered a large salary for the high prestige of his name to be used in a business enterprise. But again notice his choice—on that same grey battle charger he rides across old Virginia's hills to accept the Presidency of an humble college at a salary pitiably small, saying that he must lead the youth of his people back into the house of America, and from then until the time of his death he devotes his soul to this shining task.

Could any man do more? The love he bore for America was the greatest of all loves, for even though she refused him her citizenship, he was not bitter, but on the contrary worked harder and harder for her unity, and tonight the North and South are united in a bond of love, as well as a bond of government. I ask you to whom credit for this is due, and you cannot deny that much of the glory of final achievement must forever attach itself to the name of Lee. My friends, so great was his leadership back into the house of America that today you can go nowhere and find a

more deathless devotion to the flag than in the South, among the sons of Lee.

On September 29th, 1918, two American divisions were drawn up facing the Hindenburg line in France. Who were they? Pershing, in a great moment, had selected the 27th, the "Sons of Grant," and the 30th, the "Sons of Lee." History was pale with fear as the grey dawn of that zero hour approached. A sound fills the world. It is the superhuman swords of Grant and Lee being drawn from their scabbards, while across that death-swept field, awaiting them, are the swords of Von Moltke and Bismarck. The battle raged, but when the day's sun had set behind those blasted ruins, the standard of our flag had been set, "first by the sons of Carolina and of Lee."

No tribute we can pay this great man is enough. In him is embodied all the noblest and best of our Southland. Quietly, unassuming, without pretence, without display, he has made his way into the hearts of men everywhere. No generation of youths in our country will ever learn the story of his life and not be nobler and cleaner. Already in the minds of Americans he has taken his place with Washington and Lincoln, and together these three great Americans will "march up the path of history into the realm of immortals."

OUR TOWN

A Poem

By B. E. Elks

Our town is passed unnoticed;
  Its seldom on a map;
It nestles 'side a mountain,
  Spreads o'er its rugged lap.

It has no tall skyscraper
  That's pleasing to the eye;
It has no brilliant whiteway;
  No railroad runs thereby.

Its streets are rough and winding,
  It has no public square.
No parks, no children's playgrounds
  No town-halls are found there.

It has no Coney Islands,
  No cinemas; and then
No shows of Ringling Brothers
  Come to our little glen.

We love our town, however;
  We love its simple looks,
Its weather-worn old buildings,
  Its trees, its gurgling brooks.

We love the hoary mountain
  That looms up in the rear;
We love the sky above us,
  The fresh, cold-laden air.

We love because our village
  Is peopled with such men
That call a fellow townsman
  A neighbor and a friend.

And when a city stranger
  Boasts of his home with pride,
We have no touch of envy;
  For we are satisfied.

AN UNCOUSINING

A Story

By C. C. Herbert

ESTHER looked up at him with tears gleaming in her blue eyes.

"John, dear, don't talk that way. I'm just as sorry as you are about it. I love you dearly, but you know as well as I that Aunt Evelyn is right, and that we must not think of each other in that way."

John drove on in silence, looking ahead at the road with set lips and sad eyes. It was a glorious April afternoon, a spring day such as is found only in the South. The sun gleamed on the polished body of the smoothly-running automobile as it sped along the paved ribbon of road. All nature was awakening from its sleep of the past months. The vegetation was a fresh and delicate green. The plants were bursting with life after the recent rains. Robins and sparrows twittered in the clumps of trees. Everything was happy and gay, except the two young people in the car, who should have been the happiest and gayest of all.

"What did Aunt Evelyn say when you went to her, John?"

"Why, she went on at a dreadful rate. Said she absolutely would not stand for it; that she had never heard of cousins marrying in nice families; that our mothers had told her to care for us before they died; and that she would not see us disgrace ourselves now. I surely can't see it as she does."

They lapsed into silence. The car sped on. Theirs was a strange, sad story. Three orphaned Johnson sisters had lived in Hoombs, South Carolina—Sarah, Evelyn, and Carrie. Sarah had married a young rice-planter, Ed Houghton, and had gone to Louisiana with him; Evelyn had gone to New York as a settlement worker; and Carrie had remained at home and married Frank Adams, a lawyer. In the memorable year 1900, Sarah Houghton had died in Louisiana, leaving a son, John, two years old. Her husband had died a few months before her; so the baby was sent to the home in South Carolina. Evelyn, grief-stricken by the death of her sister, had given up her work in New York and come South to care for little John. She came only to find that there were two orphans to be cared for, for Carrie had died, leaving little Esther, and her husband died a few months after her in the same fateful year.

These four deaths in the one family within a year of each other were such a shock to Evelyn that she never recovered from it. She had shut herself up in the old house with the two children and lived a life of seclusion. When John was six, she had sent him North to school. He had stayed up there for eighteen years, and had only been South to visit his aunt once during the period. He had graduated from Harvard last year, and in the following autumn had come South to stay.

Meanwhile, Esther had grown up to be a charming young woman, in spite of the gloom surrounding her in her aunt's home. Her aunt had taught her until she was ready for college, and then had sent her to a girls' college in the State. She had been the most popular girl at school. She, too, had just graduated, and was now home for good.

During the past winter the two cousins had, of course, seen much of each other. John was proud to have such a beautiful and talented cousin, while Esther admired as much the brilliant and athletic John. Their love for each other as cousins had grown into something deeper. John had proposed marriage to Esther, who said that she was willing if her Aunt Evelyn did not mind. But Aunt Evelyn did.

They had gone for a ride this afternoon in John's car, each with the inward purpose of settling the question. As they rode, John had vowed that life was vain for him without her, and had grown so morbid that Esther had wept.

Neither spoke as they rode on, each occupied with thoughts of their problem, until John tried to begin a conversation.

"This certainly is beautiful country down here," he said. "It is so rich and fertile, compared with the New England land. Why isn't it cultivated better? We've passed great fields of rich land grown up in grass and stubble, and some places are so poorly cared for that they might as well have been left uncleared."

"Ah, you Yankee! Don't you be criticizing the South," replied Esther, laughing rather tremulously after her recent tears. "Isn't this weather fickle? It's almost as bad as men. Look at that cloud coming up over yonder. I believe we're going to have another shower in a little bit. You put the curtains in, didn't you?"

"Great Scott! No, I didn't. I left them hanging on the back porch to dry after they got so wet this morning. I guess we'd better begin to head back for home, hadn't we?"

Just then a loud report startled them. It proved to be a blow-out in a rear tire.

"What vile luck!" exclaimed John. "The spare is empty. I'll have to pump it up after I change tires."

They had stopped by the side of the road in front of a picturesque and typical Southern dwelling. It was a small, two-roomed, unpainted, wooden house with that peculiarly neglected and squalid air so characteristic of the homes of negroes. Its color was the indescribable dun-gray of long-weathered wood. Surrounding it on all sides was a cotton-field, except in front, where there was a hard-packed front yard between the house and the road. In the yard was erected a pole with a cross-bar at the top, from which hung several hollowed gourds with a hole in each, intended to serve as bird-nests. A rude well also ornamented the yard. A galvanized bucket hung by the chain from the cross-bar. It was operated by means of the usual pulley. Behind the house were a barn and a chicken-house, both of them rickety and tumble-down.

The young man, who had been reared in New England, gazed curiously at this scene as he got out of the car to change tires. The sky was covered with clouds now, and by the time he had the blown-out tire off, drops of rain began to fall. The shower became heavy in a few moments and the rain, blown into the car by the wind, was wetting Esther.

"Why didn't I think to bring the curtains?" demanded John. "You are getting drenched. I wonder if those people would mind if we stayed in their house until the rain is over? I notice that smoke is coming from the chimney, so someone must be there."

"Of course, they wouldn't mind," said Esther. "You're getting wet, too."

The two scurried across the yard and rapped on the plain wooden door, which was without door-knob or bell. It was opened by an old negro woman.

"Y'all come right on in out'in de rain," said she, holding the door open for them to enter.

"Git up off'n de cheers, chillun, an' let de buckras hab'm."

Three little pickaninnies with the whites of their eyes shining stood up obediently and, staring at the newcomers, backed against the wall. The old woman bustled about arranging seats for her guests. No one of the chairs in the room was complete—one lacked a leg, one an arm, one the back, but the sound of the rain falling on the roof and the spring wind whistling outside made any sort of a seat before the cheery wood-fire appear comfortable.

"Draw up close an' git dry, honey," said the old woman to the young lady. "What's y'all's names?"

"This is Mr. John Houghton, and I am his cousin Esther."

"Glad to know yuh," with a little bow. "I'm Mam Tinkah Darby."

The old woman was typical of the old Southern "mammies," who, with "Kunnels" and "po' white trash," are rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Her fat, wrinkled face, pudgy form, gray, kinky hair, bound with dirty white string in many little wisps, which extended in all directions from her head like twigs stuck in a potato, accentuated the thick lips and flat nose of her race.

"You've got a nice home here, Auntie," said Esther, as she held her shoes to the fire to dry.

"Yaas'm. Us sho' has. I'z been livin' yeah evah since de Waw. Mahse Joe Dahby had dis yeah house built jes' 'fo' he die'. Dat wuz de yeah 'fo' de yearthquake. De ole shack what wuz yere 'fo' dis'n wuz 'bout to fall to pieces."

The room in which they were was a combination dining room, sitting room, and kitchen. An old stove was in one corner. Its flue went through the wall right above it. The floor was was bare of covering, and so was the table, except for some cracked dishes. The old woman seemed eager to talk and, as Esther knew it would be interesting to her cousin to hear her, she led her on.

"Those aren't your children, are they?"

"No'm. Dey'z muh gran'chillun. Dey pappy is muh son, Sam. He gone to town now in de wagon. He wife die' 'bout a yeah ago an' leave de chillun fuh me to 'ten' to. Come an' speak to de white folks, chillun. Dis'n is Sam, dis is Annie, an' dis is Algeria."

The three little negroes came up and bobbed their heads successively to the "white folks." Then they backed again to their places by the wall and continued their silent and wide-eyed scrutiny of the guests.

"Mam Tinkah, did you live in slavery times?" asked Esther.

"Yas, honey. I'z fo' yeahs ole when de War begun. I 'member ole Mahse Dahby. He die' jes' ahtuh de Waw en'. He sho' wuz a han'some gemmun. He son, Mahse Joe, wuz de spit 'n' image of he pappy. He mar'd Miss Evans, fum Chahs'n. He wuz right smaht rich, but he los' all he money specylatin'."

A quaint history of the Darby family followed. It amused Esther to see John's amazement at the unusual talk of the old negress. They were mildly pleased with her tale, mostly for the dialect, but the latter part of her story aroused their intense interest.

"Mahse Joe an' he wife die' de same yeah. Dey wuz livin' in dat house wid white colyums down de big road a ways. I wuz cookin' foh 'um den. Mahse Joe die' of a broke' heart 'bout a mont' artuh he wife. When he wife die' she lef' a li'l gal baby 'bout t'ree mont' ole. Jes' 'fo' he die', Mahse Joe got me to tote de baby to a frien' o' his'n, Mistuh Adams. Mistuh an' Mis' Adams 'low dey'z gwine to raise de li'l gal jes' like she wuz dey own chile, an' gwine to call huh Adams, stid o' Dahby."

John and Esther looked at each other in surprise.

"What was the baby's name, Auntie?" asked Esther.

"Jes' de same as your'n, honey. Esthuh."

"Was it Mr. Frank Adams, the lawyer, that you took the child to?"

"Hit sho' wuz dat very man."

"Listen carefully now, Auntie. Did Mr. and Mrs. Adams have any children except the adopted child, Esther?" queried John.

"Law, no, honey. Dat dey didn't. Nary a chile."

John turned to his companion and said, "Dear, do you suppose that it is possible that you were really not Aunt Carrie's child?"

Esther was too dazed at the thought to answer. John spoke again to the negress.

"Have you any trinket or such that might help to prove your story?"

"Any what, suh? Naw, suh. I ain't got

no trinkus, but I believes I got a lettuh. Lemme look."

"I'll tell you why we want to know, Auntie. This is Miss Esther Adams, whom we thought was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Adams. From your story, it may be that she is Esther Darby instead."

The old woman's eyes went wide.

"Sho', now. An' is you de li'l baby dat I toted to Mistuh Adams? Lemme git dat lettuh. Dis is how I hap'n to hab it. Mahse Joe gave me de lettuh to give to Mistuh Adams, and' when I got dere to Mistuh Adams' house, he an' Mis' Adams 'low dey knows all 'bout it. I forgot to give 'm de lettuh an' lef' it in muh pocket till I got back. I kep' hit as a 'minduh of dat sweet chile an' ole Mahse Joe."

She went over and rummaged in an old wooden box, bringing back an old, yellowed letter written in a clear hand. John read it aloud.

"Dear Frank:—My beloved wife died a week ago, and I am convinced that I will follow her shortly. I am taking a last advantage of our life-long friendship to accept the offer of you and your kind wife to care for little Esther. She is playing here by me now. I kiss for the last time the dear heart-shaped scar on her right arm. She was cruelly burned there a few days after her birth in an accident due to the carelessness of her nurse. Love her as your own child. Old Mam Tinkah will bring the baby and this note to you. Farewell. Joseph Darby."

John looked at Esther. She rolled up her sleeve, and there on her snowy arm, just below her shoulder, was a small, red scar in the shape of a heart.

MARCH

A Poem

By H. M. Gilbert, '26

The winds of March come rushing down
Across the barren fields around;
Around the eaves it whistles gay,
And scampers like a child at play.

Yes, March has come; on land and sea
All things seem out of harmony;
The lone ship flees before the gale,
And winter's snow melts in the vale.

The clouds scud 'cross the azure sky
And with each other seem to vie,
Like urchins full of joy and mirth,
Shouting and playing o'er Mother Earth.

The bare trees shiver in the blast,
And bow their heads, and strange contrast
To April's green-clad branches show,
Or bleak December's, crowned with snow.

The verdant grass peeps 'bove the sod,
And in the gentle breezes nod;
The buttercup and daffodil
Besprinkle meadow-land and hill.

But though a wild tempestuous beast
When first he comes, to say the least,
He soon calms down, endures the tether,
And then we have the best of weather.

MUM BETSY

A Sketch

By J. G. Gerald

MUM BETSY! How this name brings up before my vision, the picture of an old, bent negro woman, hobbling along the streets, holding an old clay pipe in her mouth. She is a very neat-looking old woman. The apron which she wears is snowy white, and her "cotton-tufted" head is tied neatly with a large, red bandanna handker-

chief. She stops every now and then to make reply to "sum ob her white folks," who have inquired after her health "dis fine mornin'."

"Ah is fairly well, t'ank yo', suh; jes' sorter middlin'. But dis ole nigger sho' ain't like she uster been, befo' he war."

And through Mum Betsy's dim mind comes the hazy remembrance of the days when the war raged between the States—long days of trials and hardships, hunger and suffering. How faithful and patient she was through it all! How she cooked for "ole Missus"; how she helped her bury the silver when they heard that the Yankees were coming; and how she wept when the news came that "her young Marse John" had been killed.

Thus mused the old woman as she ambled along.

Mum Betsy is an old negro slave, a typical mammy of her kind. Just a poor, old unvarnished, simple, superstitious negro mammy of ancient times, who knows nothing of the barbarisms of the world today.

Mum Betsy is not ignorant. She can sign her name, if you write it and let her "tech de pen," and she knows more cures for snake-bites, bee stings, and rheumatism than all the doctors in South Carolina and "de land nearby." She is considered very wise by her colored folks, and is respected by both white and black. She is one of the most interesting of her race in Clarendon County, and is certainly a true representative of those Southern slavery days.

Mum Betsy's character is not complex. She is just a good, old, simple-hearted negro, who believes in ghosts, "hants," "hoodoos," and "conjurs." She has seen one generation born, witnessed its burial, and has seen the rising of another. She knows human nature.

She abounds in war reminiscences, and knows the real history of South Carolina. It is not an uncommon thing to see a group of both young and old sitting on the steps and little front porch of Mum Betsy's cabin. In the midst of the group sits Mum Betsy, herself, proudly relating some of the numerous interesting incidents of the war.

This delightful old negro, this humorously pathetic symbol of Southern slavery times, has not many days left her. Her life has been a hard one. She has had many trials and tribulations, and her granddaughter, whom she reared to help her in the last days, has gone North, leaving Mum Betsy to make her own living by "taking in washing" and scrubbing floors. There are not many days before she will be gone and will be occupying one of the white, shining tents "up dar," and another ancient and unique character will be missed.

THE SAILOR'S SONG

A Poem

By E. H. Gregg

The gale is driving fierce tonight,
  The rolling waves beat strong;
But I, a sailor lad by birth,
  Count it but a song.

The wild wind's wildest shriek to me
  Is music strange and deep,
That haunts my restless, roving mind
  Even in my sleep.

The Viking strain is in my blood;
  The love of salty foam
Makes me a wanderer of the waste,
  And the sea my home.

Oh, give to me the heaving deep!
  The salt crests so free!
And let me be a sailor lad,
  Free upon the sea!

Wofford College Journal
Established 1889

STAFF
Editor-in-Chief—R. H. Hodges
Business Manager—M. B. Wilson
Literary Editor—J. E. Sprott
Literary Editor—A. F. Graham
Literary Editor—M. L. Meadors
Exchange Editor—J. M. Bailey
Circulation Manager—W. S. Hoole
Advertising Manager—A. H. Stokes

Entered at the postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as second-class matter.
The Wofford College Journal is published seven times a year, on the fifteenth of the month, by the Student Body.
Subscription per year, $1.25; single copy, 20c.

EDITORIALS

Modernism

In the modern world we see many approved actions that would have appeared strange, if not actually immoral, to the world of yesterday. Freedom of action is the keynote of the world of today. The modern youth hurls his cap high in the air, gives three lung-bursting whoops, and is ready for anything; but the novelty of the situation is not this, the new condition is that the modern girl is just as ready as he is. The loosening of restrictions on woman is the outstanding phenomenon of the modern world.

Freedom is the watchword of today. Leave off that artificial rhyme, we prefer free verse. Leave off monstrosities and absurdities of dress, we prefer comfort to looks. Leave off all prudishness and silliness, frankness is much more wholesome. We don't like classical music, jazz is much more sensational; in fact, that jangling, motley discord of sounds, with its undercurrent of order and plan, might well represent the spirit of the age. Freedom, freedom, and more freedom is the cry of the youth of today. Why cling to the old conventional ideas of our parents in respect to the sexes? Freedom is much more enjoyable. Why not attend a certain type of party? It's representative of the spirit of the age.

In the realm of reason and common sense, is the spirit of the youth of America defensible? Yes, unqualifiedly, yes. Are the excesses to which this new freedom lead defensible? No, but such excesses are inevitable when we consider the nature of man. The twentieth century is busy breaking bonds of convention, sex, religion, etc. But all this is inevitable in the march of progress; the old building must be demolished and the ground cleared before the new house can be built.

And freedom is really desirable. The freer a man is, the more of a man he is. When tobacco or drink is your master, you are a slave; when foolish conventions are your master, you are a slave. Man was once a slave of custom, but the twentieth century will advance and issue in the age of insight. Men will no longer do or fail to do things because of some abstract idea of right and wrong; they will do things because they know what the effects will be.

There may be some danger that the twentieth century will become intoxicated with freedom—do not those at certain social gatherings play with fire?—but this danger, as a racial danger, is more apparent than real. Those who are fools will kill themselves by their excesses, and the wise will live to propagate the race. Nature has a wonderful system of life and a great school of morality. When all is said and done, what makes a thing right or wrong? To put it tersely, is not biology the basis and only criterion of morality—of right or wrong? To eat too much dinner is a sin; such an excess is injurious to the human body. To hate or think evil is immoral; such attitudes injure the man.

The modern world has many by-products that are not good, but the freedom of the age is good, and a precursor of greater things. Those who don't know how to use this liberty will die and leave the world to those who can

IF IT BE A READY-MADE WEAR_____ **Kuppenheimer**

If it be a Made-to-Order, It should be made by____ **Ed. V. Price & Co.**
CHICAGO

HARRY PRICE

116 EAST MAIN STREET

The Store for Better Merchandise Spartanburg, S. C.

THE DuPRE

Book Store

THE LARGEST BOOK STORE IN SOUTH CAROLINA

Students Cordially Welcomed

live a fuller and better life in the new freedom of today.

Moderation

There is a certain appeal in the stable, moderate man. Beliefs, creeds, fanatics may come and go, but he does not take any of them too seriously. He may be a Philistine, but he is the man that keeps the world on the even tenor of its way. He is the conservative Englishman, as compared with the volatile Frenchman. He is the indifferent Philistine, as compared with the rabid fanatic.

The stability and moderation of this man is admirable; but especially is he admirable if he possesses a clear, keen mind. Impracticable ideas and visionary schemes affect him as much as the ocean billows affect the boulders along the shore. But with all his conservatism, this man is ready to be convinced if you give him the proof. The idealist, the radical, or the fanatic, would turn the world upside down in twenty-four hours; only the "hard-headed" Philistine keeps the world going. He is the medium on which all reformers and the volatile element of man must work.

There is really an appeal in the philosophy of moderation. Take all things, try all things in moderation, and keep that which is good. The immoderate man will work, eat, play, dance, or smoke immoderately; he might by arduous toil make a million, but he would probably be too unbalanced to enjoy it. The philosophy of moderation might urge us to try that which is evil; it might urge that excessive drinking, for instance, is what kills a man. True, perhaps, but when it is proved—and this has been proved—that drinking to any extent is very injurious to the human machine and makes for inefficiency, moderation and common sense would urge us to refrain. It is wholly possible for an immoderate man to work himself to death—this is slightly better than eating himself to death.

School life shows clearly our lack of mod-

DRINK

IN BOTTLES

Spartanburg Coca-Cola Bottling Co.

SNAPPY FOOTWEAR
For the College Man

Square Toe Effects in Shoes and Oxfords, Dancing Oxfords in Patent and Dull Calf, Silk and Wool and all Silk Socks in the New Shades. : : : : : : :

IF IT'S NEW AND POPULAR, WE HAVE IT

Wright-Scruggs Shoe Co.
"THE SHOE STORE"

ITS INFLUENCE—

A strong, progressive Bank wields a powerful influence in the business affairs of a community. It is gratifying to know that the aims and efforts of our officers and directors are so generally understood, and so thoroughly appreciated.

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK

U. S. DEPOSITARY

THE ELITE

CANDIES, SODAS

ICE CREAM AND LUNCHES

WELCOME WOFFORD BOYS

MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT

THE ELITE

eration. Some men play football or basketball so hard that they develop "athletic-heart"; other men read so much they ruin their eyes; some men go out every night and study almost none; some men never go out, but make regular hermits of themselves. This but illustrates that immoderateness of the modern world known as specialization. But when all is said and done, moderation and the moderate man is what gives the world stability and success.

Some men are born with a sense of moderation, some achieve it, and some have it thrust upon them. In short, moderation is living within normal natural bounds, while any other plan of life leads to excess in some particular.

An Error

To Miss Elizabeth Verner, of Charleston, THE JOURNAL wishes to express its regret that her name, as author of the prize-winning story, "Great Fire's Treasure," was spelled Werner instead of Verner.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

J. M. BAILEY, *Editor*

The Collegian

The February issue of *The Collegian* is not up to the mark it has formerly made. There is a noticeable lack of material. However, the material which is included within its bounds has a very good balance. But we think the addition of another short story would make the magazine more attractive.

The poems are excellent and deserve much praise. That glowing tribute to our late leader, Woodrow Wilson, is nothing less than superb. The rhyme and meter, together with that excellent choice of words, gives the poem a touch of a master. The poem, "To Mother," is just as excellent. The theme is admirable.

The articles or essays deserve mention. Although "The Aesthetics of Words" is well

Home of

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES

AND

FLORSHEIM SHOES

Spartanburg's Best Clothing Store

Greenewald's

INCORPORATED

Spartanburg, South Carolina

written, it is rather short, and does not cover the field of poetry which is handed down to us by the masters. But more interesting, we think, is the work, "Some Types of Architecture to be Found in Cathedrals of the Old World." This piece is interesting, both as to contents and development. However, the author seems to be inclined to paragraph as little as possible. We think that if there were one or two more paragraphs made, the development of this work would be more commendable.

The greatest fault we find with *The Collegian* is the scarcity of material. Next, we believe, the short stories are rather poor—that is, taking them *en masse*. We find no fault with the story, "A Narrow Escape." It is well written and shows a simple theme, well developed. "The Electrocution," too, is well written, but the theme of this story is not desirable—that is, to those who are sentimental and emotional. One would rather not read about the death of a human in such a cold and heartless fashion. But from a standpoint of literary value, it is commendable. "Love Drives the Gloom Away" sounds good, but upon reading the story we find that the title and the ending and climax are the only parts of the story that interest us. The story is too short, and, besides, the development is rather crude. If one desires action, then certainly it can be found here. In fact, the action is too fast. If we should read certain lines, we would be forced to believe that the town was only a small village located somewhere in the wilderness. But the scene is in a city. This fault of the author was probably an oversight.

The Winthrop Journal

We congratulate *The Winthrop Journal* on carefully selecting for publication only its masterpieces and reserving for revision all mediocre material. Probably this is a good policy, although the virtue of such a policy must doubtless de-

J. T. BOOTH
JEWELER
102 Kennedy Place Phone 528
EVERSHARP PENCILS,
FOUNTAIN PENS,
WATCHES,
CLOCKS, JEWELRY, Etc.
Watch Repairing My Specialty
Typewriters for Rent and for Sale—Your Patronage Appreciated.

A. LEVIN
FINE TAILORING
Suits made to order
$35.00 AND UP
Altering, Repairing and Pressing
117 North Church Street
PHONE 896

pend on the quality and quantity of literary matter published.

But however this may be, the first feature of *The Winthrop Journal* that strikes our attention is the scarcity of literary material. We notice that nine pages constitute the literary department; there are also four pages of miscellaneous departments, a college directory, and fourteen pages of advertising matter. Such a thin literary department, with its numerous addenda, gives one the unpleasant idea of the tail wagging the dog.

"Snowflakes" is a smooth, descriptive, fanciful poem, and clearly the best in the February *Journal.* The essay on Archibald Rutledge is interesting, but the information is not as clearly presented as it might have been. We enjoyed reading the poetry in "Sara Teasdale's Sphere in the Field of Poetry." The writer does well to introduce us to the pleasures of this author's work. The style of this article is rather attractive. We like the sketch, "Wild Duck"; although rather short, this is, in our opinion, the best prose in the *Journal.* "A Winter's Sunset" is rather rough. The tradition, "The Devil's Footprint," is interesting in a way, but it is too disconnected and jerky. It would take an unusual article to stand the effects of three rows of asterisks in the space of three pages. "My Husband, George," has the virtue of novelty, at least; but the situation would be impossible with a normal, well-balanced heroine. Fiction sometimes deals with queer characters. This is apparently a time. When we read the first stanza of "Wisdom," we said, "Good!" This exclamation was repeated at the end of the second stanza. But the third stanza—oh, my! If the author had left off the last two lines, the poem would have been incomplete and rather indefinite, but it would have been reasonable. Love may be a secret of life, but "And love dear heart is you" ruined it all. It sends us tumbling from the skies to the clay, from fancy to reality. And then we noticed

DR. WEBB THOMSON
DR. H. A. FEEMSTER
DENTISTS
Dental Bldg. 153½ N. Church St.

The Ford Leads the World in Automobile Value—We Lead the State in Automobile Sales.

Ford

ERNEST BURWELL
Spartanburg Ford Dealer
199 West Main St. PHONE 402

Clothiers and Furnishers
To Men Who Care
Agency Society Brand Clothes
MEYERSON'S
The Man's Store

The Rex Theatre

COLLEGE AMUSEMENT HEADQUARTERS

— THE HOME OF —

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

WOFFORD STUDENTS ALWAYS WELCOME

J. F. MANNING

Annual Photographer

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

the title, "Wisdom"! We had not observed that the victims of love were very blessed with wisdom; in fact, most of them are inclined toward the other extreme, but we suppose the author was speaking of an exceptional case. The verse of this poem is good. We would not, after reading the reviews, tackle any of the books discussed in "On Our Bookshelves," but that is our fault that they don't appeal to us. We think this department is a good idea, and should be of value to the students. The Exchange Department treats each magazine lightly, a touch here and a touch there, but it is fairly good.

As a whole, *The Winthrop Journal* is fairly good, though suffering from a paucity of material; but we understand how college students are, and we wish you better luck next time.

H.

The Limestone Star

Limestone, you have committed the unpardonable. No poetry in the February issue of *The Star!* Now you can do better than that. No monthly literary magazine published by any college is complete without one or two poems. Limestone, we expect better things from you.

There are several good articles in this issue of *The Star.* "Love Finds a Way" is well written, but the plot and its development is not in keeping with the true facts of life. "Music and Life" deserves credit. The thought is excellent and the theme is well prepared. "An Extract from Carolyn's Diary" is unique in its beginning. But we have never seen one extract from a diary as long as the one printed in the magazine. We like the plot.

The Chronicle

The Editors of *The Clemson Chronicle* have succeeded in publishing an excellent magazine. In fact, the January issue is the best that has come to our office. The poems, sketches and short stories form a mass of material which makes up a well-balanced magazine.

The poems especially are attractive and interesting. The thought of "My Mother" is pleasant and affords the readers hours of sweet memory and reverie. "If Wishes Were Stars" deserves mention. The other poems, too, are excellent, but time and space will not permit us to comment any more on them.

The short stories are also good. "Memory Plays a Prank" is commendable. "Omnia Vincit Amor" deserves especial mention. The

379 N. Church St. Phone 1307-J

PEARSON'S

Between Calhoun and College Streets

A FULL LINE OF SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Also Hot and Cold Lunches, Milk, Cold Drinks, Crackers and Cakes of all kinds.

Wofford Boys Are Always Welcome

Everything in DRUGS, SODA, CIGARS, but especially for

Y—O—U!

Norris Candies, Waterman's and Parker Fountain Pens, Eversharp Pencils, and a select assortment of Stationery.

Yours for Quality and Service,

WILSON'S DRUG STORE

THE REXALL STORE

152 W. Main St. Spartanburg, S. C.

"The Best in Drug Store Service"

plot is good, and what is more, it is well developed. The principal events flow in a logical order which gives an added touch to the climax. "A Victim of Circumstance" is not so good. The plot is rather unique and a bit overdrawn. It is almost impossible to imagine such a situation. We like the piece, "A Sketch." However, the ending is too sudden. It seems to be broken. The tribute to Dr. Riggs shows a loyalty to his memory and an appreciation of his service to Clemson.

There is one feature which is conspicuous for its absence. That perfection of balance of material which all the publications seek, but which few attain, would, we think, be attained by *The Chronicle* if there had been at least one good essay.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED

The Criterion, The Winthrop Journal, The Trinity Archive, The Limestone Star, The Aurora, The Echo, The College of Charleston Magazine, The Newberry Stylus, The Carolinian, The Orion, The Right Angle, The Chicora Magazine, The Isaqueena, The Emory Phoenix, The Wake Forest Student, The Maine-Spring, The Occident, The Erothesian, The Purple Quill, The Columbian.

AS OTHERS SEE US

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL.—"Christmas Tidings" is a soft and beautifully written poem. "Monty's Christmas Dinner" is a short humorous story wherein too many polysyllabic words detract somewhat from the style. "Christmas" is a moral poem of average merit. "Bootlegging Bay," although called a narrative sketch, is to our mind a complete story, and a creditable one. The idea of the unexpected results which may follow casual and unimportant events is admirably developed. We have read enough poems by the author of "Ain't it Fun?" to feel now that whatever he writes will be good, and in this poem we are not disappointed. "The Sheiky Brother" is a story of campus life with a romantic element. The quick twist at the end is particularly well executed. "The Sea" is a creditable poem, and the idea is worthy. "Anglo-Saxonism or Mongrelism?" is a well-thought-out essay on wherein America fails to be the melting pot. "Thought" is light and complete. The poem, "Vengeance," tells a story with a moral, and although not impressive, is well written. "A Woodland Scene" is not as

FOLLOW THE CROWD TO——
BISHOP'S
Rex Theatre Building
——FOR THE BEST——
Sodas, Ice Cream and Candies
TOILET ARTICLES
KODAK FILMS KODAK FINISHING

Agents for Schloss Bros. & Co. and Adler Collegian Suits and Overcoats.
Boys, make our store your headquarters. We carry a full line of high grade Clothing, Shirts, Neckties, etc.
We Cash Wofford Students' Checks
IT PAYS TO TRADE AT
Cannon & Setzer Co.
MEN'S & BOYS' OUTFITTERS
118 East Main St. Spartanburg

colorful as we think it should have been. "The Promised Kiss" is a vivid and graphic account of the bravery of a coward, than whom none can be braver. This is good writing. The descriptions and emotions are realistic and effective. "Russia" is a purely economic essay, and though we don't care for them, we concede their value. "The Christ, My King," is a reverent and forceful tribute and exhortation in poetry form. "The Gambling Streak" is the longest of the stories. To say that it is good would be faint praise. It is very good. It is exactly as it should be. We find no rough spots, and consider the story interesting and carefully presented. This is the third copy of *The Journal* that we have reviewed, and we feel that we can safely say that we consider the standard of excellence in regard both to content and form which *The Journal* has so far this year maintained the peer of all other State magazines we have received.—*The Carolinian.*

THE WOFFORD JOURNAL.—The December issue contains a wealth of material. Perhaps the Editors included all the contributions offered just as they admitted doing in October. "The Gambling Streak" and "Monty's Christmas Dinner" are the best stories this time. The style of the latter is especially attractive. "Anglo-Saxonism or Mongrelism" is a timely subject. This essay is well calculated to impress the reader with the full purport of its message. "Vengeance" is a poem with dramatic and aesthetic qualities. Many of the other poems might well be revised and "reserved for a later issue." *The Winthrop Journal* appreciates the kindly criticism offered in the Exchange Department. We have been laboring under the impression that we were presenting a well-balanced magazine. We did not realize that the two essays in our October issue would overbalance the two short stories, three poems, a sketch, and a play. Evidently the WOFFORD JOURNAL prefers two essays against five short stories and ten poems. —*The Winthrop Journal.*

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL.—We rather think that "Shorty," in "The Gambling Streak," must have been frightfully hungry on the train, since he had only his ticket. But that was a good story, one true to life. The action was rapid and the interest was held to the end. The essays in this issue are praiseworthy. The poems are above the average. The delicacy and rhythm in "Christmas Tidings" deserves mention. "Retrospect" was a suggestive story poem. "The Sea," "Life's Checker Board" and "Vengeance" were good. "Thought," "Ain't it Fun" and Monty's Christmas Dinner," were splendid. (We'll at least be "Friendly Enemies," Mr. Elks, won't we?) "The Sheiky Brother" portrayed college life and conversation typically. "The Red Moon" might have had a more original plot. Joe

Stevens' blossoming into bravery in "The Promised Kiss" seemed to us to be extremely miraculous and not just true to life. But we don't know. The writing of the story was fine. We're about decided that the merits of THE WOFFORD JOURNAL and *The Carolinian* tie. *The Carolinian* has a more impressive appearance to the eye, but *The Carolinian* is the product of a university. THE JOURNAL is exceedingly well gotten up.

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL for December is an excellent magazine, and it is without doubt one of the best received by the Exchange Department. The material is well balanced as to poetry, essays and short stories. The plot of "The Promised Kiss" is well worked up and the interest is maintained throughout. The essays are well worth reading, because they enlighten us as to some of the modern questions of history.—*The Right Angle.*

WE SELL
'GIFTS THAT LAST"
of Known Reputation
Gifts for All Occasions

RUFUS D. LEWIS
Jeweler
146 E. MAIN ST. SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Imagination--Master Force

Emerson.

"There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many more. Society is a troop of thinkers, and the best heads among them take the best places. A FEEBLE man can see the farms that are fenced and tilled, the houses that are built. The STRONG man sees the possible houses and farms. His eye makes estates as fast as the sun breeds clouds."

STRONG MEN, TRAINED MEN, EDUCATED MEN, CHRISTIAN MEN, the world needs more than ever today. They always have been, and always will be, fired by IMAGINATION; but this is not all—Self-Control. THRIFT has been their handmaid. It is the mission of this bank to help you in your THRIFT, your self-mastery.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

A. M. CHREITZBERG.....President
J. B. CLEVELAND.....Vice-President
FRANK C. ROGERS.....Vice-President
ROY E. LEONARD.....Cashier
W. FRANK KLUGH.....Assistant Cashier
J. WESLEY ISOM.....Assistant Cashier
H. B. CARLISE.....Attorney

ALL WOFFORD COLLEGE GRADUATES

RESOURCES OVER 3½ MILLION

BAND & WHITE, PRINTERS, SPARTANBURG, S. C.

april 1924

Come to

Ligon's Drug Store

for Courteousness, Service and Good Treatment

Prescription Specialist

Pure Drugs - Best Toilet Articles - Safety Razors and Blades to Fit All Safety Razors : : : :

Exclusive Agents for Eastman Kodaks and Films

When You Send HER Whitman's You Have Sent the Best

Largest and Best Assorted Stock of Fountain Pens and Eversharp Pencils in the City

We are always glad to see you

Ligon's Drug Store

Phones 30 and 31

Wofford College

HENRY N. SNYDER, LL. D., Litt. D., President

All courses leading to A. B. Degree. Fourteen Professors. Departments: Ethics, Religious Education, Astronomy, Mathematics (pure and applied), Physics, Chemistry, Biology and Geology, Latin, Greek, English, German and French, History and Economics. J. B. Cleveland Science Hall, Whitefoord Smith Library. Carlisle Hall, a magnificent new Dormitory. Athletic Grounds.

Next Session Begins September 18, 1924

For catalogue or other information, address the President, Spartanburg, S. C.

Progressive Banking--

The earnest desire of our organization is to help you transact your business pleasantly and satisfactorily.

Bank of Commerce

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

B. T. EARLE, President
J. W. BELL, Vice-President
C. W. BOYD, Cashier
H. C. HICKS, Asst. Cashier

May We Serve You?

April 1924

CONTENTS

		Page
April (Poem)	J. E. Brown, '27	224
Say It With Bricks (Story)	D. L. West, '25	225
Friendship (Essay)	W. S. Hoole, '24	228
An Old Piano (Poem)	W. C. Wallace, '26	231
So Different, Joe (Story)	J. M. McKnight, '24	231
Easter (Poem)	H. M. Patrick, '26	235
Dr. J. H. Carlisle (Essay)	E. R. Culler, '26	235
Our Modern Miracle Man (Sketch)	W. K. Wynn, '25	237
D'ar Luke (A Letter)	W. S. Hoole, '24	240
Too Much of a Good Thing (Story)	D. L. West, '25	241
Spring (Poem)	E. H. Gregg, '26	245
The Casket Safe (Story)	J. G. Huggin, '25	245
Waiting-room Impressions (Sketch)	W. C. Wallace, '26	248
Are You a Traveling Man? (Story)	C. T. Gay, '27	250
Work (Essay)	C. C. Herbert, '25	251
Little Things (Poem)	R. H. Hodges, '24	252
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT		253
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT		259

APRIL

A Poem

By J. E. Brown

April, you're so inconsistent—
Very friendly, yet, so distant;
Transitory month to Spring,
Laughing, crying, babbling thing;
First you're darkling, then you're sparkling—
Bidding every heart to sing;
Playful, teasing April!

Now a bright, sweet show'r is falling,
Now the glorious sunshine's calling
Every bird of every feather,
Who with one voice sing together
Of the pranks and freaks of weather;
Thus, you laugh and then you cry;
Girlish-hearted April!

SAY IT WITH BRICKS

A Story

By D. L. West

A ROLLING STONE may gather no moss; but, even so, its non-collective propensities are slight compared to those of rolling bones. At least Mr. Jefferson Johnson found such to be the sad fact. From seven p. m. till nine p. m. had Jefferson tarried in the halls of frenzied finance, during which time he had done nothing but roll bones, and his garnerings had been "nothing or even less than that." In fact, the profits he derived from his participation in the game of African Golf, which was still raging in the lodge room of the Knights of the North Star, were considerable less than nothing: seventy-five dollars less, to be specific.

Fortunately Jefferson possessed the happy faculty of knowing when he had enough of a thing, and so, when his pecuniary losses had reached such an astounding figure, he reached the conclusion that he had quite a sufficiency of gambling. Accordingly, he managed to extricate himself from the group of perspiring contestants, and shoving his way through the crowd of spectators, descended into the refreshing atmosphere of South Liberty Street, the main thoroughfare of Spartanburg's darktown. But Jefferson was in no mood to be refreshed, and seating himself on an empty barrel which had been left in front of the building, he began to give vent to his unhappiness in long, intermittent sighs.

This was the first time Jefferson had risked any of his hard-earned money upon the uncertain behavior of two ivory cubes, and he was resolved that it would be the last. The reason for his ever doing so at all was his desire for easy money; at least that was the immediate reason. The basic and fundamental cause was of a more concrete nature. It can be spelled in six letters—b-r-i-c-k-s. From his youth upward, Jefferson and bricks had been very closely affiliated, for Jefferson was a mason. Until recently he had liked his work fairly well. It was not particularly tiresome labor, and the remuneration was far greater than in most lines of endeavor. But a few months back there had arisen within him a dislike for bricks. In a short while this aversion reached such proportions that the very sight of them was hateful to him. The only way he saw to cure himself of this strange malady was to sever relations with the objects of his dislike, so he gave up his job at Lyman, where he was working on a big mill going up at that place. Coming to the city, he had looked around for the most lucrative way in which to invest the two hundred dollars he had saved. Finding none that pleased him, he had decided to try his luck at "rolling the bones." The result is known.

Jefferson wasn't left to brood alone over his bad luck very long. Soon someone else forsook the excitement of the upstairs for the peace and calm that reigned below. This person's approach was made known to Jefferson by sweet smelling aromas, such as emanate from certain tonsorial concoctions, which wafted down the stairs before the approaching one. When the gentleman in question stepped out on the sidewalk and into the glare of the street lamp, Jefferson, perceiving that he was a stranger, immediately relapsed into his former state of despondency.

The stranger seemed to be a man of affluence. His garb was of the very latest style; his air was that of a man who knows the world; and his liberal patronage of barber shops, which was reekingly evident, proved that he was fastidious beyond a doubt. But most conclusive of all that he belonged to the

upper crust of society was the fact that he carried his cigarettes in a little silver case. Jefferson, who had been watching the stranger with morbid curiosity, started with surprise when he saw him take out his cigarette case and extract a monogramed cigarette therefrom. It was the first time Jefferson had ever seen one of his own race who possessed such an accessory to the nicotine habit. But the stranger, magnificently indifferent to both Jefferson's existence and to his curiosity, continued his preparations for a smoke. Having put the cigarette in his mouth, he next began to search for a match. Finding himself without one, he condescended to speak to the homely person on the barrel.

"Has you got a match?" he asked politely of Jefferson.

"Yas, suh, Ah ain't got nothin' else but," said Jefferson, at the same time producing the desired article.

The stranger lit his cigarette.

"You's the gemmun what lost so heavy tonight, ain't you?" he inquired.

"Ah sho' didn't win so heavy," replied the disconsolate Jefferson.

"You didn't lose all yo' money, did you?" asked the stranger, sympathetically.

"Naw, suh, only about ha'f of it."

"Well, tha's not so bad."

"It's bad 'nough. Means Ah got to go back to layin' bricks."

"You don't lak to lay bricks?"

"Naw, suh, Ah hates it wussen most anything Ah knows of."

The stranger ceased talking and remained for several moments in deep meditation. Before speaking again he handed Jefferson a card on which was engraved: "Sam'l W. Webster, Pres. and Treas. Universal Kicking Agency." Jefferson was deeply impressed. Mr. Webster addressed him in a business-like tone of voice.

"Mistuh er-ah-"

"Johnsing," supplied Jefferson.

"Mistuh Johnsing," proceeded the president and treasurer of the Universal Kicking Agency, "if you craves to quit brick-layin', Ah kin show you a way to make some money. That is, perviding you laks to make plenty of it."

These words instilled fresh hope into the Johnsonian bosom; its possessor leaped from his barrel in ecstacy.

"Hot dam, boy," he exclaimed. "You says a tongue full. Makin' money is the fondest thing Ah is of."

"Well, you's jes' the man Ah'm lookin' for," said Mr. Webster.

He pointed with his thumb to a popular restaurant on the other side of the street.

"Sposin' we goes ovuh theah and disgusts this mattuh. Ah can talk bettuh when Ah has some eatments."

So they went over to the restaurant; entered its lickerish atmosphere; and took seats on the revolving stools before the lunch counter. Mr. Webster ordered a pie.

"Does you eat pie also?" he inquired of Jefferson.

From his answer it seemed that Jefferson was a pie-ivorous animal of rare ability, and accordingly Mr. Webster ordered two pies. These delicacies being set before them, Mr. Webster at once plunged into the task of disposing of both his pie and the business at hand. The consummation of the first was speedy; the second required more time, for the refreshment added greatly to Mr. Webster's powers of speech.

To the guileless Jefferson he talked for nearly two hours of the Universal Kicking Agency, which at present consisted of himself alone, and which, for the time being, was in a state of suspended animation. He told why he had started the agency, and where he had gotten the idea for it. According to his own statement, the idea was a product of his personal ingenuity. The reason for starting the agency was to give to the public something it had long

needed. In the course of his observations, Mr. Webster had noticed that people have employment agencies to find jobs and employees for them; they have detective agencies to hunt their criminals; they have insurance agencies to insure their lives and property—in fact, they have agencies to do 'most everything for them. But there remained still one great field as yet undeveloped—that of the kicking business. And Mr. Webster was the first man to see the great possibilities, and to perfect plans to exploit this new field. His plans were represented in the Universal Kicking Agency, which was to begin serving the public in a few days. The enterprise was not to be one, the purpose of which would be to have its agents going around striking with their pedal extremities persons objectionable to its clients, as Jefferson at first seemed to think. The word "kick," as used by Mr. Webster, simply meant a complaint against some individual, firm, or what-not. The complaint might be because of an insult, or bad service, or divers other reasons. Thousands of such complaints or kicks are made every day, but usually they get no results. Now what Mr. Webster planned was to establish an agency which would handle these kicks in an efficient manner, and get results. As the public would be willing to pay well for such services, the money-making potentialities of the scheme were unlimited. A slight financial setback, however, had prevented Mr. Webster from opening his agency. On account of this he was willing to let Jefferson become his partner and share the enormous profits which were sure to come if he would invest in the business the absurdly small sum of seventy-five dollars.

Jefferson listened closely to Mr. Webster's exposition of his gold-lined proposition. The thing seemed logical, and from the fineness of his raiment it was evident that its promulgator knew how to make money. Therefore, to become associated with Mr. Webster would probably mean the beginning of better days for Jefferson. Before he had decided either pro or con, Mr. Webster handed him a circular, advertising the new agency. Jefferson looked at the first page. It read:

"The Universal Kicking Agency, Sam'l W. Webster, Pres. & Treas.
All Kinds of Kicking Neatly and Efficiently Done.
Our Motto: Say it with bricks."

A glance at the last line was enough to decide Jefferson.

"Naw, suh. Ah ain't gwine have absotively nothin' to do with this thing if they's any bricks in it," he said firmly, indicating with a bony finger the obnoxious motto.

"Oh, that motto don't mean nothin'," assured Mr. Webster. "You see, it's just a figment of speech."

Jefferson was pacified, and negotiations were resumed. Under the influence of Mr. Webster's flowery persuasion, Jefferson finally became convinced that to invest in the Universal Kicking Agency meant untold wealth for him. Accordingly, to the delight of Mr. Webster, he drew forth a good sized bank roll and counted out seventy-five dollars from it. Mr. Webster received the money graciously.

"You's a brick, Mistuh Johnsing," he declared warmly.

"Ah'se a which?" inquired Jefferson, belligerently.

Mr. Webster saw his mistake.

"Ah jes' made the remark that you was a good sport," he replied.

The two arose and walked out of the restaurant. Before they parted, Mr. Webster instructed Jefferson to meet him in the lobby of the Simpson hotel the next morning for the purpose of making definite arrangements regarding the opening of the agency. Then, bidding each other good night, they repaired to their respective lodging places with hearts made lighter because they had met.

'Twas with difficulty that Jefferson found

sleep that night, so filled was he with visions of his coming prosperity. Next morning he arose with the sun, and at eight o'clock, after what seemed ages of waiting, he hurried to the lobby of the Simpson hotel, where Mr. Webster was staying. As Mr. Webster had not made his appearance, Jefferson sat down to await impatiently that gentleman's arrival. Two hours passed, during which time the presence of Mr. Webster was notably conspicuous by reason of his complete and total absence. Finally, his impatience getting the better of him, Jefferson decided that if Mr. Webster wouldn't come to him he would go to Mr. Webster. Going up to the desk, he addressed the clerk:

"Say, Mistuh, kin you tell me whereabouts Mr. Webster's room is at?"

The clerk gave him a supercilious stare.

"Mistah Webster lef' las' night."

Jefferson felt of his limp bank roll, and emitted a wail of anguish.

"Lef'! Wheah did he go?"

"Mistuh Webster didn't inform me what his destitution was," returned the clerk icily.

Mechanically Jefferson left the hotel. As he plodded his homeward way, the fact began to dawn on him that he had been swindled; shamefully, irrevokably, and disastrously swindled. The realization of this caused anger to take possession of his usually peaceful mind. His indignation was naturally directed at the suave gentleman who had so promiscuously relieved him of his money. Gaining the privacy of his room, he sought relief by ably and vituperatively apostrophizing the absconded Mr. Webster. The anathemas he hurled at that person were the means of somewhat alleviating his anger, but they did not bring peace. Anger left him, and abject misery took its place.

For some time Jefferson sat in his room alone with his thoughts, which were perhaps the most melancholy thoughts that ever passed through human mind. At last, however, he resolved to go out and do something pleasant and forget the wretched mistake he had made. He decided to begin by having his shoes shined, an operation which had never yet failed to give him pleasure. Accordingly, he betook himself to an establishment dedicated to radiant footwear. He secured the best seat in the place; purchased a newspaper; leaned back in his chair; and decided that life wasn't so bad, after all. While the bootblack shined his shoes, Jefferson perused the want ad. columns of the paper, especially the "help wanted" row. One ad, which attracted his attention, read as follows:

"Wanted, several good bricklayers. Apply Smith Construction Co." Jefferson read it over slowly, three times; then, taking his knife, he cut it out and put it in his pocket.

FRIENDSHIP

An Essay

By W. S. Hoole

"The friends thou hast and their adoption tried
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade."

IN THE realm of human living and social environment, nothing can be more highly valued than a friend. One really lives only when one is with his friends. Somehow, those folk who are able to pass happily long hours of solitude, having for their sole happiness their own thoughts and only nourishing their own souls, have ever been to me a despairing admiration. For those persons who are able to shut themselves in a cage for long hours with their thoughts, constructing, so to speak, beautiful and orderly representation of their own spirits, are to me a mystery undefinable.

Yet we are aware that most of the good in life, that which is by far the most beautiful and which affects our highest emotions, is wrought out in solitude. But there is a "something," possibly describable, within us that leads us to shun these folk. Our friendship must have some kind of excitement; as a battery needs recharging, so our friendship does not spark automatically. It must have friction, something to rub against that will kindle our thoughts.

When we walk, we must have a friend to talk to or we shall not be able to think. We are not like some who believe that walking should be a kind of airing out, where the sun and air fills one with a diffused sense of well-being and shuts out all penetrative thought. Of course, it will be expected that out of doors, the wind will blow through the dusty regions of our mind and the sunshine will light up its dark corners and conversation will be made saner, higher and more joyful than within doors. But by being alone these things will not happen. One must have a friend along to open these shutters of his brain; for when alone one's thinking is as desultory as the scenery along the hillside. However, in company with a true friend, talking is liable to be as full of romantic surprises as a trip into the Alps. Good talk is like good scenery—continuous, yet ever changing—varying, yet full of excitement and joy. It will be wise then to call friends the influences that start to running again all the currents of thought and imagination in our minds. Then may not the books that we read and the plays that we see be called our friends also? In a degree, yes. All these are our friends as long as we find ourselves listening to them and talking with them, and no longer. The only difference in them is the response that they make in us. Our personal friends react in us—we in them—while the books and plays do not. We are possibly influenced a mite by them, but they are not influenced by us. We can approach them uncouthly or ungentlemanly, but they do not care. They are unchangeable; just one definite quality; just one thought to convey. After that they die, at least they have no more effect on us. Somehow the excitement of friendship does not lie with them; so inanimate, so lifeless, no spirit. Music, however, is somewhat different. One gets an elation with music; one is made to love the creation because it portrays the soul of the composer. Tell us the man who cannot love Wagner or Beethoven or Sousa after hearing some of their creations? That is real art—the reproduction of one's innermost soul.

But with friendship, as in contrast with books, both are responsive. One cannot have friends without being one. Yet one of the curious superstitions of friendship is that we somehow choose our friends. To the connoisseur in friendship, no idea could be more amazing and incredible. It is a mistake. Our friends are chosen for us out of the hidden laws of nature and not by our conscious wills. We do not have time in choosing friends to stop and study them—to see if they would be good friends. Life is too short for that. That kind of thinking would spring from the roots of selfishness in human nature, which makes us think that possession is happiness. "We have learned, on the contrary, that the glory of life is to love, not to be loved; to give and not to get; to serve, not to be served." We will gain nothing from our altruism of friendship. Our friends are made up instantly and constantly—either "friend or non-friend." If we are to like a man, we like him at once; only further acquaintance can broaden that affinity and understanding. If we are destined to be drawn to a person, we are drawn to him at once. If we do not respond to him he continues as if we had never met him; he does not live in our "little world." Association with these outcasts from our world is a torture rather than a joy. Probably we are not disliked by them but there is a strange gulf

that separates us; we are not at home in their world. A pall seems to hang over our spirits, we cannot make conversation, we are dumb. Our world does not interest them—theirs does not interest us—we are at sea in their presence. When with them our thoughts turn to ashes and die away like embers fallen from the fire to the hearth.

But what a difference with our friends. There are no distinct types, but each a singular, exhaustless personality with his own—our own—world of common interests about him. And those interests are real, vital, indispensable, woven into our own life—a part of us. Perhaps, after all, friendship is merely an attitude; we are most interested in those persons who are pointed the way we are going, with common interests, common pleasures and common likes and dislikes. The truest friendship must be mutual, sympathetic and sustaining. An important duty of friendship then is that we and our friends should live at our highest and best at all times.

For us then who have been fortunate enough to attain success or for us who have been so fortunate as to escape it, friendship should be a life-long adventure. With some friends we find ourselves brilliant, with some witty, and with some only the deepest subjects are discussed—but withal we must strive to keep our character at all times constant, always keeping the same mental tone and emotional standard. The subjects that are brought up by friendship should be perennially fresh. For, if we are so unfortunate as to wander into the realms outside of the time-worn subjects, we will be quickly reminded by a strangeness and chill of atmosphere. We must keep our common level or else we cannot keep friendship. The selfish outpouring of trouble and grief, the sharing of sufferings and ill treatments, and the air of sorrow expressed at each other's misfortune all seems to be the friendship of women, which at its best appears not to be as robust as the friendship of men. Friendship of children, too, seems to lack those finer qualities of unselfishness and forgiveness and equality. Only friendship of men can be labeled "true." Men are the only stable organs of mankind.

If then we are so dependent on our friends, so entirely responsive to them, do we not think that it would be only wise to secure for our friends the cream of our world? A man with only a few friends is only half developed; there are some sides of his nature that have never been unlocked. Such a man is in prison; his soul is in penal solitude. A man needs friends—he must get them as he would food or drink; they are as much his sustenance as the first. And if he would keep health and wealth he must keep his friends. Friends are wealth; he who has friends will never suffer for need. We know that a friend is better than money in time of need, or as in the "Romance of the Rose."

"Vaut miex amis en voie que ne font deniers en corroie."

As we possess the gift of influence over others, so we in turn are affected by every life that touches ours. Some men have a bad atmosphere, "like a rank, poisonous odor of noxious weeds, breeding malaria."[2] Others have a good atmosphere; we can breathe there in safety and be possessed with a joyful sense of security in knowing that from them our lives will be corrected and cultured.

There is nothing so important as the choice of friendship; it reflects both the character and affects it. It has been well said, "A man is known by the company he keeps." This is true; for his thoughts and acts and ambitions are revealed here. We are hindered by the weaknesses of our associates, we are helped by their goodness, sweetness and character. Friends, the greatest blessing which God bestowed on mankind, should be chosen by a higher order of selection, with a more scrutinizing eye than any worldly goods. They should be chosen first *for their character*—

for goodness, for truth and trustworthiness, for their sympathy with what is best in us, and because through them we are known. A relation that is based on physical roots withers when the first bloom is shed, and is as—

> ". . . Snow falls on the river,
> A moment white—then melts forever."

A friendship based merely on mundane affairs, purely earthly we shall say, is like all other earthly treasures, exposed to rust and decay, and they all must have an end. Therefore, let us so base our friendship that it shall be able to stand always against the storm of time, the fearful sea of ridicule or the beating lash of criticism. When we have so based our relationship we may safely say that we have friends—for it is known that we cannot have friends without being one. Trust your friends, love your friends, be a friend—all other roads to friendship are as quicksand.

AN OLD PIANO

A Poem

By W. C. Wallace

On its three spindle legs in a corner it sits,
  Unsteady, untuned, unsung.
Its finish is dull, and cracked in bits;
  It seems its curfew's rung.

The strings are rusted; its tune is mellow
  Beneath the rose-wood lid;
And the ivory keys are all turned yellow
  Since the day when I was a kid.

The hinge on the top is stiff and rusty,
  And screaks when it is moved;
And the pedals won't work and are so dusty,
  For the lack of one I loved.

She would sit on the stool, and then on my ear
  Her music, sweet and low,
With its runs and trills and chords of cheer
  Would fall like the purest snow.

Sweet lullabies from the North, and South,
  Quaint gems from France and Spain;
And then the ones that I loved the best
  She'd play to me again.

But now she is gone from this world of pain
  To the Heavenly heights above,
To add her bit to the charm of the strain
  Which sings of God's own love.

And still the old piano must stay where it sits,
  Unsteady, untuned, unsung.
Its finish is dull and cracked in bits.
  In truth, its curfew's rung.

"SO DIFFERENT, JOE"

A Story

By J. M. McKnight

A BIG FAN was whirling the obnoxious odors from the laboratory of Dr. Paul Thompson, head of the department of chemistry and biology at Lafayette College. The late afternoon of a hot summer day found Dr. Thompson still at work making a number of chemical analyses. His skill, accuracy and precision in chemical and biological tests were known far and wide, and had built him up a lucrative as well as pleasant sideline which he carried in addition to his professional duties at the college. Doctor he was, though only twenty-eight years old and a boy yet in countenance.

Dr. Thompson was perched on one of the familiar "lab" stools, before a desk of highly intricate apparatus in which his interest was entirely centered. He peered through a pair

of horn-rimmed glasses, first at his manual, then at his solutions ready for use.

"Joe, weigh me out five grams of sodium sulphate, quick!" the doctor called out to a tall, rather slender laboratory assistant at his elbow.

Joe threw up the glass window of the scale box and was in the act of tossing the sulphate on the pan when the telephone rang. He strove frantically to get the final grain of sulphate necessary to the perfect balancing of the pan, but in his hurried effort, dashed about two grams too much on the pan. This failure, together with central's persistent ringing, persuaded him to answer the phone. He hurried to the doctor's office, which was ideally situated between the chemistry and biology laboratories.

"Hello! Lafayette laboratories."

"May I speak to Dr. Thompson?"

"Want to speak to who? Dr. Thompson? All right, just a minute."

"Paul, a lady wishes to speak to you."

"A lady, you say," replied Dr. Thompson, as he ran his fingers through his hair, which was already bleached white in spots by habitual contact with his acid and chemically-stained fingers. "Wonder who in the Dickens it could be?" he sighed as he lifted the receiver.

"Hello! Paul Thompson speaking."

"Dr. Thompson, this is Miss Louise Mullins, teacher of biology at the high school."

"Yes, Miss Mullins."

"I just wanted to know if I could bring my class in biology over to your laboratory some afternoon this week when you were not real busy and let them get a glimpse of the paramecium and amoeba through your high power microscopes. They have been studying the amoeba the past week and are very eager to see one of them."

"Yes, ma'm, we will be delighted to have them come over at any time and use the laboratory."

"How about tomorrow afternoon? The children have more time on Friday."

"Tomorrow—that will be all right. How many are coming?"

"Sixteen."

"All right, we'll look for you about three o'clock tomorrow. Goodbye."

"That means we'll get nothing done tomorrow. You'd better be here, Joe, to help show them around and keep them from breaking up everything on the place."

"Is Miss Mullins coming?" queried Joe.

"Oh, yes. She's coming."

"She is the best looking woman in this town. I met her once at a dance. There'll be a half dozen or more high school girls in the bunch. We'll have a picnic tomorrow."

"Picnic, did you say? If they are picnics, I do not like picnics."

"Why?"

"You can't depend on a single one of them. They will deceive you in the most vital transactions. They are like all parasites. Stick to you when you're flush and prosperous, and drop you like a hot poker when failure stares you in the face or when they have a chance to swing on to one with a more aristocratic pace."

"That's all nonsense, Paul. Who told you such bunk?"

"Nobody told me, Joe. I learned it in the hard school of experience."

"How? When?"

"Back in my Senior year at Penn State, I had a lovely girl friend. We had been going together for over two years and were engaged to be married in a few months. She was the fairest flower I ever cast my eyes upon, one whom but to look at was to love. I was one of the happiest men in the world and felt a pervasive content just in being near her. About that time father's business went down in a crash. And then—" He paused and fumbled a test tube in his hand.

"But how did that affect her?"

"Then she postponed the wedding—first for three months, then indefinitely. Of course with the fall came the loss of power and social prestige. I went right to work to finish my college course. About that time an interloper, a young prosperous lawyer of pedigreed ancestry, came upon the scene. He, with his wit, humor and poetic tongue made my Waterloo. I was unable to give the costly flowers and candy that he sent around each week, and soon I received a note saying it could never take place. She jilted me for a wealthier."

"Don't take it so serious, Paul. She is but one among thousands that grace this earth. Forget it. That was but a boyish fancy with more boyish babble."

"Forget my one true love! Can one love twice? Do you not know that love is love forevermore? Man, no lapse of moons can wash away those tragic memories. It is too deep for any quaff of nepenthe."

"Remember the old proverb— 'If you don't at first succeed—' "

"No. I'm through with them, Joe. They're all alike, a set of vain, frivolous things that have to be endured. I buried myself in science, and today I have an interest so compelling that nothing else interests me. I can sit down in my laboratory and make or remake things at my will. When I tire of chemistry I go across to my biology room and watch the lowest forms of protoplasm in their life processes."

With this, he turned and busied himself again in the analysis which he had begun.

Friday at five minutes after three, two cars rolled up before the laboratory. Dr. Thompson saw a large aggregation of boys and girls getting out of the cars.

"Joe, they're here! You can meet them."

"All right, everything is all set, Paul."

Joe advanced to the front steps to meet them.

"Hello, Miss Mullins, come right in."

"How are you, Joe? Haven't seen you in a long time," she began.

"Dr. Thompson, meet Miss Mullins."

Dr. Thompson stared confusedly at a small brunette of amazing beauty. A great mass of dark wavy hear, sparkling blue eyes and a distinctive lip all her own, caused an acceleration in his heart beat and a breaking effect in his breathing. Immediately in his mind rose the image of his Annie of college days, one in whom he thought the sun rose and set, one who possessed the very quintessence of the alluring charm of love. In rapid succession came also the vivid but half remembrances of her false fidelity, the cozening hand she had played, and of the soul of lead she left him. But quick as a flash all these memories were gone, when he again glanced at the Elysian creature. All those dire things could not be possible of such a one. She was more than a woman—something divine. His scrutinizing gaze, together with his momentary and awkward pause, caused the cheeks of Miss Mullins to blush with a rosy tint.

"I—I am indeed charmed to meet you, Miss Mullins."

"So this is Dr. Thompson. I thought you were an old grey-haired professor. My! but I've heard some nice things about you."

"About me?"

"Yes, you."

"What irony. Come right through to the biology room, Miss Mullins."

The two wended their way into the "lab" room, followed closely by Joe and the students.

Joe had dressed up for the occasion, having on a clean white shirt and a "nifty" black bow tie that gave more the impression of a "tea-hound" than a "lab" assistant. Paul was in his usual attire.

"Give me you attention just a moment," said Dr. Thompson, "then you can go ahead. At the side of each microscope are two slides, one containing the amoeba and the other the

paramecium. Look carefully at both of them, but do not turn or change the microscope, as they are all adjusted. Two of you can work at each microscope. Joe, you get in with them and show them anything they want to know."

Joe waltzed in a nimble movement in and out the long row of student, pausing a little longer here than there.

"Isn't this wonderful? I don't have to do a thing. You and Joe are doing it all. Listen, you don't rate this, do you, Dr. Thompson?" she asked as she pointed to the Phi Beta Kappa key hanging from his watch chain.

He smiled assent.

Miss Mullins stood reclining on the table near the window, while Dr. Thompson perched himself on one of the stools near his laboratory apparatus, so that if he ran out of anything to say, he could at least have something to finger and feign interest in.

They talked in a leisurely and random way of everything from a highly mechanical device of the laboratory to hikes and walks at a mountain resort.

Two hours passed, during which the students saw and pretended to absorb all Joe gave them. As the sun had progressed far in its westward course, a motion began to be heard for adjournment. The motion was carried, there being but the two dissenting votes of Joe and Dr. Thompson. The crowd filed out of the laboratory, followed at some distance by Dr. Thompson and Miss Mullins, who before parting received mutual assurance of meeting each other again.

When they had gone, Dr. Thompson returned to his "lab" stool in a pensive mood.

"Did I ever love before? Impossible! I never saw true beauty till this afternoon. In all my experience, in all my acquaintances, never have I found such a one as this."

That evening Dr. Thompson and Miss Mullins were seen together at the opera, during which they decided to "can" all formalities and be just plain Louise and Paul. After that they were often seen together riding around in his big roadster, not only in the city but out to the suburban points of interest. Yes, he had fallen completely and hopelessly under her charm.

Paul and Joe were again in the laboratory late one afternoon testing some milk for a local dairy.

"Paul, who was it you were out riding with the other evening?" began Joe, grinning.

"Louise Mullins. Didn't I tell you about it, Joe?"

"No. How did it happen?"

"I took her to the opera that evening and have been out riding with her three times this week. She is really wonderful, Joe. Almost captivating."

"Paul, that is a joke on you. What has happened to change you so quick? A week ago you were brooding and railing over the way Annie had treated you back at Penn State, and now you are in the clutches of love again, more hopelessly lost than ever."

"I know, Joe, but this is different."

"Different? My! how you did 'low-rate' them all last week and called them parasites that had to be endured. Paul, do you remember how you committed yourself to the calm, quiet, sequestered path of a bachelor to enjoy his freedom and reveries forever?"

"Yes, Joe, but you don't understand—perhaps can't understand," sighed Paul. "It is a unique, rather singular situation. She is not like all the others—the great mass I referred to. She could not deceive you. She is higher, purer, nobler—so near to the ideal that I have long sought, but never till now attained."

A pause—

"She is simply different, Joe, so different from all others I have known."

EASTER

A Poem

By H. M. Patrick

In a far off distant country,
On a happy Sabbath morn
As the chilling winds of winter ceased to blow;
As the trees put out their foliage,
And the birds began to sing,
And the buds upon the trees to blossoms grow.

As the snows of winter melted,
In the sunshine of the spring,
And the mocking bird sang sweetly from above.
There appeared at early morning
At the entrance to the tomb,
Women looking for the one they'd learned to love.

When they reached the deathly chamber,
Where the body of the Christ
Had been laid with tender care three days before,
There appeared to them two angels
Dressed in white and shining robes,
Who a message of the risen Master bore.

"Christ is risen, Christ is risen,"
Was the message that they brought
On this Easter morn so many years ago.
For the sacred tomb was empty,
As the Christ had gone away.
Giving us a sign of life forevermore.

Christ is still alive this springtime,
Walking with us all the while.
Trying hard to be our shepherd all the way.
If we only take and trust Him
And invite Him in our hearts,
We shall see His blessed, shining face some day.

DR. CARLISLE

An Essay

By E. R. Culler

MAY THE 4th, 1825, saw the birth of a child who, as a man, was to be a great molder of the characters of young men. This was Dr. James Henry Carlisle. He was born at Winnsboro, S. C. His father was a farmer and physician. Dr. Carlisle descended from a family noted for centuries for the scholars it had furnished. His parents immigrated to America from the northern part of Ireland about 1818.

Naturally, Dr. Carlisle's first school days were spent at Winnsboro, the place of his birth. For some reason his parents left Winnsboro and moved to Camden, S. C., and there Dr. Carlisle continued his education.

It is recalled that on one occasion a teacher compelled him as a punishment to write upon his slate these words: "Stupid Goose," and show it around to the rest of the scholars. "Aren't you ashamed, 'Stupid Goose?'" asked the teacher as the performance was concluded. Quick as a flash the boy answered, with outraged feelings, "No, I am not ashamed, because it is a lie."

After finishing school at Camden, he was ready to enter college. In 1842 he rode from Camden to Columbia on horseback and entered the Sophomore class of the South Carolina College. He was hardly prepared to enter college, but by hard work and much sacrifice he graduated with second honor. For the next ten years he taught school. In those days the school master had to collect his own fees. Dr. Carlisle said that rather than go to the pupils' parents requesting the payment

that was due him, he would have preferred going to work and earning it again.

He was married to Miss Margaret Jane Bryce, of Columbia, in 1848. She was one of the most faithful of all wives, and his deep reverence for her was shown in many utterances. They lived happily together for forty-three years, but this happiness abruptly ended in 1891, when she was called to rest. She was the mother of four children, two of whom died in infancy, and two of whom, Miss Sarah Herbert Carlisle and James H. Carlisle, Jr., survive their parents.

In 1850 Benjamin Wofford died, leaving one hundred thousand dollars to be used in establishing a Methodist institution of learning. The college bearing his name was opened in August, 1854.

Dr. Carlisle's first connection with Wofford College seemed to be accidental, and was certainly not expected by him. He says, "I went to the South Carolina Conference at Newberry. I had registered at the hotel and was going upstairs, when I met several gentlemen coming down. Brother Stacy said to me, 'I congratulate you. Wofford College has just been organized and you have been elected professor of mathematics.' I was greatly surprised because I had not been a candidate."

Dr. Shipp, the second president of Wofford College, resigned in 1875 to accept a position in Vanderbilt University. Dr. Carlisle was now made president of Wofford, and to this work and Wofford he devoted the remainder of his life.

Dr. Carlisle was never a money-grabber. On many occasions he was offered positions higher than the presidency of this institution and which paid larger salaries, but Dr. Carlisle was too much a lover of Wofford to let money interfere. For instance, in the early seventies, he was drawing only a few hundred dollars in depreciated paper money at Wofford, when he was offered a position at a college in California, which paid $2,000 a year in gold. He was also twice sought as the president of his Alma Mater, but nothing could induce him to leave Wofford, the institution that he loved so well.

Dr. Carlisle was a man of great intellectual ability, who could have become a money king, a great politician, or the president of some greater institution of learning; however, he chose to serve his God at Wofford. All the students loved him, and he will always be in the hearts of those whom he taught. The boys called him their Dr. Carlisle, and said that he was just like a mother to them. The phrase, "Young men, don't drift," will always linger in the ears of his pupils.

Dr. Carlisle once said to a class: "Each man of you can live a pure, honest and godly life. In this way you can preach a sermon to the world greater than has been preached by our greatest ministers." There are many men who have been made to live better lives by the silent influence of Dr. Carlisle. His life was made great, not by great speeches nor by books written, but by the way he lived. His manner of living will never be forgotten. Many times he has been referred to as the man who lived most nearly the Christ-life.

Dr. Charles Forster Smith dedicated a volume of "Reminiscences and Sketches" to Dr. Carlisle as "The best man I have ever known and the most potent human influence in my life." This is only one instance; all others who knew Dr. Carlisle thought and felt the same towards him. Some may ask what was the secret of this widespread confidence in the man. Dr. Smith answered this question exactly when he said: "It was character." Dr. Carlisle created an atmosphere where young men would always look to higher ideals, and as I have mentioned before, his greatest success was the molding of young men's characters in a way that would make them upright men and the right kind of citizens. He realized that the future of a nation depends on the young men of today.

These are the words of J. J. McSwain, though he was never a student under Dr. Carlisle: "Though by more than half a century of service Dr. Carlisle was the especial possession of Wofford College, yet by his life and living, and his death and memory, he becomes the property of all the people of the State." This shows what many thought of him, although they never had the opportunity of knowing him as an instructor.

At his death, articles and short comments appeared in all the leading newspapers of this State, and also in many outside of the State. I wish to mention only one of the many articles—the article published in the *World's Work:* "He was never a preacher but always a teacher, and what he taught was never science and literature, but character." This was always the most important theme of Dr. Carlisle's life—to teach to young men "character."

The house that Dr. Wallace now occupies was the home of Dr. Carlisle, and there he was called by the Great Master at 7:45 on the morning of October 26, 1909. One characteristic of the funeral service was its simplicity. A great number of people were present, including a great number of colored people; for he was a friend to all. The funeral service was held in front of the college chapel. After the service, the corpse was borne up College Street and down Magnolia through two solid lines of school children to its last resting place. In this cemetery, directly across from the Southern depot, many of our good old Southern families have laid their loved ones to rest. Among the many tombstones there is one of pure white marble that should be of especial interest to every Wofford man, and that is the one in memory of our dear and beloved "Dr. James H. Carlisle."

May the 4th, the anniversary of his birth, is now drawing near, and on this day there will be many fond memories in the hearts of all who knew him. We who are here today never knew Dr. Carlisle personally, though we know enough of him to know that he was one of the greatest sons South Carolina has ever produced, and that his hard work and sacrifice made Wofford what it is today.

If we thought more of Dr. Carlisle and the principles for which he stood, perhaps life would take on a fuller and deeper meaning for us.

OUR MODERN MIRACLE MAN

A Sketch

By W. K. Wynn

THE MIRACLES of today, which are made possible by the numerous inventions of this age, are so very common that little imagination is needed in order to believe those recorded by the ancients. None except those miracles savoring of the highest type of wonderment are capable of exercising our incredulity in this present day of inventions. For instance, we give little thought and show virtually no astonishment to the fact that a man who answers to the name of Ford has erected a factory which has such miraculous powers that it can quickly transform discarded cans, garden hose, and broken glass into four wheel vehicles which strongly resemble automobiles. No, for this reason and others equally as commonplace, we cannot be stirred by miracles unless they are powerful enough to shake this old globe of ours. There was a general dilation of eyes, stretching of necks, and violent scratching of heads when the radio made it possible for the human voice to be heard the world over without any visible means of its conveyance. There is now no longer any cause for awe from that source, for it has become an every-day occurrence.

I saw a miracle Saturday which, I believe, is well worth my time to attempt to sketch, but whether it is well worth your time to attempt to read, that is very doubtful, unless your reading comes chiefly from the comics and the dime novel source, in which case you may afford to waste a few minutes here. The mere fact that I took notice of this miracle in the presence of numberless others must signify that it possessed a much more potent quality for exciting my awe than did the others; hence it must have been a miracle of the highest type—it was.

As I stood on one of our less prominent streets I saw a—well, yes I shall indulge in flattery—a MAN, walking in a stooped position as if he bore a huge burden on his shoulders, which was as unrelenting as was Christian's. The burden seemed just as efficient in retarding his progress as did Christian's, but this burden was slightly misplaced; the stranger carried it on his feet. When I looked there I fully realized that it was adequate to cause his stooped position. In addition to the weight of the brogans, which he wore on his feet, there was an equal weight of red clay on the brogans. He was dressed in overalls, over which he wore a resurrected coat, which had long since been in the process of decay. His unusually large, shapeless felt hat, which was besmeared with paint, mud and grease, served him for a head dress. It seemed to me that the hat was far too small to render its most needful service—that of concealing, as much as possible, the haggard face beneath it. It was obvious that his face (I trust that I am using the correct term for that part of his anatomy which I wish to describe, for it was as well disguised as the face of a hedgehog when he prepares for action), had not been disturbed by razor, rag or soap for at least a fortnight. The large hat was even less effective in concealing his long tangled hair, which grew to such an unusual length that it rested on his shoulders. This excessive length of hair did not seem to be without a mission; in the capacity of a whisk broom it functioned perfectly. With every motion of his head this unique whisk broom thoroughly brushed the dandruff from his shoulders as fast as it fell. As a matter of fact, this was the only sign of tidiness which he possessed. It seemed too bad that this only virtue of his neatness should so hopelessly detract from itself merely because the whisk broom was set in operation unconsciously by its owner.

As I stood watching this unsightly figure walk down the street, I noticed that he stopped in front of a shop, and after some minutes of deliberation, which consisted chiefly of raising his hat, running his fingers through his hair, and then with a similar stroke through the hair on his face, he entered the shop. I continued to look toward the shop, but I did not see him come out. From the distance at which I was standing I could not determine the business of the shop in which the (wild) man entered. I moved closer that I might satisfy my curiosity. The first things that attracted my attention were the figures twenty-five and fifteen. These were painted on the glass front with yellow paint in huge size type. I naturally thought that a remarkable sale was in progress, so I quickened my step in order that I might not be excluded. As I drew closer I could now see written in front of the colossal twenty-five cents—hair cut; and in front of the fifteen cents—shave. The mystery was solved. The previously described animal, which I ventured to call man, seemed to think that he might possibly need a shave and probably also a hair cut; or at least he was human enough to know a bargain when he saw one, and would avail himself of the opportunity whether he felt the immediate need of such a luxury or not.

As I am not addicted to street loafing, I realized as never before the absence, and therefore the need, of those qualities which make our experts in this business so graceful

at their post of duty. That knack of changing loafing from an avocation to a vocation, and in addition to that making it appear to rank among the most worthy of all vocations; that knack seemed to be none of mine, for I was feeling extremely uneasy on the street. I was determined to see the miraculous transformation which doubtless was going on within the barber shop, yet I did not care to remain in my present position in order to see it. My hair was somewhat less in need of cutting than the stranger's, but I thought it well worth a quarter to see a miracle, so I stepped inside the shop. I was too late, however, to see the transformation while it was in progress. I could see nowhere the nonentity which I saw enter; he simply was not there, yet I was certain that he had not gone out. I did see a gentleman dressed in working clothes of identically the same kind; but this man walked in an erect position, his hair was well groomed, and his face fairly gleamed with freshness and cleanliness. His shoes, though not highly polished, were compatible with his other clothing. The fact that he had been working under rather undesirable surroundings was evident, but this fact only made the word gentleman all the more applicable. After I had carefully searched over the entire barber shop for the nondescript which I saw enter, and had not found one who had the slightest resemblance in clothing or hair to him except the clothing of the gentleman who was preparing to leave, I was forced to believe that it was he. The gentleman now put on his hat, yes, it was the same greasy, dirty felt hat which the biped wore who stalked abroad on the street a few minutes before. A miracle of miracles had taken place, an anthropoid had been changed into a gentleman within the short period of twenty minutes. When I submitted myself to the barber it was not without a feeling of awe towards one who possessed such potent transforming powers. It was not difficult for me to single out the owner of the shop—he wore a troubled expression on his face. He was perfectly justified in doing so, for if many persons of this transforming type took advantage of the reduced rates which he offered, his establishment was surely in grave danger of bankruptcy.

Before the barber had completed his miracle on me I saw several semi-civilized men enter the miracle shop and saw them in the act of transformation. I did not see one, however, that would serve even as a simile to describe the first one. As I saw these miracles in operation I could no longer remain incredulous to the infinite potential powers within a razor and a pair of clippers. Aladdin with his lamp, and Cinderilla with her slipper are exceedingly mystifying; but not one iota more than the barber with his razor. The barber is far superior in his transforming power to Henry Ford with his enormous factory. Ford can only transform apparently useless inanimate objects to (so some people affirm) useful ones. The barber can, with a few dexterous strokes of his razor, transform a beast into a gentleman. Since my little experience Saturday there remains no doubt as to who holds first place among our modern miracle men—it is the barber.

D'AR LUKE

A Letter

By W. S. Hoole

(This letter is supposed to be written by a Western North Carolina mountaineer to his friend, who is attending college in a city. The brogue used is as I remember from my personal contact with them. These common folks have a deep appreciation for nature, as I have tried to portray. Luke is a nickname for his friend, Lucile.)

D'ar Luke,

Yea, mum, hit shore war a ex'clent letter that come ter me from ye. I swar, I haint never got one that wuz so well writ an' sounded so much a-like po'try. Sum'how thar is sum'what uv a melodie to tha tune uv yo'r writin' that appeals ter me. Perhaps hit be yo'r manner uv writin'—an' then hit may habeen yo'r thoughts—but, jes' tha same hit simply rings like the bell the city folks have with song. Hit kinda makes a man feel like he haint so much atter all, an' that thar be jes' cart-loads o' folks better'n him. Espes'ally since hit comes at this har time o' y'ar when a man feels like a-kickin' his fire-logs so's to turn tha t'other side which is the hottes' to him; an' tha rain a-comes a-pouring, an' tha whip-o'-will she's a-whippin' her las' note, an' a man what calls hisself a man kinda yearns to be out under yan woods; I say a letter like yourn sho' makes a man feel p'culiar. Wal, not so p'culiar a'that, fer 'tis a good 'un, but sort'o leads him ter b'lieve that deep in yo'r heart yu got a tender spot that jes' a-heaped full o' all manners o'goodness an' loveliness an' whit. Yu know a feller kinda likes that in a gal too, fer gals is supposed ter be jes' a bund'l o' things whats good. An' as the city folks say, "Ye haint no except'shun."

I'm so everlas'in'ly glad, I swar, that ye had a good time with me when I vis'ted ye t'other day. Hit caint help a feller from a-feelin' gran' when he knows he's pleased sum'body, an prob'ly made um feel a lil'l better tow'd things in gen'ral. Ye know atter all life haint nuthin' but a suc'session o' attempts ter be happy: very few people ever attain tha goal but all the same life is made a trifle sweeter 'n better by 'um tryin' ter be happy. Sum time I think uv the cribs full o' folks that haint happy, an' that kinda gives me a new lease on life, an' a feller caint help from a-thankin' God fer whut he's a-done fer him. All folks could be happier if they'd reely try. 'Course I don' mean tha folks o' Ash'vil', caz a feller never wuz known ter be full o' joy whar thars street c'yars an' high buildin's that shut out tha fine-pretty mont'ins an yan green trees, an' no matter how fur he goes a-crickin' his neck he caint see the mornin' star an' the forest o' leaves when they git their beautifulles' kiver. Som'how, Luke, I kaint see ter me, save m'soul, how a man can stand ter stay in a city. Maybe he don' know hit, he's a-missin' jes' about the only way what God has uv a-tellin' things to us critors? Tha pines comes a-whistlin' ter us in a kinda murmur—thats God a-whisperin'; an' when tha French Broad comes a-tricklin' down over tha slick rocks, thats God a-talkin'; an' that thar wrenny bird a-hollerin' in the hills, thats God a-whistlin' to us an' a-tellin' us how he luvs us an' how we oughtta luv Him. He's shore good ter us—some'time I wander if thars anybody what don' luv Him.

Ye say ye got so much o' his'try paralel ter do that ye haint very happy this week. I'm shore sorry fer ye 'cause I don't imagine t'is a very pleasant job an' as fer me, I'd a-lots ruther be out h'ar a-shuckin' corn an' a-watchin' the sheep a-blawtin'. An' at night when God lays His blanket o' darkness over tha Blue Ridge, I'd ruther be out har whar I kin watch tha pretty lady flies—her wings all green, a-splotted with red, an' foller tha fire-

flies which goes a-flittin' through tha darkened shadows an' a-lightin' up all the brakes and bushes with tha twinklin's of hits lamp-light. An' while his lil'l red fire is a-shinin' a feller kin watch the full moon, which haint by no means a stranger in these parts, watch the ole moon a-sinkin' down beyon' old Blue B'ar. Now, listen Luke, I do b'leive that that'll do a feller a lot more a-good than all tha his'trys ever writ. I hope yu'll git over with tha stuff about Napolyun an' tha thirty Y'ars War a-fore long, then maybe ye kin enjoy tha freedom what wuz intended for li'll fine-pretty gals like ye.

Li'll gal I don' understan' what makes ye keep a-pluggin' ta that thar ivolushun, an' a-worryin' yo'r li'll head about hit fer. Ye kaint never understan' what God has done—thar haint no use a-tryin'. All I kin say concarnin' hit is jes' one man's opinion an' haint got ne'er bit o'weight with smart folks, caz I haint no short ways from bein' smart. Seems ter me all tha same that the three p'ints about one of these har monkeys (an' I haint never seen but on one uv um, an' he warn't wild—he war all caged up in a carcus what war in Ash'vil' a couple o' moons ago), the three pints about one uv these monkeys what makes him nearer like youan' me is that he shore'll *steal,* an' mos' uv us'll; an he's tha mos' *destrucktive* cri'tor thar be, an we haint fer from that; an' tha' mos' pinted is that one uv his greates' faults is that he's the greates' *imitator* thar be. He's always a-doin' sumpun' what som'body else's a-done, an' ye and me shore caint say that we haint like him in that ruspeck. Don' let me influence you thogh, Luke, 'cause I wouldn't have ye a-thinkin' ye be a monk fer tha wurld—yo'r too fine—pretty.

Now, Luke, I kinda hate ter stop but I guess y'ure kinda exhausted a-readin' this, but don' fergit that I haint had tha chance fer a edycashun like ye an' kaint write an' spell like tha city folks what allus a-tryin' ter civilize us out h'ar, as they call hit. Ye know I shore do wish that they'd leave us alone too, Luke, 'cause if bein' civilized is fergettin' the fine-pretty mount'ins an' not aseein' the 'lappin' rivers, an' not a-hearin' tha whip-o'wills an' orioles, an' not a-watchin' tha fire-flies a-flyin' about—wal, Luke, I guess I'd rather be ignorant, and never see no more uv Ash'vil' or Saludie—fer even then, Luke, I'd have my birds an' flowers an' trees an' mount'ins an', atter all, thats God—Luke, thats God.

Write ter me soon caz yo'r letters is always appreciated,

Yourn forever,

JOSH.

"TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING"

A Story

By D. L. West

A QUESTION much discussed by religious people is: "What is it right to pray for?" Some say that one should never pray for anything for himself; one's prayers should always be for the other fellow. Others contend that one's prayers should be concerning spiritual needs only. More liberal-minded persons, however, are not hampered by such restrictions, and declare that it is all right to pray for whatever is needed, regardless of who needs it or whether the want is a material or a spiritual one.

In this last category belong the farmer-folk who populate a little valley not far from the foot of the Blue Ridge mountains, designated as Muddy Creek Valley; so called from the creek of the same name which drains it. These good people firmly believe that prayers for material wants are justifiable, and they are fully convinced that such prayers are an-

swered. They have good reasons for believing as they do, too.

In the first place, this simple faith in prayer has been handed down to them by their forefathers. That these had not done so without first testing it themselves is evident from numerous local traditions which are often recounted by Muddy Creek firesides. Then, too, in the records of Muddy Creek church are many accounts of the early members having come together to pray that their crops be saved from some blight, or that some disease which was epidemic among the farm animals be cured, or for something else of just as material a nature. And, if the words of the older people can be relied upon, most of these prayers were answered. However, the present generation would have little to sustain its belief if this were the only evidence it possessed. Such is not the case, for within recent years the farmers of Muddy Creek have had several occasions to ask favors from heaven, and in more instances than one have their prayers been granted.

The last time such an occurrence took place was some three years ago. June and July of that year had been very hot and dry months in Muddy Creek Valley; so dry, and so hot, that Muddy Creek, which normally was a good-sized stream, had dwindled into a very small branch and seemed in danger of drying up altogether. As is to be supposed, the crops were in a fearful condition, actually looking as if they would literally burn up unless rain came soon. The farmers were discouraged; some of them planned to sell their farms and go to the city. Even the more serious-minded ones, who cautioned against such rashness, began to fear that they would lose their entire crops. Affairs in Muddy Creek Valley were bad.

The week for the protracted meeting at Muddy Creek church, the first week in August, rolled round, and still no rain. As the farmers had virtually quit work, there were big crowds at both services on the first day of the meeting. The misfortune brought on by the dry weather was also doubtless responsible for the large attendance; for, after all, people are never so religious as when they are in trouble.

After the evening service, Silas Fleming, the weather-beaten old chairman of the Board of Stewards, remained until the others were gone in order to talk to the preacher.

The preacher finished shaking hands and hurried to the front bench where Silas had taken a seat.

"Do you wish to see me about that matter which came up in the Steward's meeting this morning, Mr. Fleming?" he asked.

Old Silas ceased stroking his scraggly beard, gave his hawk-like old nose a final twist, and turned to face the young preacher.

"No, Mr. Martin. Thet ain't it. It's something more important thin thet."

"Yes, go on," encouraged the preacher.

"It's about this here drought we're having," continued Silas. "This thing is hitting us farmers mighty bad. I wanted to ast you about havin' a prayin'. Don't you think we orter?"

"A praying?" the preacher looked puzzled.

"Oh, I fergot you was a young feller. I don't reckin you're old enough to know what one is. It's been a good while since I've been to one. Well, to have a praying, you just git all the people to come together and—and—er—ah—" Silas had intended to say "exhortate," but the word slipped his mind at the crucial moment.

The preacher, seeing his difficulty, sought to aid him.

"And pray?" he suggested.

"And pray," concluded Silas.

"You want to pray for rain, of course?" asked the preacher.

Silas grunted assent.

The young preacher was new to his work, just out of college, and the idea was amusing

to him. There was a faint smile on his face when he spoke again.

"Your plan is new to me, Mr. Fleming; I've never been asked before to attempt to regulate the weather by calling a meeting, but if you wish it done, I will announce it tomorrow. Will you want me to do the praying?"

Old Silas' stare was almost contemptuous. The very idea of one man being able to do enough praying even to slake the layer of dust which now covered Mud Creek Valley!

"You kin help," he said finally, the same time emitting a peculiar snort.

Thus it was that announcement was made the next morning that on the following Sunday afternoon a special service would be held to pray for rain. This caused much comment during the next few days, as all announcements in Muddy Creek do. Most of the remarks made on the subject were favorable to the plan, for the farmers of Muddy Creek Valley are religious souls, who never doubt the efficacy of prayer. However, there was one cynic among them, a certain truck farmer by the name of Abe Morris, who had drifted into Muddy Creek from nobody knows where.

Friday morning, as Morris drove by the Fleming place on his way to town, Silas was busy watering a young peach tree growing by the side of the dusty road. He hailed Morris as the latter drove up, and Morris, who was eager for a morning chat, stopped his rickety old cart and got down.

They talked about what all farmers do; about the high price of fertilizer; about the low prices of milk and eggs; about the potato bugs; about the boll weevil. Naturally the conversation drifted into a discussion of the drought. Silas told of the meeting to be held Sunday, and, although he was fully aware of Morris's heretic ideas, he invited him to attend. Morris refused the invitation in a very impolite manner. It even seemed a cause for merriment. He slapped his leg with the whip he was carrying and laughed uproariously.

"Me praying! Whee! That's a good un."

He swung himself up into the cart, but before driving off he turned to deliver a parting taunt.

"If you old molly-coddles think you can bring down rain by getting together and making a lot of noise," he said to the outraged Silas, "why don't you get the brass band from town to come out and help you? It won't take you so long and you ought to get more rain."

Old Silas could muster no suitable reply, but shook his gnarled fist at the cloud of dust which enveloped the cart and driver as Morris drove away.

Although Sunday afternoon was blisteringly hot, a huge crowd assembled at Muddy Creek church to join in the special service. Practically everybody in the valley had turned out, from gray-haired granddaddies to squalling, rosy-cheeked babies. There were also farmers with their families from other churches and other communities. Hence it was early evident that the service was going to be a success so far as attendance was concerned.

And in regard to the quantity and quality of praying it produced, the meeting proved even more successful. To start the service off, an appropriate hymn, "There Shall Be Showers of Blessing," was sung. Then the preacher made a short prayer—short in comparison with some that followed, even if it did last nearly thirty minutes. After him, Silas Fleming started off and for nearly an hour pleaded eloquently and voluminously for rain. When he had finished, another took up the task, then another, and another, and so on until the afternoon was well spent. Long they prayed, and well; so well that if all the rain they asked for had been sent down, the earth would have suffered another deluge, which would have made the first one look like a mild April shower in comparison. It was about six o'clock when the meeting broke up, everybody satisfied and confident that rain would reward their efforts.

As if to confirm this expectation, dark

clouds began to form over the valley the very next day. Hopes were sent skyrocketing at this sign, only to be dashed to earth, when, after sprinkling a few meager drops over the parched land, the clouds passed on.

Three more days of intense heat passed by. On the morning of the fourth, when the people of the valley rose from their sleep, they were overjoyed to see that the sun was hidden and the whole heaven overcast by dark, threatening clouds. The rain for which they waited so long and prayed so earnestly would soon begin to fall, they thought.

But as the morning wore away no change in the weather occurred. The clouds remained as black and ominous looking as ever, but no rain fell from them. Noon came: still no rain. Morning gave way to afternoon; the time dragged on slowly. Five o'clock came, but the heavens remained unchanged. People began to fear that the clouds would disappear or be blown away and there would be no rain. Their hopes began to rise again though, when reports came in saying that Muddy Creek was rising. This meant that it was raining in the mountains, for Muddy Creek has its source there.

At five-thirty a chilling breeze from the mountains swept through the valley. By five-forty-five this had changed into a strong blast, sweeping the dust into the air in all directions. At six o'clock it began raining.

All that night it rained; and it was not one of the drizzling rains, but a rain which thundered on tin roofs and roared down red gullies, and bent the branches of trees with its might. It was a downpour such as Muddy Creek had seldom known.

The people of Muddy Creek had prayed for rain. They got it, but it was not until the next morning that they knew just how much. They went out to view the rejuvenated land, now basking in the radiance of an amiable sun. They found it very beautiful, at least what of it was not under water. Much of it was, for during the night Muddy Creek had overflowed its banks, submerging hundreds of acres of corn in the bottoms. The blessing was not without its woe.

Most of the farmers assumed a philosophical attitude toward the flooding of the bottoms. Since no one had lived in them, no lives had been lost. Of course the destruction of the corn crops which had been planted there was a serious setback, but the other crops were saved. Before it had looked as if they would lose all the crops on account of the dryness. Hardly a man in the valley grumbled, and all agreed that the rain was the direct result of their prayers. That is, everyone did except Abe Morris.

Abe drove by Silas Fleming's place on the morning after the rain and stopped again for a talk with the old man.

Silas' first words were:

"Well, what do you think of our prayin' now?"

Morris grinned good-naturedly.

"Aw, go on. I hope you don't think you fellers praying had anything to do with it raining last night."

"I'm as sure of it as I am thet I've got a nose on my face," retorted Silas, touching the part of his physiognomy to which he referred.

"Well, how do you explain the fact that it was such a flood?" queried Morris.

Old Silas smiled complacently.

"It's like this," he said, "We just prayed too derned hard."

SPRING

A Poem

By E. H. Gregg

Soft sunlight filters through the air,
And voices waken everywhere,
For Spring is here!
A distant haze enchants the hills;
Sweet murmurs come from all the rills;
A spirit thrills!

The bumble-bee drones drowsily
Among the blooms and shrubbery
In peaceful glee;
With visions vague the mind is filled,
And dreamy fancy comes, strong-willed,
Bright hopes to build.

And gentle breezes whisper light,
And silvery starlight fills the night
And robes the sky in splendor bright.
Aurora fresh from sleep awakes,
On trembling dew the sunlight shakes,
The morning air a fragrance takes.

For Spring is here! For Spring is here!
Let life awaken everywhere!

THE CASKET SAFE

A Story

By J. G. Huggin

THE CLOUDS had been hanging low since noon. They seemed unwilling to let the sun pierce their thickness with even a single ray before it dropped unseen behind the horizon. The air was still but not heavy. It did not seem possible, my friend remarked, that it could even rain to disturb the bleak monotony of the atmosphere.

The old forest road along which we were walking showed signs of having once been a thoroughfare; but now young sprouts and a little grass occasionally appeared rising out of the dead leaves. Frequently we were compelled to step over a dead tree that had fallen across the road.

"How much farther is it?" I asked. It seemed that we had walked an incredibly long way, much more than four miles from the little village where John lived.

"It isn't much farther now. Tired?" asked my companion, who never tired, I thought, of walking. "There's a difference between walking through the woods and on paved streets as you and I do at college," John remarked knowingly.

A sudden turn of the road, and there, set back from it some fifty yards, stood the old Grayson Mansion. The low stone wall surrounding it was mostly bare of vines. The growth of wild things about the house was scarce; only the weeds, it seemed, were able to flourish. The old building was large and desolate—a big two-story structure built of gray stone. The windows were covered with warped, uneven, black boards, making the old house look as if it were trying to hide some shame by holding skeleton hands before its eyes.

We both stood and looked in silence at the deserted home.

"The lower room on the right," said John, "is where Madame Grayson was strangled to death. But let us go on in before dark," he added hurriedly. "If you will gather a little fuel, I will arrange our supper."

Although my friend appeared cheerful enough, I could not but feel somehow depressed. It seemed that we were trespassing. But no one lived here, why should not we enjoy ourselves for a little while in the old

house? As for the tales and superstitions in the mouths of the simple people of the community regarding this old house, bah! Nothing to them.

Thomas Grayson thought he had discovered a rich vein of gold in these mountains. He had built this house and furnished it magnificently, then brought a French woman to be its mistress. The vein had disappeared quickly, and Grayson was ruined. The French woman, who was said to have had other husbands, was found strangled to death in one of the rooms of the old house the day the mines were deserted.

We went to the front door, which we found not locked. It swung open easily, and we stepped into a long, dark, high-ceiled hall. The atmosphere was damp and musty. A sense of age and decay pervaded the building. There was no furniture to be seen, and the hall was completly bare except for a stone staircase at the back that wound up into the second story and down into the basement.

We chose the left front room in which to spend the night. It was also bare and dank. In the large fireplace we kindled a fire and prepared a meagre supper, which neither of us enjoyed very much.

As the night came on the air outside began to stir gently. And on going to the window my companion remarked that the moon, which we had depended upon, was hidden by dark clouds. "The wind is rising too," he said, "and before morning I believe it will blow hard."

"If it is going to get cooler, let us go get some more fuel," I said. Acting on my suggestion, we went out to hunt some wood by the light of a small electric torch. Having strayed a little way from my friend in search of wood, I suddenly stopped. I thought I could make out an object moving stealthily through the trees. In a moment it had vanished. I walked closer, but could see or hear nothing. I called to John and told him about it, but he only laughed, and I joined him in his mirth.

Towards midnight the wind was blowing considerably, and often we could hear a loose board creak or a door somewhere in the old house swing back and forth with a whine. We were beginning to get sleepy, and at John's suggestion we rolled onto our blankets before the fire. I was somewhat fatigued by the walk through the woods, and in a short while was fast asleep. But even before I had drifted into dreamland, I knew by his steady breathing that my friend was sleeping.

It must have been a little after midnight that I awoke suddenly and found myself wondering what had awakened me. It seemed that in a dream I had heard a gentle tapping as of a hammer against iron. I listened intently. The wind was blowing somewhat harder. That door was still swinging, and its monotonous, creaking sound worried me. I noticed the fire had died to only a few smouldering embers.

I arose to replenish the fire, and lay back down. I was dozing again when a very low but distinct noise came, it seemed, from the direction of the cellar under the back of the house. A low metallic tap-tap, and then a sound as of a key trying to be turned in a lock. I listened intently for a few minutes to make sure that I was not dreaming, and then I called John. We listened for some moments. Distinctly we could hear a succession of taps, then a low, grating sound; the taps again, and again that peculiar, nerve-racking grinding sound.

We decided in a whispered consultation to investigate, and arose and began to slip stealthily out of the room. My friend said he would lead the way and not use the light that he was carrying. And so we started down the long, bare old hall, feeling our way towards the back of the corridor. Each time that I put out my hand and touched the cold stone wall, a shiver ran through me. The tapping had

become less frequent now, and presently it ceased altogether.

After what seemed a very long time, John whispered to me to turn sharply and start down steps. I put out my hand, and just as I touched the marble balustrade, there came from the basement a low, weird, screaking sound of rusty iron against iron. Then all was complete silence. We both had stopped, but at a tug from John we started very slowly and quietly down the steps. I was impatient, but my companion moved very slowly, with no noise whatever. Once I nearly missed a step and caught my breath with a slight start. I received an emphatic pull on my coat for the noise I had made. We presently came to a landing, turned sharply, and started descending again, still more slowly. It seemed that we had gone down a great number of steps, and still we were going down. Would we ever get to the bottom of this dismal hole? The air had become much damper. The stone balustrade was slick and slimy, the darkness was thick and heavy.

I felt my companion stop. We had reached the bottom. We knew not where we were or what was before us. There was only impenetrable darkness. I had a vague, haunting, fearful feeling that we were not alone in this place of dreadful darkness. John leaned over to me, and putting his mouth close to my ear, whispered hoarsely that he was going to turn on the light. I did not answer him, but waited in horrible anticipation. He whispered to me to ask if I was ready. Suddenly a blinding light revealed the room to us.

Straight before us, not twenty feet away, stood an open casket. Even as we looked, it trembled, and an unearthly yell rent the air. The casket banged shut with an awful clanging sound, and from behind it there arose something with long white hair, which with raised arms and demoniac yells hurled something at our heads.

The spell broken, we turned and tore back up the steps. A moment and we were in the hall; a second and we had reached the front door; another moment and we were in the road outside.

We stopped and listened. Not a sound could be heard. Even the wind had almost ceased to blow, and the moon was peeping from behind white clouds.

"What was it?" I asked.

"A fool question," was the reply.

"And we shall leave our blankets—"

"Till in the morning."

"Meanwhile?" I inquired.

"Keep company with the owls out here. Yonder is a good log to sit on, and it is in the moonlight," said John.

The night wore away slowly. I had begun to get sleepy again in spite of myself, when John called my attention to a faint gray light in the east. I watched it as it turned to a dull red; to a flaming red; and then the sun was up, casting long shadows among the trees, and in the open places making the dew-dipped blades of grass seem laden with myriads of diamonds.

With the rising of the sun came the return of our spirits. The event of the night seemed partly a joke, partly a dream, but it was all an unraveled mystery.

"John," I said, "let's go down into that cellar and take a look by daylight."

"Sure," was the answer.

"We can knock off the boards on the basement window and take a good look," I suggested.

"Let's go then," he said, rising, and we made our way back towards the scene of the mystery.

After tearing the rotten boards from the little basement window, we went inside and started again down the stone stairs. Inside the house, that vague feeling of depression seemed about to attack me again, but I laughed it off and followed down into the cellar. We reached the bottom of the steps and looked

around. There was an old hogshead and an empty wine case or two sitting against the wall. Straight in front of where we were standing there was a small iron chest.

We went up and examined the chest. There were hammer marks on the old rusty lock, and a rusty key was lying on the ground beside it. We raised the cover and looked inside. Lying on the bottom of the chest were a few glass beads, and the back of an old watch. Inside the watch back was the name "Eli Whitcombe."

"Ha!" exclaimed John.

"What is it?" I inquired.

"Eli Whitcombe," he read.

"Who's he?" I asked.

"An old white-haired man who lives not far from here, and who everyone says is crazy."

"Well, what of it?" I asked.

"Stored his 'valuables' here."

"Let's go get some breakfast."

WAITING-ROOM IMPRESSIONS

A Sketch

By W. C. Wallace

I FINISHED my business in the city and hurried to the station, vainly hoping that my train would be on time and rush me back to my home and a good warm fire. My usual luck prevailed, however, and the train was the proverbial half-hour late.

As I sat there in a pensive mood, my eyes wandered from the rows of gleaming electric lights in the ceiling to the large clock which hung on a massive, square pillar near the far end of the room. To my left, situated in an alcove in the wall, were the two telephone booths and a golden-oak, roller-top desk. A cloth sign which hung over the alcove proclaimed it to be the headquarters of the Spartanburg Travelers' Aid. At the extreme end of the room, and partly hidden by the large pillar, was the row of ticket windows, each separated by a shining brass railing. Just to the right of the ticket windows was another brass railing which marked the entrance to the subway. To my rear were the ladies' rest-room and a public drinking fountain, as I could tell by the sounds of crying infants and of gurgling water. Through the windows I could see people stirring about beneath the rows of concrete sheds which paralleled the tracks. Under the glare of the hundreds of lights beneath the sheds, I could plainly see great truck loads of produce and baggage waiting to be transferred from this community to some other. They did not seem anxious to be moving, as my companions in the waiting-room were.

A cough from a bench to my right brought me back to the present, and I again looked about the cross-section of humanity. This time my gaze was rather on the human beings than on the appointments of the place, as it had been before.

My eyes roamed to the right and spied, seated on a short bench to one side, a soldier. His stolid face was straight to the front and his eyes were set in a fixed direction and seemed not even to blink. He did not move a muscle. He was superbly aloof and statuesque. His brass buttons, which gleamed and glistened under the glare of the lights, would have made an ideal setting for a sunny smile or a cherry word; but the soldier seemed to think it below his dignity and against his training to notice any of the common citizens about him. Beside the soldier sat an ordinary man, with a wrinkled, swarthy complexion and a pair of blue eyes, blue like the color of watered milk. He seemed to look with awe

at the soldier, and then he suddenly rose and slipped quietly out of the station, as if in search of fresh air or a more cheerful situation.

Before me were two women and an elderly man. The two women were talking and smiling very intimately. The old gentleman had turned and was talking with another gentleman who was evidently a stranger. A gust of cool air swept about my feet and a young man came hurriedly across the waiting-room. He rushed to the thinner of the two women, and she embraced him. I took her for his mother. Meanwhile the other woman had moved across the aisle in order to give the young man a place beside his mother. This convinced me that the women were merely friends and not relations. The elderly gentleman also ceased his conversation and turned about so as to face the younger man. From the smile on his face I took him to be the father of the younger man.

A series of giggles from the rear of the waiting room caused me to turn about and cast a glance in that direction, and there stood three pert young creatures who seemed about seventeen years of age. They kept up an animated conversation for a few minutes which I could not understand, though I confess that I tried with all my might. Finally, one of the girls entered a telephone booth and talked to someone. When she came out they resumed their chatter and went outside again.

In looking about, my eye had alighted on an elderly woman who was standing near the radiator and was talking with a younger woman who called her "Grand-Ma." The younger woman was trying to persuade "Grand-Ma" to sit down and rest. Every time the younger woman opened her mouth she displayed a small fortune of "placer" gold which had been placed there by the dentist. The older woman would not give in to her granddaughter's arguments and persisted in standing up, under the pretext that she was sure that she would not sleep any on the train.

I turned from this latter pair and settled down in my seat. I glanced at the clock and saw that I still had ten minutes to wait for my train. As I lowered my eyes from the clock they fell on another elderly gentleman who wore glasses and had a moustache. He was reading a pamphlet of some kind, and his lips moved with every word that he read, so that one could almost tell what he was reading. At the end of each sentence he would take a deep breath and give a kind of sigh as if he were preparing for a new start. Every now and then he would drop his head and glance over the top of his glasses at the people in the room.

On the end of the bench where I was sitting was a man in overalls and a slouch hat. He was not dressed to the height of fashion, but he seemed contented and happy. He did not speak, but the look in his eyes said that he was looking forward to going home to his wife and children.

A train came in about this time and the red-capped porters came in and grabbed suitcases and valises. The head porter announced train No. 10 for Whitestone, Pacolet, Jonesville, Union, Alston, Columbia, Jacksonville, and Savannah. There was a general rush for the doors, and out of curiosity I followed the crowd outside.

The elderly man and woman boarded the Pullman and stood on the steps as they said "goodbye" to their son. I did not see the other elderly woman and her gold-toothed granddaughter; but I can imagine them somewhere on another Pullman and the old lady sleeping quietly and peacefully, despite her fears.

The soldier boarded the day-coach, and the last I saw of him he was as stolid and immobile as ever.

I kept my eyes on the three girls and saw them rush forward with glad cries as they espied some good-looking male alight from the

vestibule. They herded him into a Ford coupé and then all of them piled in on top in some miraculous manner.

The old gentleman with the pamphlet I did not see, nor the man in the overalls.

The train pulled out and left me on the platform. I then returned to the waiting-room to let the other five minutes pass. At last, after more than five minutes, my train roared in, and as the brakes gave a final scream I grabbed my suitcase and made a dash through the tiled corridors of the subway for track No. 3.

I doubt if I shall ever see all of those people again. Nevertheless, I enjoyed my little study in "Humanology" immensely and feel that I profited by the time spent waiting for my train on that January evening.

ARE YOU A TRAVELING MAN?

A Story

By C. T. Gay

IN FEBRUARY, 1922, I was sitting in a green felt seat of a New York-bound Pullman, being practically the only passenger in that section of the train. While I sat there meditating upon what the future had in store for me, I was rudely brought to earth by the train's newspaper boy. Having sold me some of his wares, he seated himself beside me, asking in a low, cautious voice:

"Are you a traveling man?"

"No," was my reply.

"Well, then, I have something here that I think would interest you."

"What is it?" I asked, somewhat suspicious of him.

"Here it is," he responded, producing from a vest pocket a large gold ring set with a diamond, which, judging from its size, was worth about a million dollars. Instantly I recognized the type of ring that one sees advertised on the back of cheap magazines for $2.98 special, with coupon. Although I did not have the slighest intention of buying the ring, I thought I might as well have a little fun and pass some time away.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

His immediate reply was, "I found it in the Pullman."

"Why don't you turn it in, maybe you will get a reward?"

"No," he said, "I need the money, and must have a more sure way of getting it. What will you give me for it?"

"What do you want for it?" I inquired.

"Forty dollars."

"Uhm-m. You don't want much for something you found, do you?"

"Well, maybe that is a little too much. I will take thirty for it."

"Well," I thought, "if he drops ten dollars as easy as that maybe he will drop some more."

After a few minutes talking, I had him down to ten dollars and still dropping. This was where I wanted him, so I told him I would not give a cent for his ring, and that I did not think it worth near five dollars. He swallowed what I had to say, because I had the upper hand and he knew that he could not do a thing without danger to himself from the police. However, he returned to me once before getting off at Savannah, but this attempt was as fruitless as the first.

Approximately two years later, as I was nearing my home town in Florida, a well-dressed young man came up to me, asking:

"Are you a traveling man?"

For the moment I had forgotten my experience of two years before. But as soon as I gave a negative response, he said, "Well, then, I have something that I think would in-

terest you. Here is a ring I found in the Pullman."

Instantly my former experience flashed through my mind. I was just tuning myself up for some great sport when we rolled into the Tampa station, so I had to cut my anticipated pleasure short by informing him that, although I was not a traveling man, I had traveled enough to know graft when I saw it. I firmly resolved that if I ever met another of these grafters I would express my opinion of him to his face.

This opportunity presented itself much sooner than I had expected. Scarcely a week later, I was standing on the platform of a northbound train and was just about to go inside, when a young man came up to me. We talked a little on various things.

Suddenly he asked, "Are you a traveling man?"

Instantly I recognized his so-called "line," and began to think of what to say.

"No," was my immediate reply.

"Well, then, I have something that I think would interest you."

I was interested all right, so I said, "What do you have?"

"A ring," was his reply.

I might have added for him that it was found in the Pullman, but he kindly volunteered the information.

"How much do you want for it?" I asked, judging correctly that he wanted to sell it.

"Fifty dollars."

"Gosh, you are ten dollars higher than the other fellow."

An expression of surprise and fear crossed his face. I saw my chance, I had this fellow where he couldn't move without, perhaps, causing his own arrest for attempted graft. Immediately, thereupon, I cut loose with everything that I thought I could get away with.

"Look here," I cried at him, thrusting my finger in his face, "do you expect me to believe that tale? Tell the boss that a certain person advised the changing of the gang's story, because he has heard the very same tale three times and is getting bored by it. Maybe there are a number of suckers in this world, but any man that would pay fifty dollars for a brass ring set with a piece of glass is worse than a sucker—he is a fool. Now, speaking of fools, you are nothing but a low down, second rate grafter, trying to beat inexperienced people out of their money. Why, you poor crook, you have not even got your own story. Get one of your own and maybe you will catch some fish. Goodbye."

So saying, I turned on my heel and walked into the coach.

(*Author's Note.*—This is a true story of what happened to a Wofford man on Seaboard trains in 1922-23.)

WORK

An Essay

By C. C. Herbert

ONE IS AMAZED when one thinks of the many complex and tangled problems which confront the nation today. Capital and labor, the negro, immigration, our relations with Europe, reconstruction in general after the great war, all these and other mighty questions are demanding consideration and settlement. How can we find solutions for them? What is the cause of these problems and the dissention and strife arising from them? What is man seeking that causes him to get into these difficulties? The answer is—

Happiness. All men seek for happiness in life and these problems are merely the outgrowth of man's blind search for it.

Thus the question arises, "How can one get the most happiness out of life?" Everyone asks himself that and everyone is restless until he finds what he thinks is a good answer. Perhaps a consideration of this question will help us in our search for solutions to the many problems which grow out of it. One of the best answers and one that includes elements of many others is this: Find work to do, and do it.

> "The heights by great men reached and kept
> Were not attained by sudden flight;
> But they, while their companions slept,
> Were toiling upward in the night."

Thus does the poet glorify work, and no element in human life so much deserves and so much needs glorification. It has been said that work conquers all things. Yet nothing, it seems, is more distasteful to the human mind than honest, hard toil.

But who are the men whose names live on down through the centuries? Who are they whose achievements are undying memorials to their authors? Who are they whose lives have really served the human race and bettered its condition? Who are they? Workers all—constant, faithful, persistent workers. Someone has said that genius is merely the capacity for hard work. Whether we agree with this or not, certainly it must give us food for thought.

It is interesting to read of Louis Pasteur, that great French scientist, who in so many ways helped to prevent suffering and disease. We learn that the sweetness and kindness of his disposition was such that all of his pupils and those who knew him loved him. The motto and guiding principle of this man's life was "Work on, work on unceasingly." Well indeed did he live up to his motto, and few men have helped the race in the line of disease prevention as much as Pasteur.

Think of Mendelssohn, the composer, as he sat often through the long night before his instrument with disordered hair and set lips trying to put into music the theme which

(Continued on page 263)

LITTLE THINGS

A Poem

By R. H. Hodges

Little Star, Little Star,
Shining brightly from afar,
In your soft and mellow light
Wondrous beauty has the night.
Little star, you are so tiny,
Just a speck above, you soar,
Who could tell by only looking
A glorious sun you are and more?

A little child was sobbing gently
As if its heart would break.
But soon the pain and sorrow left,
For mother was near.

And one had lost his best belovéd,
And all was gloom and drear.
But in the press of a friendly hand
Was comfort, for sympathy was there.

Everything was smiling, every tree, every limb,
And all the world was cheery,
For she had smiled on him.

I sought for God in the heavens,
On the earth, rocks, sea.
In storms, fire, and thunder,
And finally he came to me
In the smile of a friend.

Little Star, Little Star,
Shining brightly from afar,
In your soft and mellow light
Wondrous beauty has the night.
Little star, you are so tiny,
Just a speck above, you soar,
Who could tell by only looking
A glorious sun you are and more?

Wofford College Journal
Established 1889

STAFF
Editor-in-Chief—R. H. Hodges
Business Manager—M. B. Wilson
Literary Editor—J. E. Sprott
Literary Editor—A. F. Graham
Literary Editor—M. L. Meadors
Exchange Editor—J. M. Bailey
Circulation Manager—W. S. Hoole
Advertising Manager—A. H. Stokes

Entered at the postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as second-class matter.
The Wofford College Journal is published seven times a year, on the fifteenth of the month, by the Student Body.
Subscription per year, $1.25; single copy, 20c.

EDITORIALS

Coats

The advent of Spring with its warm days has made us ask again, why, why coats when they bring actual physical discomfort? We ask and we ask again, but we ask in vain. They just *are* worn, it's the proper thing to do. But why not go in your shirt sleeves and be comfortable? Why not go to town or to see your best girl without a coat? Horrors! who ever heard of such a thing? But why not? It just isn't done by nice people; it's not the proper thing to do because it isn't proper. And besides it's not showing the proper respect to come into the presence of a lady in your shirt sleeves. And besides, coats look better than no coats.

It's not conventional to go around in the summertime without one's coat. We can understand why this was the case when men wore galluses, but that day has long since passed. The cause has passed but the effect continues. We suppose it is the same law that makes a man wear buttons on his coat sleeve —they were originally provided so that a man could turn up his coat sleeve and button it. When a thing is once done, it continues to be done just because it is done. Customs continue when the reasons for them have long since disappeared. Why do men wear coats in the summertime when they would look just as good and be more comfortable without them? We see no culprit other than the inertia of habit.

Some urge aesthetic considerations on us, coats look better than shirt sleeves. Do they? Possibly we get an insight into the "beauty" of coats when we remember that probably they were once worn by the upper classes and the laborer went in shirt sleeves. Perhaps it was a patrician distinction to wear a coat—it showed that one did not work with one's hands. We fear the "beauty" of coats is derived from upper class snobbery plus lower class imitation. We cannot see why a black coat is better looking than a white shirt. If one is a natural Adonis he will look just as good in shirt sleeves, and if he is not, a coat cannot hide his deficiency anyway.

College men, set the style, be comfortable! Women's styles change often and radically—and sometimes they are actually more sensible than the ones that went before—why can't men discard coats if they wish? Is the man who boasts of his freedom more custom bound than the woman? Is man more the slave of fashion? Must a man always be uncomfortable because men have been uncomfortable for a hundred or two years? Must the men who live in warm climates imitate those who live in cold? Men, the challenge is up to you!

———o———

The Nice Girl

In a current literary magazine of a rather exclusive girl's college, we noticed an informal essay on "The Nice Girl," "By One of Them." The gist of the essay is this: I admit I am a nice girl and I want to speak for them as a class. I don't drink, smoke, "dance vulgarly," "swear — much," wear bobbed hair, go to ride at night without a fight with mother, and I don't allow boys "petting" privileges. The "fast" girls are

IF IT BE A READY-MADE WEAR_____ **Kuppenheimer**

If it be a Made-to-Order, It should be made by____ **Ed. V. Price & Co.**
CHICAGO

HARRY PRICE

116 EAST MAIN STREET

The Store for Better Merchandise Spartanburg, S. C.

THE DuPRE

Book Store

THE LARGEST BOOK STORE IN SOUTH CAROLINA

Students Cordially Welcomed

rushed and married, and the nice girls are neglected. Adeline "was no tin angel," but she married a fine man who thought she was a "darned nice kid." This isn't fair. Sometimes I rebel, and I felt flattered last summer at the beach when some old lady called me a "brazen, wild girl, who danced so vulgarly at the dance last night." There is no place for us, the nice girls, in the world today. People won't even criticise us. We are doomed, we're the future old maids, we rebel secretly, but what's the use—"we are nice girls."

We found this frank, we suppose, statement of this "modern girl" who is not a "modern girl" very interesting. Perhaps her statement of the extent to which she believes certain informalities—or call it what you please—of conduct among the young people of today has gone, explains this statement of a prominent young Senior. In full seriousness, he stated that he knew more fine boys than nice girls. When he asserted this, we mentally charged him with a restricted acquaintanceship among the "fair ones" and let it go at that; but his statement is interesting in connection with that of the "Nice Girl."

We requested several young gentlemen who represented all the types of boys from the Puritan—he was hard to find—to the Bohemian, to read the statement of the "Nice Girl." Most of the boys agreed with her. Some of the comments were: "That's mighty fine," "She's right, she hits straight at the facts," "More truth than poetry." One boy hesitated a moment when he came to, "We don't swear —much," and "We don't dance vulgarly," then he slowly said, "I guess she's a nice girl."

We are inclined to believe that the "Nice Girl" was not as discriminating in her thought as she might have been. She puts drinking and bobbed hair in the same category. She makes no distinction between passing phases of style and basic morality. So far as morality goes, a girl who shaved her head would be just as "nice" as one who had six feet of

DRINK

IN BOTTLES

Spartanburg Coca-Cola Bottling Co.

SNAPPY FOOTWEAR
For the College Man

Square Toe Effects in Shoes and Oxfords, Dancing Oxfords in Patent and Dull Calf, Silk and Wool and all Silk Socks in the New Shades. : : : : : : :

IF IT'S NEW AND POPULAR, WE HAVE IT

Wright-Scruggs Shoe Co.
"THE SHOE STORE"

ITS INFLUENCE—

A strong, progressive Bank wields a powerful influence in the business affairs of a community. It is gratifying to know that the aims and efforts of our officers and directors are so generally understood, and so thoroughly appreciated.

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK

U. S. DEPOSITARY

THE ELITE

CANDIES, SODAS

ICE CREAM AND LUNCHES

WELCOME WOFFORD BOYS

MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT

THE ELITE

hair; we might doubt her sanity, but that would not make her immoral.

The modern "Nice Girl" laments the fact that she is not "rushed" as much as is her "fast" sister, because she does not do certain things and allow certain privileges. But would not reason urge that it is wrong for a boy to take privileges which it is wrong for a girl to give? Would our "Nice Girl" want to be rushed by and to marry a man who does things it would be wrong for her to do? Or does she believe in a double standard of conduct?

As for "not swearing—much," perhaps we would be excused for expressing doubt as to whether a "Nice Girl" swears at all. "Swear" is a pretty strong word; she may use bywords, but we doubt if she swears. Incidentally, we know some young gentlemen who don't swear at all. We see no reason why girls, as the first exercise of their new freedom, should adopt the vices of men.

And a fine man married Adeline. Probably Adeline was a nice girl after all, in spite of our impression to the contrary. A man, if he were wise, would hardly marry a girl unless he knew her beyond her surface behavior. Then her husband was a fine man; it would have indicated sublime conceit had he expected perfection in his wife.

A conservative old gentleman once told us that the reason young people went to the "movies" so much was because they didn't have intelligence enough to entertain a "date" at home. We wonder what he would think if he knew our "Nice Girl" implied that one could not have a "peppy date" nowadays without a little manhandling on the side?

Might not reason urge that promiscuity cheapens, that certain attitudes tend to foster cynicism, dim ideals and dull personality? We are not, however, of those who mistake lifelessness for virtue or piety, or believe a pusillanimous Puritan is better than a moral Bohemian.

Home of

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES

AND

FLORSHEIM SHOES

Spartanburg's Best Clothing Store

Greenewald's

INCORPORATED

Spartanburg, South Carolina

Our "Nice Girl" does not once ask herself the fundamental and perfectly obvious question: "Is this right? Is this action wrong?" It might seem that a college girl should have very definite ideas, grounded in reason and not derived only from mother and environment.

One's life is often made or marred by the person he may marry, but one is with one's self much more than with husband or wife. And happiness comes from one's attitude. On the whole, we should advise living according to one's convictions.

o

Radicalism

The outstanding phenomenon of the modern world is the great current of democracy, equality, and freedom which sweeps the world today. Communistic, revolutionary Russia might well illustrate one extreme and labor-governed Great Britain the other. And there is no question that the majority of people in the western world favor democracy and equality. Now their chance has come to try out their theories.

Lenin's communism threw Russia into bankruptcy and confusion. Finally he had to change his policy and re-establish capitalism. Observers notice no radical change in the government of Great Britain since McDonald took charge. What we are trying to show is that facts, ultimate realities, and human nature dictate what must be. The "red" may shout from his soap box or to the parlor radio what the government should be and what he would do if he were in charge, but give him the government to conduct and he will probably cool down. He would have to use sound economics in his policies and laws or he would run amuck. Because of great injustice, bribery and fraud in many businesses, great numbers of people are advocating government control of this or that. Yet when we see "Teapot Dome" and party politics we cannot but ask, what's the use? Shall we enlarge the field of plunder? Suppose we all turn "red" and

J. T. BOOTH
JEWELER
102 Kennedy Place Phone 528
EVERSHARP PENCILS,
FOUNTAIN PENS,
WATCHES,
CLOCKS, JEWELRY, Etc.
Watch Repairing My Specialty
Typewriters for Rent and for Sale—Your Patronage Appreciated.

A. LEVIN
FINE TAILORING
Suits made to order
$35.00 AND UP
Altering, Repairing and Pressing
117 North Church Street
PHONE 896

shoot each other up and take the property of the wealthy, what next? Why, we all would quit working and starve. He who would destroy must first show that he can construct and has something better to replace what now is.

We can sympathize with those who see the injustice of one man's having millions and another man's starving. Still we must remember that the millionaire who really earns his money is more valuable to the country, his services are more valuable where he is than if he were a mill hand or a day laborer. There is no question that big jobs demand big men and that if we fail to give them the reward of their toil, the community is the loser.

There is certainly no justice in permitting great wealth to escape all taxes in government bonds. We should also favor a heavy inheritance tax, especially on large fortunes, an income tax, and as far as possible, equal opportunity for all. When one man has as good a chance as his neighbor, there is no danger of bolshevism.

In all politics and in all theories of govern- we must be sure that we do not kill the goose that lays the golden egg. We must be sure that we take full cognizance of human nature as it is, not as we would have it, but as it *is*. Then we must select sound, honest—if possible—men and watch them, and we are pretty apt to have a sane government that will not run off at a tangent.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

J. M. Bailey, *Editor*

The *Pine and Thistle* was received by the Exchange Department of The Journal. "Its contents has been perused carefully. The story entitled 'I Hate All Red-Headed Men' was very good. The sketch, 'The Coon Cure,' was also good. 'In the Midst of Death We Are in Life' was very entertaining." Have patience, gentle reader! Don't overlook the fact that the

The Pine and Thistle

DR. WEBB THOMSON
DR. H. A. FEEMSTER
DENTISTS
Dental Bldg. 153½ N. Church St.

The Ford Leads the World in Automobile Value—We Lead the State in Automobile Sales.

Ford

ERNEST BURWELL
Spartanburg Ford Dealer
199 West Main St. PHONE 402

Clothiers and Furnishers
To Men Who Care
Agency Society Brand Clothes
MEYERSON'S
The Man's Store

The Rex Theatre

COLLEGE AMUSEMENT HEADQUARTERS

— THE HOME OF —

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

WOFFORD STUDENTS ALWAYS WELCOME

J. F. MANNING

Annual Photographer

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

foregoing is inclosed in quotation marks. There seems to be a criterion set for all criticisms which are published in college magazines. I have followed that very closely in the foregoing "criticism." Did you get any adverse or constructive criticism out of it? No. All that you are positive of is the fact that the table of contents has been glanced over, and that with much haste. To see the exchange departments of our college publications abandon this method of criticising would be to "see ourselves as ithers see us."

The January issue of the *Pine and Thistle* contained the following: One story, two sketches and three poems, in addition to a number of single verse poems entitled "Sophomore Singers." The only story, "I Hate All Red-Headed Men," shows clearly that its author has developed a style worthy of mention, but in this particular case has seriously detracted from her style by using it to clothe such a very superficial plot. Please, Miss R., use your beautiful garment only to clothe beautiful forms; it would be so much more effective.

"The Coon Cure" is a hybrid between a story and sketch; but on account of its exceptional brevity I shall call it a sketch. The negro dialect and the humor is well handled, and for this reason its brevity is sorely displeasing to one who no more than gets his pipe lit and settles down to a healthful laugh than his eyes rest on—FINIS.

"In Midst of Death We Are in Life" is clearly a sketch, and since it is written in the first person and has its setting in a well-known part of the country, one naturally thinks that it is the experience of the writer. This reasoning is not entertained after the story has been completed; of all improbabilities, I think this is supreme—a wedding in the midst of a funeral.

Let us look at the poems. "The Granery" is very, very good, and worthy of space in any college publication. Romanticism has full swing here, which brings all so close home to us. If any of you girls are not friends of Miss S., I would advise you to take steps in that direction at once, in order that you may say in after life that you were this poetess' friend while she was at college. If she works continually and faithfully, she is destined to become famous.

The poem, "A Smile," is not so good as "The Granery," but it is not put in obscurity by the presence of the other.

379 N. Church St. Phone 1307-J

PEARSON'S

Between Calhoun and College Streets

A FULL LINE OF SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Also Hot and Cold Lunches, Milk, Cold Drinks, Crackers and Cakes of all kinds.

Wofford Boys Are Always Welcome

Everything in DRUGS, SODA, CIGARS, but especially for

Y—O—U!

Norris Candies, Waterman's and Parker Fountain Pens, Eversharp Pencils, and a select assortment of Stationery.

Yours for Quality and Service,

WILSON'S DRUG STORE

THE REXALL STORE

152 W. Main St. Spartanburg, S. C.

"The Best in Drug Store Service"

To recapitulate, I would say that extreme brevity is the most serious defect of your publication; and that if it pursues its course unmolested for the next two or three years, you will be able to mail the *Pine and Thistle* in envelopes no larger than the one you used today to inclose the letter to your friend. If all girls may be judged in their literary attainments by your literary magazine, I should say that our future poetry will come from the pens of women; but the future prose—NEVER. W. K. W.

The Right Angle

It was with rare pleasure that we read the February number of the *Right Angle*. We wish to compliment the editors especially upon the attractive manner in which the magazine is printed, a detail too often neglected in college publications. The two short stories are both excellent. "The White Chrysanthemum" is a well-developed thematic story, with a touch of the horrible in the climax; and, except for one or two rough spots, it is an excellent piece of composition. "A Trip Under 'Cover'" is a humorous, fanciful story of college life developed in such a way as to remind one of Mark Twain's "Connecticut Yankee." It is unusually well written, and we do not hesitate to pronounce it one of the best stories we have seen in a college magazine for some time. "'An Elegy Written in a Country Church Yard,' 'The Deserted Village,' and 'The Cotter's Saturday Night' as Exponents of the Romantic Movement in English Literature" is a critical essay of much merit, although we would suggest a shorter title. The other essay in this issue, "My Taskmaster—Duty," is very commendable on account of its humor, excellence of composition, and originality. The three poems are good, though they do not come up to the standard set by the prose contributions.

On the whole this issue of the *Right Angle* deserves the highest praise. However, there is one criticism we would like to make: that there is a lamentable scarcity of material in the literary department. Two stories, two essays, and three short poems are not sufficient contributions for a college publication. We trust that this defect may be remedied, and are looking forward to a bigger and better *Right Angle* next time. D. L. W.

FOLLOW THE CROWD TO——
BISHOP'S
Rex Theatre Building
——FOR THE BEST——
Sodas, Ice Cream and Candies
TOILET ARTICLES
KODAK FILMS KODAK FINISHING

Agents for Schloss Bros. & Co. and Adler Collegian Suits and Overcoats.
Boys, make our store your headquarters. We carry a full line of high grade Clothing, Shirts, Neckties, etc.
We Cash Wofford Students' Checks
IT PAYS TO TRADE AT
Cannon & Fetzer Co.
MENS & BOYS OUTFITTERS
118 East Main St. Spartanburg

AS OTHERS SEE US

In the WOFFORD JOURNAL for February we find the results of the High School Contest in literary achievements which THE JOURNAL has been conducting. We have been interested in this theory advanced by the staff of that magazine, and we feel sure that the idea of stimulating interest in literary work in high schools is the most direct path to better college magazines. "Bottled in Bonds" is an unusual way of working out a "moonshine plot." None of the stories in this issue seem to have very much strength of plot; they just loll along until they have reached the allotted length; then the scheme is untangled and the story has ended. We suggest that the aspiring poets refrain from adhering to the stilted phrasing used in poetry of several centuries ago. There is obviously too much attempt to rhyme the ends of lines; and not enough music in the body of the poem. A little free verse would relieve the monotomy of too much intended rhyme. But let us say just here that the February WOFFORD JOURNAL contains one of the best editorials we have seen in any college magazine. The Editor is to be congratulated on that fine piece of work, "Evolution." We are glad to find a student who is capable of expressing so well the opinion of the majority of his fellow students.—*The Concept.*

WORK

(Continued from page 252)

haunted his mind. How well he succeeded we know. He ranks with those immortals who have added richest melody and harmony to the beautiful things in the world.

Paderewski, the great musician of modern times, is another example of a great worker. Because he is recognized the world around as the greatest living pianist, does he allow himself to rest on his fame and take life easy? Indeed not. He practices from three to eight hours every day on the instrument, carefully and laboriously.

Of Edison, the marvelous electrical genius, it is said that he frequently takes only four hours sleep a day, working twenty hours of the twenty-four.

Why go on? The list of great men who were hard workers is just as long as is the list of great men. It is right that it should be so. Were success and happiness granted to those who do not work for it; were it so that in some hit or miss fashion men are chosen who are to be the great helpers of the race, then surely would we have reason for discouragement. But the laws of the universe are as just as they are unchangeable. It is up to the man himself whether or not he will achieve greatness and be permitted to serve nobly his fellowmen.

We have for our great example a worker. Jesus Christ, when He lived among men, did not use His infinite power to attain His ends without labor, but during the greater part of His life He worked steadily as a carpenter, and during the three or four years of His

active ministry He worked tirelessly and accomplished much; so much that one of His disciples said of Him that if all His deeds were written in books, the world itself could not contain the books that would be written.

To work is not easy. How pleasant, how blissful do idleness and ease seem to us. But it is a great and happy truth that idleness soon bores us and that ease becomes an empty joy. The man who eats sweet, rich food all the time can not enjoy plain, wholesome fare. He soon tires of even the rich food and demands some still richer. So a man who leads a life of idleness can not bear work, his leisure soon palls on him, and he turns to vice in a vain attempt to get pleasure from life. How different is the leisure time of the steady worker. Simple, wholesome pleasures that would utterly bore the idle man seem as sweet to the toiler as the nectar from Olympus.

Nobody has any respect or any regard for an idle man. The trifler and waster of time never accomplishes anything. We are judged by what we do. Ambition, love for our fellow men, desire for fame, desire for a peaceful, happy world, these conflicting impulses in men all urge them on to work. Idleness is the most unreasonable thing in the world.

Youth is the time when the habits of life are made. One of the most insidious and disastrous temptations confronting youth is the temptation to be idle and to fritter away the golden, the priceless hours. Why not work? The time is going to pass whether we do or not. Why not be able to look back on hours that have counted for something and not on time wasted?

No sadder and more melancholy experience is possible than to realize toward the end of life that living has been in vain. How deplorable it would be when the sun of life begins to set and we turn our thoughts back on the years past, to look back on a life that has been wasted and that has counted for nothing.

My friends, we are every one of us entrused by our Creator with certain gifts and talents to be used in the service of our fellowmen. Each has his own particular talents, and no two people have exactly the same. Each of you has his place assigned him in the affairs of mankind, each his niche in the hall of human life to fill, and no one but you can fill that place. The only way that you can do it is by constant, unflagging work. Just as the diamond in its rough state must be chipped and abraded and polished in order for it to reach its intended state of beauty and perfection, so must you by means of hard work prepare your talents for their highest degree of usefulness in the world. You are given so much clay in the form of bone, muscle, and brain. It is up to you whether you will help to solve the problems confronting the race, or whether you will merely be in everybody's way and drag down the progress of civilization.

"This is the gospel of labor; ring it, ye bells of the kirk!
The Lord of Love came down from above to live with the men who work.
This is the rose that He planted, here in the thorn-cursed soil;
Heaven is blessed with perfect rest, but the blessing of earth is toil."

WE SELL
'GIFTS THAT LAST"
of Known Reputation
Gifts for All Occasions

RUFUS D. LEWIS
Jeweler
146 E. MAIN ST. SPARTANBURG, S. C.

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

MAY
1924

Vol. 34 No. 7

Commencement
Number

Engraved Cards

Let us furnish your Engraved Cards, either from a new plate or your old one. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed, and prices reasonable. : : : : : : :

May 1924

Come to

Ligon's Drug Store

for Courteousness, Service and Good Treatment

Prescription Specialist

Pure Drugs - Best Toilet Articles - Safety Razors and Blades to Fit All Safety Razors : : : :

Exclusive Agents for Eastman Kodaks and Films

When You Send HER Whitman's You Have Sent the Best

Largest and Best Assorted Stock of Fountain Pens and Eversharp Pencils in the City

We are always glad to see you

Ligon's Drug Store

Phones 30 and 31

Wofford College

HENRY N. SNYDER, LL. D., Litt. D., President

All courses leading to A. B. Degree. Fourteen Professors. Departments: Ethics, Religious Education, Astronomy, Mathematics (pure and applied), Physics, Chemistry, Biology and Geology, Latin, Greek, English, German and French, History and Economics. J. B. Cleveland Science Hall, Whitefoord Smith Library. Carlisle Hall, a magnificent new Dormitory. Athletic Grounds.

Next Session Begins September 18, 1924

For catalogue or other information, address the President, Spartanburg, S. C.

Progressive Banking--

The earnest desire of our organization is to help you transact your business pleasantly and satisfactorily.

Bank of Commerce

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

B. T. EARLE, President
J. W. BELL, Vice-President
C. W. BOYD, Cashier
H. C. HICKS, Asst. Cashier

May We Serve You?

May 1924

CONTENTS

		Page
Senior Class (Poem)	B. E. Elks, '24	266
At the Bottom of the Hill (Story)	D. L. West, '25	267
Alexander Hamilton (Essay)	N. W. Bennett, '24	272
Paleolithic Paleology (Story)	W. C. Wallace, '25	276
The Romance of an Engineering Genuis (Essay)	J. M. McKnight, '24	280
The Mills of the Gods (Story)	C. C. Herbert, '25	282
The Shenandoah Valley Campaign (Essay)	W. C. Wallace, '26	286
A Romance (Poem)	H. M. Patrick, '26	290
Taxi! (Story)	W. K. Wynn, '25	291
Editing Her Long-Cherished Desire (Story)	J. M. McKnight, '24	295
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT		297
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT		297
INDEX TO VOL. 34		310

SENIOR CLASS POEM

By B. E. Elks

Renown and wealth, and such decoys,
  Which e'er the Muses used of yore,
Lured us; and hither flocked the boys
  Of nineteen twenty-four.

Year after year we have returned
  To start again the waiting task.
Each year new truths we've slowly learned,
  But now these years are past.

Four years we've trod these paths that twine
  So indolently 'neath the trees,
And here we've always seemed to find
  Gay laughter on the breeze.

We've sat in desks once filled by men
  Who long have fought their fight and won,
Who doubtless know just how and when
  Our fight will be begun.

Initials of these men of fame
  We've seen carved on the wall and floor.
Beside each name we've cut a name,
  And scratched in twenty-four.

These marks, howe'er, may quickly fade;
  Their durance on mere chance depends.
But elsewhere lasting marks we've made—
  They're etched in hearts of friends.

For friendship when its birth doth lie
  In mutual happiness and tears,
Breaks not its bonds with a goodbye,
  Or dies with passing years.

But, classmates, time doth intervene.
  The parting hour now draweth near;
So ere we leave this happy scene,
  Let's altogether swear

To try in everything we do,
  In great deed or in little chore,
To be to Alma Mater true.
  And true to twenty-four.

"AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL"

A Story

By D. L. West

FROM early childhood Percy Winslow had fondly cherished the ambition to become a great poet. And, save for one defect of his, this laudable desire might have been realized, and Percy might have taken his place among the immortal bards whom he studied so assidiously. It was not any fault in the rhyme or rythm of his poetry that was Percy's failing: his technique was well-nigh perfect. What his verses lacked was that elusive and undefinable element which distinguishes real poetry from a mere jungle of words.

At first, Percy had thought the trouble was with the world that it did not recognize his genius. Certainly such seemed to be the case on the day when he had absent-mindedly carried the city editor a typewritten copy of "An Ode to An Inkwell" instead of the write-up of the Chamber of Commerce luncheon which was lying on his desk beside it. Though that incident had occurred over a year ago, Percy could still remember every word of the irate editor's adverse critcism upon his young reporter's poetic endeavor. Indeed, he had purposely kept it fresh in his mind, for when he became a great poet like Poe, or Longfellow, or Tennyson—and he firmly believed that he would do so someday—then he planned to remind the city editor of those unkind words. And, in his mind, Percy could see that individual discredited before the whole office force, just as he himself had been made the laughing stock of it. Not that Percy was of a spiteful nature—he was not—but under the circumstances he felt that revenge would be justifiable.

Resolving to show the city editor a thing or two, he collected all of his best poems—there were enough of them to make a nice little volume—and sent them to a large publishing house. Imagine his surprise when, several weeks later, they were returned, accompanied by a curt rejection slip. But Percy wasn't daunted. He sent the poems to another publisher, only to have them returned again, this time with the advice that he put some feeling into his poetry. At last, when the children of his brain had been returned to him for the fifth time, he came to the conclusion that perhaps, after all, the city editor knew what he was talking about when he spoke in such maledictory terms regarding "An Ode to An Inkwell."

Instead of giving up, however, as most people would have done, Percy at once set to work to find what was wrong with his poetry. It was certainly not the technique: Percy knew that from A to Z. It couldn't be that he lacked poetic fervor. No poet was ever more consecrated to his work. The style of his verses was excellent, derived as it was from a close study of the world's greatest poets. It might have been the subject matter, but all of Percy's poetry was spontaneous. He wrote only what he thought and felt at inspired moments. What more could be expected of a poet? Thust the more Percy pondered over his poetic deficiencies, the more hazy became his conjectures as to what they were.

It was not until he went to old Professor Barksdale for advice that he found a satisfactory solution to his problem. Professor Barksdale was an old, retired college professor who lived in the small village where Percy had been reared. He and Percy were great friends, and Percy never hesitated to seek the old man's advice about anything. Naturally when he came from the city at Easter, he went to see the professor about the matter which

was then worrying him.

He found the professor alone in his cozy little study, and there had a heart-to-heart talk with the kind old man. The professor listened sympathetically while Percy related the circumstances attendant upon his troubled state of mind; and when he had finished, addressed him kindly:

"Percy, my boy, I am glad to see that you really desire to become a poet. But, to tell the truth, I don't believe you have an accurate conception of what true poetry is,"

"True poetry is a beautiful or noble thought expressed in a beautiful and noble way," defined Percy.

Professor Barksdale smiled.

"You are right as far as you go, Percy," he said. "It is true that the thought of poetry must be beautiful, and that it must be clothed in beautiful language; but that is only a superficial definition. If you should ask me what poetry is, I should say it is the expression of a great and beautiful life, for without this no man can write great poetry."

"Then you think the reason I can't write salable poetry is that I haven't lived long enough?" queried Percy.

"No, no, not exactly that," explained the professor. "It's not a matter of how long one lives but of the way one lives. You might live to be a hundred years old, and yet, unless your life had been nobly spent, you could write nothing worth while."

"So I am not too young to write?"

"Certainly not. You are twenty-one, I believe. Many of our great poems were written by youths under twenty. The trouble with you, Percy, is that you have not been leading the life of a poet."

"And how am I to know what sort of life a poet should lead?" asked Percy.

"By studying the lives of those who are recognized as great poets," said Professor Barksdale.

And so, when Percy returned to the city he began an extensive study of the biographies of his favorite poets in order to find what kind of life he should map out for himself. In his study he found that many of the world's best poets were great lovers of nature. Therefore he adopted the Wordsworthian habit of taking long tramps into the country. Browning and Tennyson, he learned, spent much time in studying the technical side of their art, and so Percy began to buy copiously of books dealing with that side of his chosen profession. He also observed that most great poets indulged in some form of dissipation, and for this reason he took up smoking. He would have preferred to start using whiskey, as his hero Poe did, or opium, in imitation of Coleridge, but these habits were too expensive and of a rather risky nature.

Then there was something he noticed to be characteristic of all the poets. They were all lovers. Some would have put a Valentino to shame. All had at least one fair lady upon whom they lavished their affections and to whom they could go for love and sympathy. "Ergo," reasoned Percy, "I must find me a soul-mate."

This last requirement was the most difficult to fulfil; first, because of Percy's limited acquaintance with members of the fair sex; and secondly, because of the scarcity of young ladies suitable for the position. Percy had definitely decided what requisites were necessary for the lady who was to become the wife of the world's greatest (?) poet-to-be. First of all, she must be poetically inclined; secondly, she must possess a sympathetic and understanding nature; and lastly, she must be beautiful. This decided upon, his task now resolved itself into a search for one so gifted.

Because it has been stated that Percy's young lady friends were few in number, however, it must not be inferred that he was girl shy or that he was a woman hater. Although he had never been in love, he bore no grudge against women, nor was he afraid of them.

On the contrary, there was nothing he feared less and pitied more. His pity, of course, grew out of the fact that he had observed how silly all women are. In his opinion women were for men with small minds, who didn't have sense enough to be bored by their non-sensical chatter and ever-changing whims.

That is, such were Percy's views before he began his study of the lives of the poets. The findings of his research work convinced him that he was wrong—radically wrong. "If Poe could love a woman as he did Virginia Clemm; and if Browning could love a woman as he did Elizabeth Barret; and if the great Byron could see enough in women to fall in love with some half-dozen of them—well, there must be something worth while about them," was the thought that suddenly flashed through Percy's mind one night as he sat alone in his room reading a biography of Edgar Allan Poe. He cast the book aside, took off his tortoise-shell glasses, and leaned back in his chair. As he sat there, nervously running his delicate fingers through the mop of flaxen hair which adorned his head, a high and mighty resolve took possession of him. He jumped up; fire seemed to gleam in his soft blue eyes as he exclaimed aloud:

"I believe there lives such a girl as my ideal; and, by heck, I'm going to find her if it takes me forty years."

He sat down and began to make a mental inventory of all the girls he knew. There was Dorothy Lancaster, small, pretty, and sympathetic, but with no more appreciation of poetry than a chicken. She wouldn't do. Then there was Jenny Land who simply doted on poetry, but whose pug nose and double chin caused her to forfeit any claims whatsoever upon beauty. A more promising prospect was Mildred Moore, who was good looking, sympathetic, and an ardent devotee of free verse. If nothing better turned up he could try her. There was Amelia Simmons, who was beautiful and who loved poetry, but was as cold and haughty as a dowager duchess. There was Bertha Floyd, a silly little vamp. There was Cynthia Coleman, who was good looking, and —but, horrors, she was an inveterate chewer of Spearmint and Beechnut. Just try to imagine, if you can, Virginia Clemm or Elizabeth Barret indulging in the vulgar habit of chewing gum! That was an unpardonable crime, no matter how many other good qualities a girl might possess.

His inventory showed Percy that he must venture into new fields in quest of his prize. He lost no time in making a start. About a week after the night of his memorable decision, he astonished the office force by going to a dance. A few days later he gave them another shock by attending a reception. Then he began going with a girl. Soon he added half dozen more to his calling list, and began to carry on a heavy correspondence with the perfumed stationery set. Over night, so to speak, the quiet, shy Percy had developed into a regular ladies' man.

"Well, the worm will turn, you know," quoth the office wag, attempting to explain the transformation.

And the office force accepted the explanation, little dreaming of the grim purpose with which the worm pursued his social activities.

As for Percy, he was so absorbed in his quest that he devoted all the time he could to it. The months passed slowly, and with the passing of each the end of the hunt seemed no nearer. He went to see scores and scores of girls, but not one could he find who possessed what he required of the one on whom he was to bestow his love. His failures only spurred him on to greater efforts; and when the tenth month gave way to a new one, he determined to carry on his search until he accomplished his purpose or to die in the attempt.

Then one day, quite by accident, Percy discovered his ideal girl. It was at the chautauqua, just after the program that it happened. He was slowly making his way down the

crowded aisle to the exit of the big tent when a bit of silk handkerchief fluttered and fell to the sawdust at his feet. He stooped down and picked it up, then looked for the owner. He was conscious of a delightfully warm little hand touching his own as he gave her the retrieved article; and he was vaguely aware that she had raven hair and a pair of expressive lips; but he saw only her eyes. Such eyes! They were the most wonderful eyes he had ever seen. As he looked for an instant into their lucid depths, he had read the soul of the beautiful creature before him; and in that brief moment he had realized that she was the girl he sought. There was no doubt about it. Could it be possible for anyone to have such eyes and be unsympathetic, or not love poetry, or not be beautiful?

The incident at the chautauqua tent changed decidedly the nature and method of Percy's long-continued search. Heretofore he had hunted aimlessly, having no definite goal in view. Now he had discovered the girl, and the only thing to do was to find where she lived, manipulate an introduction in some way, and then go get her. Therefore he terminated his hectic social career as abruptly as he had begun it, and settled down to the task of finding the girl with the wonderful eyes. The only clue he had to work upon was the fact that she drove a blue roadster. He had seen her drive off in it that night after the chautauqua.

For several months, although he failed to get a single glimpse of her, Percy's mind was filled with visions of a beautiful girl with wonderful eyes, riding in a blue roadster. Often in the mornings he would cast malevolent glances at the soniferous alarm clock beside his bed, because it had wakened him from his dreams of her. He even dreamed of her at the office. On this particular day the heat had been very oppressive and soporific—'twas the middle of July—and Percy, finding himself with nothing to do, had gone and lain down on one of the wide window ledges. As he lay there the staccato clicking of the typewriters and the rumbling roar from the press rooms soon dwindled into a drowsy buzz, and then ceased altogether. Percy had gone to sleep lying on a window ledge three stories above the ground.

Perhaps the altitude of his impromptu couch influenced Percy's dream. At any rate, he thought that he was in an airplane, sailing peacefully along among white fleecy clouds. Below him, on all sides, was spread a mosaic of cultivated fields through which ran a slender, white ribbon, the national highway. A solitary black speck moved slowly along the ribbon of road. Out of curiosity, Percy descended several hundred feet and examined the car below through his binoculars. He found to his surprise that it was the long-sought blue roadster. "It was she!" He circled and then came back, intending to keep the car in sight and learn where it went. By the time he had completed the circle and had caught up with it, the car was approaching a long, narrow bridge over a large river. He had forged on ahead, planning to circle again, when suddenly he heard a crash, as of splintering wood. He looked down just in time to see the blue roadster go through the wooden railing,and plunge into the rushing torrent beneath. The girl would certainly be pinned underneath the steering wheel. He shuddered with horror at the thought. Then he looked down again at the stream. Oh, she had escaped. There she was helplessly trying to swim against the current which was bearing her towards a mighty waterfall some distance down stream. It was up to him to save her. He threw out a rope ladder and began circling downwards. The girl had ceased her struggling, and was looking up at the airplane. She was depending on him to save her. Bringing the plane low enough for the ladder to trail along in the water, he headed for the spot where the girl was. A moment of agonizing uncertainty followed, while she grabbed at the

rope ladder, and then he turned the plane upward. The girl climbed up the ladder and into the cock pit, and was exclaiming in adoring tones, "My hero!" when Percy awoke to find himself in imminent danger of taking a sudden descent into three stories of nothing.

Summer gave way to autumn, and still Percy had seen nothing more of the girl with the wonderful eyes. One fine, crisp afternoon in October when the trees of the forests were beginning to put on mantles of red, yellow, and brown, he set out on a tramp into the country. His route lay along the national highway leading eastward from the city. As he was descending a long steep hill on this road, after some five miles of travel, he saw something which caused his heart to flutter wildly. Down at the bottom of the hill stood the blue roadster, and on a rock beside the road sat the girl of his deams.

As Percy drew nearer, he perceived that a tire on the roadster was flat. What luck! He would offer to repair the tire, and then he would have a chance to introduce himself to the girl and to learn who she was.

He came within speaking distance and inquired:

"Need some help, lady?"

The girl looked up, but, to Percy's disappointment, she showed no signs of recognition. She had evidently forgotten the incident at the chautauqua tent.

"Yes, I've had a puncture and I don't know a thing about fixing one," she replied. "It certainly is kind of you to offer to help me."

Percy set to work to get the punctured tire off the rim. As he worked, the girl talked.

"I've been out to Cameron Park, and on my way back I ran over a broken bottle," she said, to explain the punctured tire. "The trees in the park are so beautiful now," she continued. "They are so richly colored that they looked as if someone had painted them. I just adore to sit and look at them and drink in their beauty. This afternoon I spent I don't know how long in the park, just looking at the trees. Tonight I am going to write a poem about them.

Percy heard her last statement with satisfaction. It verified his belief that she was poetically inclined. He had thought so when he first gazed into her eyes at the chautauqua tent. Now he knew it.

In the process of getting the tire off he scratched his hand so that it began to bleed a little. The girl noticed this.

"Oh, you've hurt yourself," she exclaimed. "You must let me tie your hand up."

"It's nothing but a tiny scratch," said Percy, deprecatingly; but secretly he was pleased at her solicitude. It proved that she was sympathetic, although sometimes he had thought that his first hasty estimate of her might have been erroneous, he was now convinced that it was correct. She had shown herself to be a lover of poetry and to possess a sympathetic nature; and no one could look at her and deny that she was beautiful. He decided to repair the puncture and then have a good long talk with her.

Having located the puncture, he began to search for some patching, but was able to find none in the car.

"Haven't you any patching," he asked the girl.

"I'm afraid I haven't," she answered apologetically.

"Well, that's all right," Percy assured her. "There's a store up at the top of the hill where I can get some. You just wait here and I'll be back in a jiffy."

He had progressed hardly more than a dozen yards on his way when the girl called him. He stopped and turned towards her.

"Won't you please see if you can get me some chewing gum while you're at the store," she was saying. "I haven't had any since dinner, and I'm most dying for some."

Without replying, Percy resumed his march up the steep hill. About halfway to its sum-

mit he stopped, looked back at the girl, and snorted in disgust.

"Chewing gum! Bah!"

Then, without more ado, he again took up the march and soon disappeared over the top of the hill.

Down at the bottom of the hill a girl sat on a rock beside the road, helplessly gazing at the flat tire of her blue roadster, while the shadows of the trees began to lengthen about her and the flaming sun sank lower and lower behind distant hills. As she sat there she wondered why that darling boy with the flaxen hair and the lovely eyes had not come back to repair the punctured tire.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON: A SHORT ESSAY ON AMERICAN UNION

An Essay

By N. W. Bennett

THERE are two forces which have been of the highest importance in all American history: the centrifugal, which would throw, first the colonies and then the States farther and farther apart; and the centripetal, which would draw them into a national union. The first of these forces originated when the Atlantic seaboard was cut into separate colonies by those who settled it, and because of its earlier beginning grew first into greater strength. The earliest recognized appearance of the other was at the Albany Conference, when Franklin proposed a plan of union for the colonies; but it attained great strength only when common oppression and common danger forced the colonies to make a common fight. Even then, though it enabled them to win their independence, it was expressed in nothing more than a loose league which, as soon as the band of common struggle was removed, threatened to fly asunder. Different traditions of settlement, pride in the newly-acquired sovereignty, commercial rivalry, fear by the small of oppression by the great—all these influences united at the close of the revolution to shatter the confederation into helpless, flying fragments, so that Jay exclaimed: "My fear for the security of the country is greater now than it was during the war."

Even after the constitution was adopted the union was not an organic, living body. It existed merely on paper, in phrases which could spring into life only through vigorous interpretation. In the weak hands of men afraid to act upon their warrant, afraid to construe it broadly and even to exceed its literal and strict intention, the constitution must inevitably have gone to pieces. It was by the vigor and courage of Alexander Hamilton during the critical period between the War of the Revolution and the adoption of the constitution, and by his vigorous interpretation of that instrument during the first administration of Washington, that the forces of union were revived and the American people directed along the path which they should follow in their half-century march toward becoming a nation.

Many of the qualities of the Great Federalist which fitted him for his work arose out of the circumstances of his birth and early training. On January 11, 1757, he was born of a Scotch father and French mother on the West Indian Island of Nevis, whose green canefields and cone-like peak rise toward the tropical sun from the warm waters of the Caribbean. He had a Scot's fierce pride and integrity, and French vivaciousness, sharp insight, and personal charm; and by the fortunate isolation of his birthplace he was freed

from a confusing patriotism for any one American State. His mother died while he was a babe; his father soon went to South America; and the gifted young boy, at the age of twelve, was placed in the mercantile house of Nicholas Cruger, where he learned the practical ways of life, and in spare hours read Pope and Plutarch and practiced himself in composition. To his excellency in this last was due the publication in the local press of a vivid account of a hurricane which raged with devestating effect in the West Indies in 1771. Its literary excellence brought him into notice; several wealthy citizens offered him a college education, and so, in the autumn of 1772, he entered a grammar school in New York, and one year later Kings College. From this time on he was an American. He never returned to the West Indies.

Hamilton's part in the Revolution which began while he was yet an eighteen-year-old student was not important, though by no means insignificant. He wrote and published several political pamphlets which were credited with having come from Jay, helped organize an artillery company of which he was appointed captain at the age of nineteen, and ably defended the rear in Washington's retreat from Long Island. Then followed four years as Washington's secretary, in which position he employed his facile pen to the great delight of the commander-in-chief, who always found his correspondence difficult and irksome. With the purpose of finding active service he resigned his position in 1781. Yet the war ended too soon for him to realize a great military ambition. Save for a single brilliant exploit before the first redoubt at Yorktown, for which he received the seldom-granted praise of Washington, his military career ended without great distinction. It cannot be doubted that given the opportunity he would have won fame as a soldier; but the opportunity was lacking, and his fame was to be won with a service of another and greater kind. Even before the Treaty of Paris was signed he had resigned his commission, returned to New York, where he was admitted to the bar, and was preparing himself for the critical problems of peace which he knew were coming.

For Hamilton, like Washington, was under no illusion as to the nature of the government of the Confederation. It was a government of make-believe. It had no power over individuals, no power to raise revenue, no power to coerce the States, no executive. It was an institution based on influence alone; and, in the words of Washington, "Influence is not government." Anarchy, cut-throat tariffs among the States, breaches of treaties, a deluge of paper money, defiance at home and contempt abroad, filled this critical period. It was only a matter of time until the confederation would lose every shadow of power, and fatal separation or firmer union, born of extremity, would ensue.

One short term in Congress convinced Hamilton how impossible it was to put life and the essential orders of government into the Articles, and he immediately began teaching his countrymen the inevitable ruin which their course was approaching. In personal interviews, through letters which traveled the length of the States, on every occasion offered in his profession before judge and jury, he proclaimed the need of union and government. As delegate from New York to the Annapolis Convention he took the lead in the body; and, though that assembly, handicapped by the failure of the majority of the States to send delegates, could do nothing toward the settlement of the commercial problems for which it was called, he wrote out, and the delegates present adopted, an address to the States and Congress calling for a convention to meet in Philadelphia on the 14th of May, 1787, "to take into consideration the situation of the United States, to devise such further provisions as shall appear necessary to render the

constitution of the Federal Government adequate to the exigencies of the Union."

The convention at Annapolis and the address it drew up was the turning point. The reaction which had ensued when the war had ended had spent its force. The power of a vision in the mind of a man had conquered. The idea of union had overcome the idea of independence. Experience had taught its lesson, but that lesson had been rendered positive and had been directed toward the vision of a better State by the genius of Hamilton.

In the constitutional convention Hamilton did not play as great a part as might have been expected. The very positiveness of his views on union handicapped him in the work of a body whose greatest works were compromises, and he was content to let men of more yielding temperament handle the bitter conflicts of the States. No really important service at this time was his. At a time in the deliberations when the forces of reaction were rising and the outlook for a strong union was disheartening, when the fears of the small States were overcoming the obvious need for union, he took the initiative and, speaking for five hours, laid before the convention a plan of government more centralized and aristocratic than had been imagined as possible for the States; and did it with such consummate skill that the discussion was turned from its former course. His purpose was to overshoot the mark, to set an ideal which should compel the minds of men even in its rejection. By simply proposing this government which could not be accepted he raised the thoughts of men, so that ideas which they would have rejected as extreme, they unconsciously compared with his and deemed moderate. At last the constitution was signed by the thirty-nine. Franklin had pointed to the sun behind Washington's chair and declared that it was rising, and Hamilton plunged into the bitter fight for ratification.

In every State there probably was at the beginning of the agitation a clear majority against the constitution, and it was to convince the honest-minded doubters that "The Federalsts" papers were conceived, planned, and largely written by Hamilton. Its eigth-five short essays were produced in the stress of great labors, often while the printer's boy was standing by waiting; yet they proved the greatest single force that worked on men's minds to make them consent to the adoption of the constitution, and today stand as one of the world's great books of all time. Abroad "The Federalist" is spoken of in the same breath with and enjoys the same respect as do "L'Esprit des Lois" and "Il Principe," not only because of the excellent style in which it is written, but because like them it treats of government profoundly and fundamentally. "The Federalist," says a great Englishman, "is pure advocacy; but it is the rarest and greatest advocacy, for it appears to the reader to be a reasoned judgment. Confident in their cause, the authors never shrink from a fair statement of the opposite opinions; so that, to the modern reader, its wisdom and justice are apt to obscure the amazing skill of the counsel who conducted the case."

The nine ratifications necessary for the new government to be put into operation were received by June 21, 1788; but New York whose commercial power and central position, cutting the South off from New England, rendered her essential to the union, was not among the nine. The other States felt her importance so strongly that there was much talk of forcing her to enter the union should she refuse to ratify. The prospect for ratification, when the State convention assembled at Poughkeepsie on June 17, was dark. The fate of the constitution was there to be decided.

The forces of the opposition were the minions of Governor Clinton, a narrow, obstinate, silent boss, fearful that the new government would lessen his power. Of the sixty-seven delegates he held in his hand the votes of

forty-eight; with him seemed to lie the fate of the constitution. Among his men sat Melancthon Smith, skilled in debate, the mainstay of his side on the floor, the mouthpiece of the silent Clinton. Opposed to the forty-eight was the small but determined minority. Jay and Livingstone were present to take part in the debate, but the burden of the work would fall on the small, wiry, young man of thirty, who paced the floor with such bold and confident step and fascinating dark eyes. A first vote is taken, and the silent supporters of Clinton reject the constitution as one man. They are too big a majority to be bargained with or cajoled. They must be converted. The burden of the work must be Hamilton's. He fights every point, but loses at first every point. With eloquence unexcelled in American history he pours out his burning argument; he draws tears from his audience, both sides alike; speaks for hours at a time, and all hang upon his words; but the mechanical majority is unmoved. The constitution, when put to the vote, is rejected again. Yet Hamilton comes back day after day to renew his arguments and postpone final decision, hoping to wear down the opposition, and trusting to hear from other States.

A friend going to New York asked him what report on the prospects for the adoption of the constitution he should carry. "Tell them," he cries, "that the convention shall never rise until the Constitution is adopted." In such a spirit he fought, confronted with the greatest task that ever confronted parliamentarian.

After six weeks of struggle there came a sudden collapse. Melancthon Smith breaks from Clinton and joins Hamilton, confessing that Mr. Hamilton, by his reasoning, had removed the objections he had made. In a few days the victory is won. The constitution is adopted by the bare majority of 30 to 27. Hamilton had finished the second phase of his work for a great vision. It was not only the convention at Poughkeepsie that had been conquered by his influence; he had captivated the minds of the people by the picture he made of a young man struggling against the power of reactionary majorities, struggling heroically for six weary weeks, "and in the end overcoming all opposition by the prowess of a great character strung to its highest pitch by the inspiration of a great idea.

"Yet the business of America's happiness," in Hamilton's phrase, "was yet to be done." The life of the union being bound up in the sovereignty of its government, the first thing to be done was to establish that government on lines of solidity by the bold and courageous interpretation and use of the powers which the constitution allowed. The opportunity for making a nation had been won; whether that nation should be firmly and permanently wrought depended upon the energy and decision of its first ministers. It was by the vigor and courage of Washington's first administration, and especially by the interpretation placed upon the constitution by his boldest minister, that the United States ultimately became a nation.

The heart of Hamilton's general policy as secretary of the treasury under Washington was the firm establishment of a supreme and sovereign central government, and for that end he strove in every phase of his official work. By his efforts the new government assumed the old continental debts and the State debts incurred during the war, and established a national bank; he planned by this policy to unite the propertied classes in support of the national government. His entire financial policy was to weld the union closer together. Next to union he placed independence, and accordingly he influenced the foreign policy of the administration so as to remove all danger of European interference. His attitude toward commerce was determined by the same ideal. "Not only the wealth," he wrote, "but the independence and security of a country

appear to be materially connected with the prosperity of manufactures. Every nation, with a view to these great objects, ought to endeavor to possess within herself the essentials of national supply." Accordingly he was a protectionist, not from personal financial motives, but from the dictates of far-sighted statesmanship. His other contribution to American political philosophy was his doctrine of the implied powers, too familiar now to need explanation, but yet one of the most important of all the theories by which the American nation has developed to its present condition of federal supremacy.

In all his ideas and policies we can see a unity of purpose which marks him as a great constructive statesman, the most important and influential actor in the whirl of events in which the American nation was born. He mapped out the path which later Marshall and Webster were to follow so well. The remarkable fact in regard to his influence is, that though he was in an official position but five years the impulse which he gave the government has lasted through all its existence. Jefferson and the democratic-republicans shortly displaced his party from office and denounced his theories to the voters; yet they followed his lead in interpreting the constitution and adopted many of the policies which he began. His untimely death at the hands of Burr, though deplorable and tragic, did not end the influence of his life on our institutions.

The reason for Hamilton's increasing honor is the endurance of his handiwork. The finances are still based on the foundations that he laid. The growth of population and wealth which he foresaw has come to pass. The government of today is the same in effect as that for which he strove; the support of all classes is united in loyalty to and in dependence upon the government at Washington; there is today but one supreme and sovereign government in the United States. He prevailed upon his fellow countrymen to make a trial of union, and then breathed into the lifeless form which they adopted the vitality of government. He left things better than he found them, and left them developing so that in years to come they would be better than they were at his death. In place of a quarrelsome and petty anarchy he left firm institutions; for a senseless independence he left co-operation; in place of thirteen jarring States he left a proud nation and a noble tradition.

His place in the overcoming of the centrifugal and strengthening of the centripetal forces of our national life, in the building of our nation, is expressed by its ablest student, Lord Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth":

"Hamilton was a thinker for the world, one of universal history's exceptional and brilliant men. His genius is worked into the very body and tissue of your institutions. He is the greatest constructive statesman of your nation."

PALEOLITHIC PALEOLOGY

A Story

By W. Clough Wallace

Author's Note

THE author, while on an expedition in search of the Lost Chord, stumbled over a small mound of flat stones and skinned his shins very badly. When he regained consciousness, he discovered that the stones were covered with peculiar groups of characters. He carried these stones back to his research laboratory, and by ardent toil and by burning

much midnight oil he managed to translate them from the original. They proved to be a group of letters from a paleolithic man to his friend. The form of the script and the peculiar curl to the letters places them as coming from the paleolithic age. From these decipherings the author has discovered that man is the same now, forever and always. He offers as evidence the following eleven letters, entitled:

"The Way of a Man With a Maid"

Dinosaur Inlet.
6th year of Ino.
119 day.

Dear Didado—

I suppose you are surprised to hear that I am at the Inlet since you can not know that since my father's death I have made away with all my brothers and disposed of my mother to Yapsen. I got a good price for her, too, considering that she was old and ugly and useless. But say, Bo, I've run up against the sweetest little woman you most ever saw. She is staying at the same Cave Inn that I am; but her mother and the old man are along too, and I have not had a chance to meet her yet; but my, she's the Creodent's eggs and the Compsognathus's whiskers. I hear that her father has quite a few berries stored away and owns a big Dinosaur ranch. I am just waiting for a chance to shiek her.

Your friend,

Prltx.

Dinosaur Inlet.
6th year of Ino.
122 day.

Dear Didado—

Things certainly have happened since I wrote you last. We had a big frolic night before last and some of the boys were pretty well lit up; and let me tell you, your Uncle Dudley wasn't among those who were sober. Found my girl and took her out for a stroll. Her name is Gelina, and let me tell you, she's sho got the stuff. I've just fallen all over myself for that little imp and I'll bet every Antripendatus egg that I have that she'll be my bride before the summer's out, for I'm going to have her if it is the last thing that I do before I get the final tap on the head. I met her last night on the cliff and she snubbed me. I was tempted to throw her off the cliff, but I guess I'm getting soft and tenderhearted, for I couldn't do it. This stone is "awful" short, so I will have to quit.

Joyously,

Prltx.

Dinosaur Inlet.
6th year of Ino.
130 day.

Dear Didado—

I'm wasting a lot of rocks writing to you so much; but say boy, when you get in my fix you just naturally have to tell it to somebody or bust. I am still fond of "blessed singleness," Didado, but the other day that jane cast me a wicked look and made a sign toward my hatchet as if she were willing for me to give her the fatal knock of matrimony, and I came near falling for it too. I saw our friend, Pepo, strutting around with a sweet jelly-roll today. He wore a smile three spans long and showed all of his upper molars; but I could tell that he was happy, for who wouldn't be with a jane like that slung over his shoulder. But now to get back to Gelina, I want your advice as to what to do to win her back. Answer this as soon as possible.

Queriously,

Prltx.

Dinosaur Inlet.
6th year of Ino.
140 day.

Dear Didado—

I just could not wait for you to answer my last letter before I wrote you again. Say, boy, another Jim has broke in on my girl and is

trying his level best to roust me out. You see I haven't got such an overwhelming fortune, and I hear that he has piles of jack, so you see he is quite a formidable opponent. I am going to challenge him to a duel as soon as I can have my chisel sharpened, so that I can send an engraved card along with the invitation. Mrs. P. A. Denoces tumbled off a small ladder this morning and broke her leg. I was the first to come along that way, and I courteously put her out of her misery with one blow of my hatchet. I suppose that old man Denoces will be glad to get rid f her anyway. Gelina is as pretty as ever and she had an entire new outfit this morning, consisting of a small chain of honey-suckle flowers. I think it is very becoming and shows off her figure well. I am anxiously awaiting your answer to my previous letter.

Always,

Prltx.

Dinosaur Inlet.
6th year of Ino.
155 day.

Dear Didado—

I got your letter today, but you bet your life I won't find myself down on my knees to any woman on earth. That's the trouble with the men these days anyway, they are too soft and nimbly-pimbly. But I know that you are an old Bach, and don't know very much about women, so I'll forgive you for what you suggested. I got my chisel sharpened today and am going to engrave a card this p. m. to send to that other fellow who is bothering my girl. My, but I get hot under the collar when I think about him. I hope he chooses hatchets as the weapons, for that is my favorite hunting iron. He might want to fight it out by throwing stones; but I hope not, for I am not worth a darn at that. Saw Gelina this morning at the beach. She gets more beautiful every day, and every day I feel less and less inclined to stick to the state of blessed singleness. Her mother and father are planning to leave for the mountains soon, where they have a private lodge in a spacious cave on Sunset Ridge. I can not afford to go up there to follow them, so I guess that I had better make quick work of getting the girl. I really don't believe she will put up much kick, only enough to make for decency, etc.

Hoping to hear from you soon,

Prltx.

Dinosaur Inlet.
6th year of Ino.
166 day.

Dear Didado—

Well, it is over at last. No—, I am not married yet. What I mean is that I have fought the duel. Of course I won or I would not be writing to you now; but it was a mighty hard task to put over. Adonis put up a stiff fight and if he had not accidentally dropped his hatchet I expect I could not have been able to write this letter this morning; but everything turned out for the best and I am left still alive even if not without scars and bruises. One of my eyes is closed up, but I am proud of it, for it goes to show the world that it was a hard contest, and makes me seem all the more valiant thereby. Of course I know that I am not such a great fighter as some people would judge me to be from the duel, but still I can put up a darn good fight. I saw Gelina today and tried to make up to her after I had driven off the other fellow; but she gave me the cold shoulder and it looked like she really wanted the other fellow after all; but you never can tell about these women. Say, Bud, I certainly did like that new brand of stone you wrote me on last time. It was quite distinctive and gave the impression of wealth and station. I noticed that it was Hammermill Bond, which marks it as a high priced stationery.

Sincerely,

Prltx.

Linville Falls.
6th year of Ino.
200 day.

Dear Didado—

Gelina and I arrived at our new bungalow today. I love her more now than ever and she seems to enjoy my love taps, and smiles sweetly every time I pull her about by her long, coal-black hair. We were joined together on the 181 day. I slipped up behind her with my hatchet and tapped her lightly and gently on the head, she only "stayed out" for 35 minutes. When she came to I picked her up and rushed her to the Parson. After the ceremony I slipped the Parson a fiver and we went over to the Ford agency and bought us a coupé. As there were no self-starters in stock I was forced to crank her up to start her, and I received a good kick and a very sore arm for my pains. I applied some Sloan's liniment, and my arm is about well now. The reason we took so long to get here was that the car broke down and we had to send back for a mechanic to come and fix it, and as usual, he came without his tools and had to go back for them. We are happy in our snug quarters, and if you ever happen to be in the vicinity, just drop in and we will put you to sleep in the sink.

Your pal,

Prltx.

Atlanta Florida.
8th year of Ino.
200 day.

Dear Didado—

Just to think that two whole years have passed since I wrote you last. We are sorry that you have never been to see us, for we looked forward to having you. We have gotten so that we eat at the dairy lunch entirely because wifey is too over-burdened with social duties. John and Mary are getting along nicely and we hope to raise them as modern models of propriety. Wife is going to the club with Durano to a dance tonight. I am too busy to ever go. I am not jealous though, for I believe that Gelina will be true, and I know that Durano is my friend and would not do anything to harm my wife.

Write soon,

Prltx.

Bunco Alabama.
6th year of Jazz.
31 day.

Dear Didado—

Time flies and I get busier every day. We now have ten children and all of them are doing fine except Dorothy, whom I am going to put out of her misery tonight. She fell out the mouth of our apartments yesterday and dislocated her hip. I am going to wait till she is asleep, so that the blow will cause her no pain whatsoever. We moved to Bunco two years ago and we like it fine. We live in a small suburban bungalow, which suits us fine and is very cozy. Wifey has gone out with Durano tonight to a party. I have begun to suspect her, and now she is not nearly so pretty as she used to be, and I have my eye on another young chicken. I expect to retire from business in a few days as soon as I can go into bankruptcy and make my roll. After that I am going to spread some joy over the old burg, and send the children to an orphan asylum or send them all off to college, so that they will be out of the way for a while.

As ever,

Prltx.

Sanfrancisco, Cal.
7th year of Jazz.
1st day.

Dear Didado—

At last I have gone through with the proper legal methods and have at last collected my roll. The children are off at college and at prep school and I am at last alone. Last night I found Gelina in Durano's arms, and when

he left her I went out and threw him off the cliff into the sea. I then returned and gave Gelina a glass of milk with several strichinine tablets dissolved in it. At last I am free, and I hope that I shall never have another woman on my hands. Me for "eat, drink, and be merry" ways, and no more wives for mine. I came to Sanfrancisco last night by the last mail plane. Write soon.

Your chum,

Prltx.

WESTERN UNION

(Telegram)

recd. Barnum, S. C. sent—Sanfrancisco
Jazz 10, Jazz 10
day 2. day 2.
1st. hr. last hour.

To Mr. P. P. Didado.

Found most beautiful woman at last. Married last night. Happiest man in world.

Prltx.

THE ROMANCE OF AN ENGINEERING GENIUS

An Essay

By J. M. McKnight

THIRTY years ago a lad, who was less than penniless and a cripple in addition, landed at Ellis Island from Germany, an immigrant in the steerage, with every apparent likelihood of becoming a public charge. In order to enter this country, it is related, that he had to borrow $25.00 from a fellow trans-Atlantic passenger. Had he been unable to negotiate this loan, the history of the development of the electrical industry in this country would not contain several remarkable chapters that recite the achievements of Charles Proteus Steinmetz.

His career matches that of any man in America in the matter of early struggles against desperate odds, or of overcoming obstacles through patience, perseverance and hard work. Yet instead of giving the sterotyped formula for success, in which the words "honesty," "hard work," "stick-to-it-iveness" stand out like sore thumbs, this chief consulting engineer of the General Electric Company said that "anybody can achieve as much as I have achieved, if he has the right opportunity."

In the *National Pictorial Monthly,* Charles W. Wood, reviewing the career of Dr. Steinmetz, comments on the fact that he has remained until recently comparatively unknown to the general public. Meeting Steinmetz ten years ago, this biographer was puzzled to find a reason why such a typical story of inspiration to American youth had not been heralded broadcast. The peculiar reason was that Steinmetz was known as a socialist, and that, in the public thinking of the time, was set down as a freak.

He was born in Breslau, Germany, April 9th, 1865. His family was poor and lived in one of the typical German flats. His father was at first a lithographer, later a railroad employee. His mother died when he was only a year old and he was left to the care of his grandmother. A very great debt which Steinmetz owed his father was the latter's determination to give his son an education. His father was interested in science and read many books on those subjects, thereby arousing his son's interest in them. By tutoring, Charles worked his way through the university, specializing in astronomy and mathematics, with the intention of becoming a professor of astronomy. He might have been occupied today in measuring the stars if he had not become in-

volved in a political controversy, which later necessitated his leaving Germany. He went to Switzerland, where he studied mechanical engineering, supporting himself while there by writing popular articles on astronomy. As there was not much chance for a career in Switzerland, he came to America.

After being turned down by several electrical manufacturers, who said that we were flooded over here with a regular epidemic of electrical engineers from abroad, he finally secured a job as draftsman at $12.00 per week. Several months after his arrival he began to write articles for the *Electrical World*. Within a year he read a paper before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, and one year later he appeared a second time before that organization and read another paper, two hundred pages long, which created a veritable sensation among the scientists who listened to it. From that day to this "the inner circle of men who know" have recognized the genius of Charles P. Steinmetz.

His most important work has been done in three fields: magnetism, alternating currents and transients. He invented the mercury boiler, which will save one-third of the coal used by a steam boiler. He invented a machine for registering the voice by light on moving picture film, which has unlimited possibilities of development—including talking movies; and vacuum tubes that have in them the germ of greater things than the world has yet dreamed of in electrical science. His last great achievement was the production in his own laboratory of a real bolt of lightning, identical in action and effects to the lightning of the sky, from a current of two hundred thousand volts.

Steinmetz's achievements are many and mighty. Merely to enumerate them would be beyond the limits of this brief tribute. It may be safely said that at least one-third of the practical attainments in this branch of engineering within the last twenty years was directly or indirectly due to his researches or to his method of reckoning possibilities.

Steinmetz was known and loved far beyond the boundaries of this country. His name carried with it the implication of more than an engineer. He was a man—therein lay his greatness. It happens that this acknowledged head of his profession in America was one of the most human of men. His fondness for children was pronounced. He was as enthusiastic in helping them understand how two and two must be four as he was in demonstrating his latest electrical calculations to a convention of gray-bearded professors. Steinmetz in his laboratory, Steinmetz working out a problem upon which our industrial civilization waited, was no more absorbed in study than was the same Steinmetz, with a handful of fortunate children around him, as he demonstrated the miracle of long division.

Looking at him upon such an occasion it was impossible to tell who was the pupil and who the teacher. For the wizard was learning. He was asking questions. He was finding out how the marvelous human forces operated.

"There are no foolish questions," he said. "No man really becomes foolish until he stops asking questions. The science of education is the science of helping people."

It was this propensity to ask and find answers to questions that made the electrical wizard.

"Work is a curse. The chief aim of society should be to abolish work." Such was the slogan of the wizard of Schenectady, as the newspapers unfailingly called him. And it is indeed the aim of every engineer worthy of the title to reduce the drudgery of work, to relegate it to beasts and machines, and to emancipate man, placing him on the dignified level of a human being.

His engineering work was clearly guided by this lucid vision of man liberated from the drudgery of daily toil. It was the system that

considered men as "factory hands" that he indefatigably sought to discredit in the popular mind. It was the ideal of man as time-binder, as a creator of the world of ideas, as a director of the incarnate forces of nature which was the compass of his striving.

Mathematics and electricity were his tools. Mathematics, because it is the only natural method of thinking mankind. It does not depend on the fickle emotions and deceiving senses; no potentate or dictator can legislate the laws of mathematics and nature out of human life. Electricity because its immaterial field so subtly penetrates our life, because its power is so serviceable to mankind, because it replaces with ease the ponderous mass of old, clumsy mechanical devices requiring so much human toil. With these tools he hoped to see the working day reduced to four hours, so as to give the man in the street and the man in the mill time to become truly human.

Several months ago the nation was shocked by the announcement that Charles P. Steinmetz was dead. The big heart in the ill-shaped body had ceased to pulsate. Work had killed the brain. Such is the symbol and the last lesson taught us by this engineering genius of the age.

A beast may leave to his children a will: "Do as I Did." A man like Steinmetz gives a command: "Do better."

THE MILLS OF THE GODS

A Story

By C. C. Herbert

ONE of the glowing oak sticks broke, sending a shower of sparks up the wide chimney and disturbing the dying embers of the fire so that they blazed up again, brightening and broadening the half-circle of light about the hearth. The shadows, which gradually had been creeping in closer and closer, fled back to the corners of the study where the sombre rows of books in their varnished shelves seemed to be silently communing together. The revived firelight showed an elegant, comfortable den. The luxurious depth of the upholstered chairs, the rows on rows of books in leather bindings with gilt-lettered titles, the Persian rug on the floor, all gave one a sense of comfort and ease of which I was proud. Those great, cunningly-wrought andirons of burnished brass, heirlooms which had been in the family for generations, shone dully, adding just the right touch to the big, open fireplace and the huge mantelpiece above it.

My friend, Alfred Calhoun, and I had been talking over old times together. I had not seen him since we had left college forty years ago, until he had come around that evening. In spite of the passage of the years I had recognized him at once, although I was surprised at his gaunt and haggard appearance. I looked across at him now as he sat gazing into the fire. The flickering of the light deepened the wrinkles on his emaciated face. How could I have forgotten those eyes of his, so black and sparkling? At college they used to glow and burn, when he talked, like coals of live fire. Though somewhat dimmer after the passage of the years, they still surprised me as they glittered in reflection of the dying blaze.

In college we had wondered what Alfred was going to become. We expected great things of him, for his mind was brighter than his eyes. He often used to surprise the professors by his accurate, well-phrased answers in class. He was not very popular with the boys, but he graduated as first-honor man, and

we had some real scholars in our class, too. Harvey Phillips is now a world-famous archeologist; another is president of one of the largest universities in the country; several are famous authors. But what had Alfred done? I had not heard a word of him from graduation day until now, although I had asked nearly every "old boy" that I had met for news of him.

He sat there now, looking into the fire, deep in his chair with his finger tips together and his elbows resting on the chair arms in that old favorite attitude of his. His thick hair was perfectly white. On his face was an expression of such sadness and utter melancholy that I marveled. Certainly, great sorrow must have been his to have worn those wrinkles into his face. As I watched him I saw a tear well from his eye and trickle slowly down his cheek. I must have gasped aloud, for he turned his head with a start and looked at me.

"Oh, Frank," he said in a husky voice unlike his previous clear speech, "you little dream of what sorrow it is possible for a man to undergo. But I know. Yes, I know! Heaven pity any man that has suffered half as much as I have. Oh, heaven pity me."

He groaned dully and seemed in such an agony of spirit that I tried to comfort him.

"Sorrow is the lot of us all, Alfred, old friend. We all have times when we look back on the past with pain. I am grieved to hear you speak this way. Tell me of your sorrow and about your life since we knew each other so long ago."

"True. Sorrow does come to all, but may no one else ever have such grief as has been mine. Perhaps it will relieve me somewhat to tell you of it. I do indeed need relief, for I feel as if I will go mad if I have to bear this grief much longer.

"You remember, do doubt, dear Frank, that in college I was particularly interested in such studies as psychology, biology, and chemistry. I intended to be a doctor from my childhood, and, as I grew older, I became more and more determined in my intention. In college I became interested in the study of the mind, and after I finished college I decided that I would add to the regular medical course in the university a course in psycho-analysis, suggestive therapeutics, and kindred subjects.

"One day as I was studying an abstruse point in the advanced psychology of the university, the thought struck me that the first twenty years of every person's life are practically wasted. During those years the brain slowly develops. It occurred to me that if by some means I could hasten the development of the intellect, I could add approximately twenty years of usefulness to every man's life. At present we devote the first twenty years to educating, training, and preparing the mind for the life of work which begins at about twenty-one. If I could only find the means by which a one-year-old child could be treated so as to have his brain become that of a man, he could learn in three or four years all that a man of twenty-four or five has learned, and the development of the race would be revolutionized. I have never seen yet why my plan was not good, but—oh, heaven, it must be wrong. Enough sorrow has been mine to show me that it was not in accordance with the will of the Creator."

My friend went into a paroxysm of grief. He buried his face in his emaciated hands and moaned in a manner dreadful to hear. Presently, he regained his self-control and went on with his account.

"This plan became an obsession with me. I continued my study after I left the university. I spent nights and days of careful study of the human brain. I examined it in all of its stages of development, from the embryo to the full-grown man. Then I studied all the drugs and potions that have any effect on the brain. I tell you I worked as never student worked. Frequently I would spend several days in the laboratory without sleep or food, watching

intently some delicate test.

"During those years of study I occasionally took rests of a week or two in order that I might go back to my work with a clear, refreshed mind. One of these periods of rest I spent on the Florida Coast, and there I met the girl who was to become my bride. Oh, Frank, I had never known great love before. All the sacred beauty of romance was revealed to me suddenly, for I had never gone with the girls in my youth. I thrill again as I think of sitting on the sand under the clear Southern sky with that dear, wonderful girl by my side. I poured all the repressed affection of my being out to her in a feverish courtship. It seemed that everything that I did in those days was feverish. Helen accepted me and we were married three weeks after we had met.

"I had not told her of my great plan. I revealed it to her the day after our marriage. She was shocked. I can remember now how she looked at me in the train with staring eyes, as if she had discovered that I was mad. She tried to persuade me to give it up and to devote myself to medicine. When we were on our honeymoon trip I half promised her to do so, so great was my love for her. Would that I had remained faithful to my half promise.

"When we were settled in our new home I became restless. It seemed to me that my whole life was wrapped in my plan, and, despite the tears and entreaties of my dear wife, I went back to my experiments. I tried to explain to her how much it would mean to the race when I was successful, for I had no doubt that I would be. She could not understand. It seemed to her that I was trying to improve on the design of the Creator. However, I kept on with my work. I became the father of a beautiful baby boy, but so absorbed was I in my plan that I hardly noticed the fact.

"At last, one fateful day, I brought from my laboratory a bottle of shimmering, sparkling, blue-green liquid. This was the result of my years of self-denial and toil. To the best of my knowledge, if fifty drops of that liquid were introduced into the brain of a one-year-old child, five drops a day for ten days, at the end of the period the child's brain would be in exactly the same stage of development as the brain of a normal, twenty-one-year-old man. I need not tell you that it was a most deadly poison unless it was used in exactly the right way and applied in the correct amount. I proposed that it should be introduced into the brain by way of the optic nerve.

"Now the question came up as to whom I should use for a subject for the great test. Of course, I could not try it on a guinea pig or a monkey or anything else except a human baby. I thought of my own child, who was then a dear, lovable little chap of ten months. Since I had completed my work I had spent more time at home and had became passionately devoted to my son. As I dandled him on my knee, I shuddered to think of trying the crucial test on him.

"The state of mind in which I lived during the month or two after the completion of my experiments is unspeakable. I was torn between two great forces: the love of my science and the love of my child. I kept putting off the question, dallying with the thing that had to be answered shortly, for my child was nearing the age when, and only when, the test could be made on him.

"On the night before little Alfred would be one year old I sat up and wrestled with my problem. My father-love fought against my love of humanity and of science. You cannot possibly understand what an awful night that was. I realized that I could not ask another parent to suffer his child to be used, no matter how poor or how humble he might be, when I, the experimenter, would not use my own child. Were all my years of study, which I believed at last to be crowned with success, to be rendered futile now be-

cause I had no subject to experiment on? I thought again of those baby blue eyes, the image of my wife's, and of those chubby little fists that had wrapped themselves among my heartstrings. Could I bear to experiment on my baby? Then I thought of the wonderful aid to science which my discovery would prove to be. If it were successful, and I had no reason to doubt that it would be, my name would live till the end of time, and so would my son's. He would be the first of the race of super-intellects!

"Day was dawning when I reached my decision. I got everything in readiness for the test, for it was my son's first birthday and tomorrow would be too late.

"When I told my resolve to my wife she fainted dead a way. After I had revived her, she implored and besought me with such piteous entreaties not to do it that any but a heart of stone would have yielded. When I persisted in my determination, she fought. Like a tigress whose young is threatened did my beloved Helen attack me. With the greatest difficulty I overcame her. I shut her up in a room, proposing to keep her there until I should have finished my test.

"I took my boy into the laboratory and gave him an anesthetic, which would render him semi-conscious for ten days. Then, with a fine, unbelievably delicate hypodermic needle, I injected five drops of the liquid into his optic nerve, inserting the needle near the corner of the eye. For nine days I kept it up, giving an injection each day. Nothing could be determined as to my success until the end of the time, for my plan required that the subject be kept perfectly passive under the influence of an anesthetic. Meanwhile, during the period when the injections were being made, I had seen my wife only when I carried her food. She remained in the same state of mind, so I kept her locked in.

"The tenth day dawned. The issue was to be decided today. I went into the laboratory where the child lay and injected the final dose. Now would the great question be settled. The child stirred and opened his eyes. They had the expression of a man's. He gave me the most pathetic, appealing, pleading look that I have ever seen. He opened his mouth, and with a baby's voice but a man's accent, uttered a few incohorent words. Then a convulsion racked the child's body and he died in terrible pain.

"A shriek as of a tormented soul sounded behind me. It was my Helen. I had forgotten to lock her door in my excitement that morning. She fainted again, but she never regained consciousness this time.

"The mother and child were buried in one grave. When the cause of the two deaths became known I was judged mad and sent to the asylum. A period passed of which I have no recollection. I must really have gone insane with grief. I regained my faculties a few years ago and since then I have wandered about in a vain attempt to find relief."

My friend had ended his story. He left shortly afterwards, and I sat up far into the night gazing at the dead ashes and thinking over his sad experience.

A paragraph in the paper next morning attracted my attention:

"Found Dead—The body of a man was taken from the river late last night bearing letters identifying him as one Alfred Calhoun. His age is estimated at seventy. Suicide is assigned as the cause of death. Any information with regard to him is requested at headquarters of police."

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY CAMPAIGN

An Essay

By W. C. Wallace

THIS campaign, better known as the "Valley Campaign of Stonewall Jackson," was instituted by Lee as one of the methods by which he planned to change the direction of the war and to make the Confederate armies win where the Northern armies had won before.

It is necessary to know something of the life of the great man who perpetrated this campaign to fully understand it. Thomas J. Jackson, better known as "Stonewall," was born at Clarksburg, West Virginia, in 1824. He graduated at West Point and entered the Mexican War as an artilleryman, and won great honor for himself there. After the Mexican War, he retired from military life and become a professor at the Virginia Military Institute, where he was noted for his punctuality and his religious earnestness. When war broke out and Virginia seceded, he entered the service and commanded a body of troops at the battle of Manassas, where he gained his nom de geurre of "Stonewall." On October the 7th, after this battle, he was rewarded for his good services by an appointment as major general, and on November the 4th was very greatly gratified when he was placed in command of the troops of the Shenandoah Valley, which was his native part of the country.

Now starts the narrative of the campaign of the Shenandoah. Jackson had originally been sent into the Valley merely to hold that region and to inflict any damage on the enemy that he could, this he had done with an entirely inadequate force, but later his object was to head toward Washington. He used his inadequate forces to advance, however, and in January, 1862, he took the strategic town of Romney, which was the key to the whole region, where he stationed Loring. He and Loring were so situated that they could be in communication at all times, which gave them the Valley and all of its strategic advantages, both as a striking point toward Washington and as a Southern military supply base. It never rains but it pours it seems, for Jackson was not only hampered by inadequate forces, but also by having a Secretary of War at Richmond who was very anxious to use his important position to order the troops around. He ordered Jackson and Loring to give up their advantageous positions and to fall back to Winchester. Jackson and Loring obeyed this command, but not without bitterly resenting the interference which had baffled the strategist. Jackson immediately sat down and wrote the War Department asking them to accept his resignation or to return him to the V. M. I. This interference in the plans of the leaders of the South did not only affect Jackson, but by the Secretary of War's ignorance of military courtesies and sending the order direct to Jackson instead of through Johnson, who was the officer over Jackson, he caused Johnson's plans to be broken up. When Johnson found out what had been done and what Jackson had done, he detained Jackson's letter and wrote him that he had been hurt as much or more than Jackson had, but that he was not going to resign, and he thought that Jackson should not, even though it would have been the proper thing to do in peace times. This appeal to Jackson to remain in the service was seconded by numbers of letters from all over the country. Jackson accepted the appeal and wrote to the governor of Virginia to withdraw his resignation if the Secretary of War did not object, but if the Secretary persisted in practicing his ruinous poli-

cies that he thought an officer could do no better service to his country than to submit his resignation.

This interference of the Secretary of War was serious. First, it resulted in the siege of Richmond, which not only greatly discouraged the Confederates but also their friends, the people of Europe, who were struggling to secure the South's recognition as an independent power. Second, it made necessary the Seven Days battles. And third, it made necessary the campaign against Pope. All of these were necessary as preliminaries to a campaign of aggression, which, but for the War Department's interference, could have been undertaken immediately with the full force of the Confederates.

Jackson's resignation having been withdrawn, he remained in command of the Valley, but in spite of his arduous activity in battle at Kernston and Romney—his original plans having been ruined by the interference of the Secretary of War—he was slowly beaten back into seemingly unstrategic positions which appeared to make the Valley a Federal stronghold. But in his usual superior, punctual, and strategic way he turned himself and his army around, and by waging a most brilliant campaign, he reversed circumstances again and made himself master once more of what it seemed that he had lost for good.

It would have been much easier for him to have carried out his plans if he had had more men, but when he asked Lee for come reinforcements, Lee told him that he could let him have only the small force under General Ewell, who was on the Rappahannock, and the small force under Edward Johnson. In all the forces that were available to Jackson amounted to only 17,000 men, while the force of the Northern army amounted to 34,000 men, under Banks, Milroy, Schenck, and Fremont.

Not dismayed at the odds against him, Jackson decided to try to defeat these leaders, and devised a plan by which he could fling nearly the whole of his army against the enemy at one time. By this plan he could both defend Staunton and destroy in detail the enemy's double numbers.

The weather was highly unfavorable for rapid marching, for the roads were quagmires and the fields on either side were morasses and swamps. In fact, the rain and mud were so bad that it was sometimes impossible for the army to move their guns more than five miles a day. Yet under these conditions Jackson pushed forward and ordered Ewell to cross the Blue Ridge Mountains from the east, and to occupy Swift Run Gap, which he (Jackson) was evacuating. While Ewell was doing this, Jackson crossed the mountains to their eastward side as if he were evacuating the Valley and moving toward Richmond. After executing this manouver, Jackson as quickly as he could and by a circuitous route, recrossed the mountains and re-entered the valley without the enemy getting any knowledge of it. Jackson and Johnson joined forces at West View, and Ewell occupied the place that Jackson had evacuated. As the topography of the country prevented Jackson from using all his forces, he and Johnson started out with a force numbering about 8,000 men, to fight the Northern army of 34,000 men, one section at a time. This was a great risk, as it placed him in a position where he might have to fight the whole of the enemy's army at one time, but his plans were so well laid and he had so masterfully concealed his movements that the probability of such an engagement was reduced to almost nothing. The careful placing of Ewell at Elk Run was one of the main features of this campaign, for it placed General Banks in such a position that if he tried to move any of his forces from Harrisonburg to aid the enemy Ewell would be able to attack and in all probability take Harrisonburg, thereby giving the South complete control of the Valley. Jackson and Johnson fell on the Federals at McDowell and defeated them in a

sharp battle. The Federals, though beaten in battle, still had the fighting spirit, and as they retreated they burned the forest behind them, both blinding and suffocating the Confederates, and giving Schenck time to escape. Jackson, on the other hand, felled, with the aid of the farmers along the way, great trees across the road to prevent Banks, by any chance, from sending aid to Schenck. Jackson at last drove Schenck back into the ranks of Fremont, but did not go any further as he did not wish to fight the combined forces of Schenck and Femont. Nevertheless, he had effectually prevented a junction of Fremont's or Schenck's troops with those of Banks. He had prevented the taking of Staunton, a great railroad center, and had kept 35,000 troops of the enemy busy in the Valley, which otherwise might have been sent to reinforce McClellan. He had also kept McDowell from advancing via the Shenandoah Valley to aid McClellan.

Jackson's next move was to concentrate his whole force with that of Ewell at Elk Run so that he could threaten Banks and also be ready to rush to the aid of Richmond. The Northern forces having been divided and Jackson's men consolidated, he decided to move against Banks. Banks did not wait for Jackson to attack, but immediately evacuated Harrisonburg and slowly retired to Newmarket, where he lost half of his forces by the loss of an attachment under Shields, which was sent to help McClellan at Richmond.

Jackson had not accomplished what he set out to do however, for he let Banks get 11,000 men to Fredericksburg, from whence they were to march to Richmond to aid McClellan.

The Federal forces at Fredericksburg were ordered to move forward to join the forces of McClellan before Richmond.

The Federal authorities at Washington were very timid about sending reinforcements to McClellan, as much apprehension was felt for the safety of Washington. Lee saw this advantageous fact and made good use of it later on when the time came, through Jackson.

When the time came, Lee ordered Jackson to strike at Washington, so as to draw McDowell's forces from aiding McClellan at Richmond.

Turning from his pursiut, Jackson quickly united with Ewell's forces and attacked a detachment at Front Royal, which he destroyed almost completely. Jackson then turned again to his pursuit of Banks, who retreated from Strasburg to Winchester, destroying all that he could not carry away. Jackson now had three men to Bank's one. He quickly drove Banks from Winchester in a hotly contested battle, and cut off Banks retreat to Harper's Ferry, but Banks, fighting for all he was worth, retreated to a position where he could guard Jackson's flank and attack him if he attempted to take Washington.

Jackson's Valley campaign had been a complete success up to this time, for it had detained Fremont and Schenck in the mountains when McClellan needed them in the siege of Richmond. It had kept Banks busy and had driven him to a position where he could be of no service to the Federal troops anywhere. And it had drawn McDowell's troops from aiding McClellan at Richmond upon the fruitless errand of defending Washington. This was exactly what Lee wanted and coincided with his plans and intentions to the dot.

If it had not been for Jackson's Valley campaign, Lee could not have carried forward his campaign of dislodgement against McClellan nor all the stupendous campaign that followed, including the overthrow of Pope, the invasion of Maryland, and the battle of Antietam, and other great battles of the war.

It is very interesting to know that Jackson never allowed cursing to go unpunished during any of his campaigns except one time, and that time was at Edward's Ferry on the Antietam campaign. Things had gone wrong

throughout the day and Jackson was thoroughly disgusted and feeling "mean." The mule train had gotten blocked at the ford and Jackson ordered Major Harmon to go forwad and clear the ford. The major did so, and poured forth a bountiful measure of violent oaths and kicks upon the mules. The drivers took up the swearing, and the mules catching the inspiration made a break for shore and cleared the ford in five minutes. Harman came back, and touching his hat said, "The ford is clear, General! There's only one language that will make mules understand on a hot day that they must get out of the water." The General smiled and said, "Thank you, Major," and dashed into the water at the head of his staff and rode across.

It is also very interesting to know that Jackson, during this campaign, for the first time in history, set the doctors and surgeons free so that they could wait on the wounded. Before this doctos and surgeons had been considered prisoners of war when captured and were treated as such. It was Dr. Hunter McGuire who first suggested this treatment of medical men in war.

But the story of the Valley campaign is not yet through. For, Jackson, having driven Banks across the Potomac, threatened an invasion of Maryland and Washington. Jackson, seeing this, moved at once upon Harper's Ferry and seemed on the verge of literally crossing the Potomac and invading Maryland and Pennsylvania and taking Washington. The effect was all that could be desired, as it drew all the troops that should have been sent to aid McClellan to the protection of Washington, and in an endeavor to destroy Jackson and his army.

The drawing of the Federal troops toward Washington seemed to catch Jackson in an escape proof trap, for he and his 15,000 men were surrounded by the nemy's force of about 60,000 men. It was Jackson's duty not only to endeavor to make the escape of his army, but also to destroy as many of the enemy's forces as possible. Of the enemy's forces 35,000 were on the road that Jackson had to travel to get back to Richmond to help Lee. To get his troops out required great strategy on the part of Jackson. He first withdrew his troops to Winchester, and when he got there he found that McDowell's troops were in possession of Front Royal, only twelve miles from Strasburg, where Jackson was planning to reach before the enemy did. He also found that Fremont was only twenty miles away, while the front of his (Jackson's) army was thirteen miles from Strasburg, and his rear was forty-three miles away from Strasburg. Even at this great disadvantage, Jackson believed in his troops and believed that they could beat the enemy to Strasburg, and once there could hold it and defeat the enemy by attacking them separately. The Federals and the Confederates had a race. Jackson having gotten the lead was pursued by Saxton. The Confederates made the best time and gained a still farther lead on the Federals. But Jackson had now pushed his army between the two large forces of Shields and McDowell, and his problem now was to prevent the junction of these two armies and to defeat them. By some mistakes as to routes and some other blunders on the part of the Federals, Jackson got his men safely out of their precarious position and retreated out of Strasburg on his way to Harrisonburg, Cross Keys, and Port Republic, places where he planned to fight the enemy. So many troops were sent to aid Shields that he telegraphed not to send any more men or they would have a famine, and to let him alone as he had enough men to sweep the Valley clean.

His foot soldiers having retreated as far as he wanted them to, Jackson divested himself of his prisoners, wounded, and baggage, which he sent to Staunton. Thus cleared for action, Jackson turned upon his pursuers. As he had destroyed all the bridges except the

one at Port Republic, the enemy were separated by the river. Jackson now had 13,000 men and the enemy had about 11,000 on one side of the river and about 4,000 on the other side, or a little over 15,000 in all. Jackson now decided to fight these two armies separately.

On the eighth of June he turned to face Fremont at Cross Keys. He was forced to reduce his firing line by detaching a part of his army to hold Shields in check on the other side of the river. He disposed the rest of his men in a position of his own choosing and waited for the enemy to attack. The attack was made the same day, and Fremont was so easily repulsed that Jackson immediately decided to attack his other adversary, Shields. He left a small body of men to hold Fremont in check and crossed the river and fell on Shields and was almost defeated, but reserves came up and Shields was defeated. Fremont and Shields immediately gave up the contest and retreated northward down the Valley.

Lee had been fully prepared for this move and secretly ordered Jackson to move to Ashland, a few miles from Richmond, and to sweep down the Valley between the Pamunkey and Chicahominy rivers, as an aid to the movements of Lee against McClellan.

Lee next sent two divisions at the same time to reinforce Jackson in the Valley. This was to make a great show and to scare the retreating Northern generals. This ruse worked fine, and while Jackson was fighting McClellan from the rear, General Banks was sending telegrams to Washington that "Stonewall" Jackson was sweeping up the Valley at the head of reinforced troops to attack Washington. Numerous enemy officers, who were being paroled, were impressed with the size of the army, and they carried the news to the North, as it was intended that they should.

The result was that Jackson and his reinforcements were able to join Lee in front of Richmond in time to take part in the Seven Days battles.

A ROMANCE

A Poem

By H. M. Patrick

It was June, as I recall it,
Many, many, years ago,
That we sat there on the sand beside the sea,
As the moonbeams played entrancing,
And the waves crawled up the beach,
And the stars shone down from Heaven in their glee.

There I told her that I loved her,
As I grasped her hand so soft,
And I held it in my own, so warm and tight;
And I drew her nearer to me,
In a way I'll ne'er forget,
While I gazed into that face so fair and bright.

And I felt I was in heaven,
As I pressed my lips to hers,
And I uttered once again those words divine.
How my heart beat with emotion,
As I held her in my arms,
And I knew that she was mine and only mine.

Oh! that great and blissful romance,
There that night beside the sea,
When there was within my mind a single thought.
I was my mother's little girlie,
Only seven years of age.
And "she" my old rag-doll that Santa brought.

TAXI

A Story

By W. K. Wynn

"YOU MUST have had a hard day of it at the office, Fred. You usually come home an hour before this time; you look tired."

"I'll say we have. I left some of the force still working. We got in three cars of fruit and have already shipped over half of it to our customers. I'm dead tired."

Mrs. Stanley and her son were in the dining room. The family had eaten supper, so Fred was alone engaged in this most attractive occupation while his mother administered to his wants.

"Where are the girls, Mama?"

"O, they've gone to the church. You know this is the night for their regular monthly banquet, supper, or blowout, either one you wish to call it. Lois went long before dark, about five o'clock, in order to start cooking for it. Mary came home from the office rather tired, and I had just about persuaded her not to go, when Lois phoned and said that if Mary would come that Mr. Brown would come for her in his car. She went, but poor little girl she was tired, I know."

"Who's going to bring them back?" inquired Fred.

"That's the question, who is? You know those girls as well as I do, Fred. It seems to me they are always going over to the church for one thing or another. The Sunday School or the church are just always having something; and since the girls are teachers, of course they are expected to be there. I am glad they take interest in church work, but they won't do as I ask them about coming home; and it worries me. I tell them to phone us when they are ready and that you would not mind running over there in your Ford for them and bringing them home. Especially since they have to walk all the way home by themselves or come in a taxi. I have never liked taxies, but I have had a horror of them since that terrible murder by a taxi driver in Pittsburgh. I believe I had rather for them to walk home alone than to call a taxi at ten o'clock at night, even though they have to come through such a rough district to get here."

"I have often thought of the girls coming home here in a taxi too. Their lives are in the hands of the driver all the time they are in the car. I know what I'm talking about when I say that these taxi drivers are not far above any crime. I've heard you tell the girls over and over again about it. Why don't you just make them stop going unless they promise to phone me?"

"Well, you know that they are both grown now and they feel as if they should not be treated like children any more. Then, too, they have the idea that they are safe as long as they are together; but what could they do if anyone wished to harm them; absolutely nothing. I can't help worrying about it. They see you and Irwin get up and go out any time you please and come back when you please; they think that they can do the same. They seem to think that it is only in stories that brutes in the shape of men live, and never in real life. Why, I even heard May say the other day that she would like to be kidnapped. I can't help from admiring the attitude which they take, that all men are above doing them any harm—that's fine, but it's too ideal for this old world. They are such independent little messes," laughed Mrs. Stanley, "until they don't want to be dependent on you or anybody else to get about. It's too bad that girls can't do like boys; but they can't, and there's no use in saying that they can."

"I know they are and I suppose that I should appreciate the fact that they don't want to inconvenience me. I don't appreciate it though, for when a boy has sisters he knows that he's going to be bothered. I don't object to that though, I had rather have both sisters and bother than to have neither. I'm afraid that if they continue to ride in taxies at midnight I'll only have the bother left. I'm twenty-seven and the girls ought to—" A pattering of feet accompanied by violent laughter interrupted Fred. The door opened and Mary rushed in, followed by Lois.

"Mother, you or Fred give me fifty cents, quick, the taxi's waiting out in front."

"There you are, Fred, just as I thought, and it's ten o'clock. I feel like giving you girls something besides fifty cents," said Mrs. Stanley.

"Here you are you little taxi fiends," laughed Fred, as he tossed a fifty-cent piece across the table to Mary. Presently the two girls returned to tell of the success of their supper.

"We had nearly all the teachers present, mother, and the best supper anyone has prepared in a long time," exclaimed Lois.

"You ought to, goodness knows you girls work hard enough to have something. It seems to me that you all stay at the church more than you do at home."

"If we don't ever go to any worse place than that we are safe, aren't we, mother?" asked Lois.

"No, not as long as you have to call taxies at ten o'clock at night," interrupted Fred.

"O, you old-time thing, where did you get your old-time views from," laughed Mary.

"Mother and Fred have been talking, I can tell it. That's just what mother says," volunteered Lois.

"Well, why don't you monkies call me? You know I have a Ford here and that I could come for you."

"Yes, why don't we?" exclaimed Lois. "Look at Fred now, Mary, he looks as if he can hardly hold his eyes open. I can't understand why you and mother object so strenuously to us riding in a taxi."

"At ten o'clock at night, absolutely in the power of an unknown roughneck," added Fred. "I'm tired fussin' about it, just keep it up. I've often heard that you can't argue with a woman. I suppose I am foolish in trying to argue with two of them. Good night! I'm going to crawl in."

Thus ended the conversation for the evening at the Stanley's home. If you have ever had the original experience of seeing how thoroughly drenched a duck becomes by having water poured on his back, you can then understand better how thoroughly effective Fred's advice to his sisters was. They were sisters and grown ones at that; Fred was only a man.

A month placed itself between the foregoing conversation and the next teachers' council meeting at Saint John's church. This meeting was as usual preceded by the regular supper. Mary and Lois had displayed their culinary skill sufficiently well (I won't attempt to say whether from the doctor's or from the teachers' standpoint) to escape these duties at this meeting. Their sole duty this time was to attend, and they didn't have to do that until eight o'clock. As Fred was at home he drove his sisters to the church in his Ford.

"You all phone me when you get ready to come back and I'll come for you," said Fred, as he opened the door for his sisters to get out.

"All right, we will if it's not too late, so don't sit up for us, if you get tired go on to bed. We'll get home safe, don't worry about that."

Fred drove off thinking that he had two of the most obstinate sisters in the world, at least about one thing, and that thing was a taxi. The case was not that Mary and Lois were so fond of taxies, but that they were far superior to most girls in that they wished to inconven-

ience others as little as possible. This thoughtfulness even extended to their brother.

Scarcely had the supper started than it began to rain one of those slow persistent winter rains. This fact was not disclosed to the girls, however, until the meeting was adjourned.

"It's half past ten and raining," reported Mary to Lois.

"It would be foolish to have Fred come out in this kind of weather," said Lois. "Let's phone for a taxi. I bet Fred and everybody else has gone to bed at home anyway."

"Maybe some of these teachers who have cars wouldn't object to carrying us home," suggested Mary.

"We wouldn't want to ask them, Mary, none of them live even in the neighborhood of home. If it wasn't raining I wouldn't object to asking Mr. Brown, but he has a car full anyway. Let's go to the study and phone a taxi; I know mother and Fred will understand it this time."

Mary acquiesced. It seemed to them that they had scarely reached the church door when a large Cadillac limousine stopped at the curb and blew its horn for them. The girls lost no time in sinking themselves into the soft cushions on the rear seat.

"Where to, ladies," asked the driver in a bass voice, without so much as turning around.

"Two hundred and thirty-three Dean Street, please," answered the girls together.

"We are traveling in style this time, aren't we, Mary? If they would send this nice big car every time I think I would become a taxi fiend sure enough."

"We can't be bothering ourselves by riding in little old Fords; we ride like the other millionaires, in Cadillacs," laughed Mary with her usual wit.

The girls' conversation drifted from this to the topic of the supper. The girls themselves were drifting, fast drifting, but not towards Dean Street. The rain ominously smeared the glass on the limousine as if to conceal the fact from these light hearts who rode so merrily on the inside, that they were going in the opposite direction from home and mother. Very few automobiles were abroad, and still fewer persons. None except those who had sinister motives prompting them could be walking around on such an inclement night as this. The chauffeur had not turned around once since the girls got in. He sat as motionless as a statue; but there was in that statue the brain of a man that was capable of planning untold miseries for others. Not until the absence of the street illumination became evident, and not until the car began to jolt over an unpaved road, did the girls arouse themselves from their gaiety. Both Mary and Lois now leaned close to the glass of the car and peered out, as best they could, into the black, wet night. A very faint street light glimmered far back over the road which they had traveled. Ahead of them, and on each side, was absolute darkness; that thick, wet appalling darkness. Joy, gaitey, happiness and frivolity left the girls so abruptly that they had no voice with which to express their fright; horror and terror were the usurping powers which caused them to flee.

"We er—er as—ked to g-g-go to D— Dean S-s-street," stammered Mary to the chauffeur, after making several futile attempts to find her voice.

The man made no answer.

"You h-h-h-ave er—er mis-un-understood us, s-s-sir. It is two—tw-o thir-t-y- thr-e-e Dea-n S-s-tree-t in t-t-own, sir, n-n- not in t-t-the country." Lois tried to be more polite and at the same time bolder than Mary in her assertions, but failed miserably.

"Uh, huh," was the only response the man gave.

Now the girls huddled together in a corner of the big seat like two chickens in a rain storm. Each word of their mother and Fred was vividly called back to them. They had never thought such a thing possible, here it

was actually taking place, and they powerless to help themselves. They looked at the chauffeur with the same thoughts that we imagine run through a mouse's brain as he looks at the cat who has him cornered. Mary's hand slowly worked its way toward the handle on the door. That little, trembling, white hand was powerless to budge the car door. Strength had left the girls completely. Their helplessness was made more evident by the increasing weakness. The car now slowed down, and finally stopped. The kidnapping chauffeur moved for the first time. The girls were all but unconscious of their surroundings. They saw the figure open the door, slowly step out into the rain and close it softly after him. The girls clung to each other more closely. There was no power of reasoning left them. Fright had also borne that away. They were as inanimate objects. The steady monotonous pat, pat, pat of the rain drops was all that could be heard. Minutes changed to hours for the girls. After several hours under this strain the door next to the frightened girls opened. The girls shut their eyes and prayed as only saints can pray. They remained several more hours in this position with closed eyes. They could suffer it no longer. Both girls now slowly opened their eyes, at first peeped out of them, then slowly opened them a little wider, at last opened them wide and rubbed them violently. Two feeble shrieks, and the two girls were clinging desperately around Fred's neck.

"Are you taxi fiends ready to go home now?" laughed their brother. "If you are, then come up in the front seat and be sociable, but don't choke me to death nor waste too many of your kisses on me, for you may regret it. I'm no hero, I've been your chauffeur since you left the church." With this assurance coming from their brother so cooly, the two girls relaxed their embraces and little wrinkles quickly changed places with smiles. Words of consternation and reproach came from the same lips which had hitherto lavished kisses so generously. The girls were thoroughly subdued. Anger which had come so quickly could not linger long; but the big Cadillac was half way back to town before the girls were willing to again take up the conversation with their "horrid, terrible, heartless" brother.

"O, we weren't as afraid as you thought we would be," said Mary, and nestled close to her brother, who chuckled to himself. Lois was still silent. It was more difficult for her to forgive such an act.

"I just wanted to show how easy it would be for a taxi driver to kidnap you both. You wouldn't believe my merely telling you, and you wouldn't believe Mama. Do you think such a thing in the realm of the possible now?"

"Where did you get this big limousine from?" Lois had become interested enough now to condescend to speak to the chauffeur.

"Now the other little taxi fiend is waking up, I didn't think she would remain quiet very long."

"Come on now, Fred, and stop your teasing. Tell us all about it," cajoled Mary, beginning to smile. "You don't think we could have acted otherwise after you have treated us like this, do you?"

"No," answered Fred, "but Lois will have to treat me more like a brother and less like a taxi driver before I explain anything."

"All right, go ahead. I'm fastly coming from under the influence of my mad spell." Lois verified her statement with a broad smile and a more attentive posture.

"Have just about explained all of it except how I got the Cadillac," began Fred. "When it started to rain I knew you all well enough to know that you would not phone me. This idea has been in my head for a month and I decided now would be the ideal time to put it into practice. Mama was worried when it began to rain, so I told her my plans. She helped me get together some of my old clothes

and this felt hat. I jumped in my fliver and went around to my boss' home, Mr. Collins. I knew he was a good old sport, and when he saw my plans if he did not need his car he would let me have it gladly. He told me to pull it off right while I was doing it, and not fail to let him know how I came out when I brought the car back."

"Well, how did you know when we phoned to the taxi station?" asked Lois.

"I drove down and parked my Cadillac in front of the taxi station and proceeded to walk back and forth along the sidewalk so that I could hear the phone when it rang. You girls were mighty thoughtless, you kept me waiting a half hour before you called. When I heard the phone ring I moved closer to my car, then I heard the man in the office yell, 'one car to Saint John's church, quick.' I made one wild leap for this old Cad and stopped on the accelerator. I had to beat the taxi there or all my plans would have failed. If you young ladies had not been ready to go when I drove up you would have put me in an embarrassing position, and I know you wouldn't treat your brother like that, would you?"

"Just think what we could have done if we had waited a few minutes to come out of the church, Lois. No, sisters aren't so heartless as brothers, we wanted your plan to be a howling success, so we didn't keep you waiting."

"I would have given half my kingdom if I had known then what I know now," said Lois. "If Fred Stanley wouldn't have been made to feel cheap, I don't know the reason why."

"If, yes; *if* some of these taxi drivers had thought you all were worth carrying off, you see what they could have done, don't you?" asked Fred, as he drove the car into Mr. Collins garage.

"All out, let's change taxies for Dean Street. We can't ride in Cadillacs always, no matter how much you girls enjoy it."

After Fred had made his report to Mr. Collins, the little party rattled home in their Ford. The last thing they heard was Mr. Collins' hearty laugh, which told how much he had entered into Fred's taxi program.

Taxi! Never; why the Stanley girls detest them. They have no compunctions, however, about keeping Fred and his little Ford active.

———o———

EDITING HER LONG-CHERISHED DESIRE

A Story

By J. M. McKnight

WHITNEY J. BRADLEY had just rushed up in front of the establishment of his employer, "The Union Herald," whose front page asserted that it was the largest and most progressive daily in the country. He was the literary editor, or as his fellow workers called him, the telegraph editor of the paper, the last cognomen arising from the fact that his duty was to edit the news stories that came over the Associated Press wire. He was a fast man, fast not because of any hereditary traits or voluntary acts, but because he was residing at present in a booming town. Everything that was said or done in Union savored of the speed-limit. It was not a town. Even the most ignominous citizen resented such an appelation. To their reckoning, it was a full-fledged city—nothing else. Her larger sisters, who had borne the title of city for some time and who were aspiring for rank of metropolis, scorned at the idea that such a handful of people still in the backwoods should have the audacity to usurp the title of city, a title usually reserved for urban communities. Needless to say, Whitney agreed with his fellow citizens in placing the

home town in the category of a city, not just a town.

He leaned against the thick plate-glass window and chatted humorously with a greasy pressman who came up from the basement to get a few breaths of fresh air.

"I'll be dinged if we don't strike, if they don't put some electric fans in that cellar pretty soon. It's the hottest place I ever saw," growled the pressman as he rubbed the grease and printer's ink from his hands with a bundle of cotton waste.

"Now you're talking, Charlie. That's about the only way you'll ever get it," responded Whitney consolingly.

"Just look there! Got four or five fans running right now in the office. And they've got all those windows and overhead ventilation, when we haven't got but one little window opening on the back alley," railed Charlie, as he pointed through the plate-glass.

"Yes, it's mighty hot; in fact, so hot that I can't get my neurones to functioning this evening," said Whitney as he lifted his straw lid and fanned the hectic air. "What's going on today? Anything new?"

"Nope! Everything quiet and dead as ever. Hang it! I mean as live and peppy as could be expected," said Charlie, revealing the habitual attitude or rut into which the citizens formerly run, but from which they were endeavoring to extricate themselves.

"Well, I guess I'll move upstairs and see what's on 'tab' for tonight." He opened the screen door and ascended two flights of stairs to the editorial rooms. Seated in a straight-back chair and knocking away savagely on a typewriter in front of her was Miss Helen Jones, the society editor of *The Union Herald.* She was a dark-haired, blue-eyed girl of lovely appearance.

"You still here, Miss Jones? You ought to have been done half an hour ago," began Whitney.

"Yes, and would have been, had not someone 'phoned in a long social just as I was leaving," replied Miss Jones, as she typed away faster than ever.

Whitney took off his light seersucker coat and laid it across the "mat" table, readjusted his tie and then perched himself in the open window overlooking the street below. He was a tall, slim youth, about twenty-two years of age, of rather noteworthy appearance, with a pompadour sleeked back to perfection. He drew deep draughts from his cigarette and puffed it in slow-moving clouds into the street.

"Who'd you say you were writing up, Miss Jones?" resumed Whitney.

"Those stuck-up Vandykes!"

"Vandykes, did you say? What about them?" said Whitney, as he clambered out of the window and approached the copy on Miss Jones' desk.

"They are giving a dance this evening at their suburban home in honor of several week-end guests. And they brought the article in an hour after the columns are supposed to close."

"Who are the honor guests? Florence has invited me to the dance tonight, and I guess I might as well get acquainted with them."

"Needless to say, you are going?"

"Oh, yes; I'm going—at least, I think I am. I asked the boss to let me off tonight instead of my regular night off, but he wouldn't listen to it. I told him the nature of my engagement and how pressing it was, but he stood resolute."

"That's too bad, Whitney. Wonder what Florence will say."

"That's just it, Miss Jones. Considering the status of our present relations, I do not see how I could be absent without seriously offending her. Then, it is to be the swellest event of the season, and I would naturally like to be present."

"Better hold on to your job; they don't grow on Christmas trees."

(Continued on page 301)

Wofford College Journal
Established 1889

STAFF
Editor-in-Chief—R. H. Hodges
Business Manager—M. B. Wilson
Literary Editor—J. E. Sprott
Literary Editor—A. F. Graham
Literary Editor—M. L. Meadors
Exchange Editor—J. M. Bailey
Circulation Manager—W. S. Hoole
Advertising Manager—A. H. Stokes

Entered at the postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as second-class matter.
The Wofford College Journal is published seven times a year, on the fifteenth of the month, by the Student Body.
Subscription per year, $1.25; single copy, 20c.

EDITORIALS

Finis

With this issue the present staff of The Wofford College Journal bids farewell and leaves this work to other hands. The Journal has been a pleasure to us this year; we have enjoyed working and experimenting with it. If we have been able to publish a magazine of which Wofford could be proud, we are glad; if not—well, we did our best.

For next year The Journal has a fine editor and a competent staff. We wish for them the whole-hearted support of the student body. We hope they will publish, next year, the best literary magazine in the State.

And now the editor would express his deep appreciation to the staff and those members of the student body whose hearty co-operation and fine support has made The Journal possible, and the work necessary in publishing it a pleasure. You have done well and we are grateful.

Statistics

The Journal has published this year one hundred and one contributions exclusive of editorials, high school prize-winning articles and exchanges. The number of students whose work has appeared totals thirty-eight. On the whole, The Journal has been fairly representative of the student body—and the policy of the present staff has been to make our magazine as representative as possible. We had the choice of accepting only articles of real literary merit, or of publishing whatever was up to the average of college work as revealed in the magazines of other schools. We chose the latter policy; for, when all is said and done, The Journal belongs to the student body and should represent it as fully as possible. Then, too, The Journal is intended to encourage men to write. We felt that all these ends could best be served by publishing in your magazine everything that was publishable, and that has been our policy.

Thirty-eight successful contributors have worked for The Journal this year. This fact and the fact that this magazine touches every student, shows us that The Journal is a major activity at Wofford—and this is as it should be. It is only regrettable that more men do not realize their duty and their privilege in regard to their magazine. We are advancing though. This year fourteen more men were represented in the literary department than last year. A proportional increase would put next year's figure at fifty-nine. We wish the incoming staff the best of luck.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

J. M. Bailey, *Editor*

The Chronicle

The February issue of the *Clemson Chronicle* seems to be rather short. Something has been omitted. But yet it is possible that the editors intentionally published a short magazine so that it would be in keeping with the month.

Although there is not much material, I can truthfully say it is good. The story, poems and articles are well selected, and give the publication much interest.

IF IT BE A READY-MADE WEAR_____ **Kuppenheimer**

If it be a Made-to-Order, It should be made by____ **Ed. V. Price & Co.**
CHICAGO

HARRY PRICE

116 EAST MAIN STREET

The Store for Better Merchandise Spartanburg, S. C.

THE DuPRE

Book Store

THE LARGEST BOOK STORE IN SOUTH CAROLINA

Students Cordially Welcomed

Especially are the poems good. However, the thought expressed in them is not original. The technique of the poems is exceptionally fine.

"The Go-Getter" seems to be a good story, but the plot follows rather closely those developed by Alger.

All the articles are commendable, and especially the "Tribute to Lee" and "What Are You Seeking For?"

The Newberry Stylus

The last issue of the *Newberry Stylus* which we have received is not up to the usual standard. However, there are a few good qualities which deserve special mention.

The editorial department is excellent, and the articles contained therein are by far the best we have read this month. The poems are fair. The story "To Have—Be Bold" has a rather unusual plot. It seems almost impossible and give much reason for speculation. The two articles on the Ku Klux Klan are interesting.

The Wake Forest Student

The march issue of the *Wake Forest Student* contains some excellent material. However, a more perfect balance could have been gained had there been one or two short stories. "Asphyxiation" is interesting, but it is more like an essay than a story. It is a story in that it tells of the wandering of one's mind while in the state of asphyxiation. "Opportunity" is a long article which deserves praise for its subject matter and the excellent way it is written. "Notes on Philosophy" has value on account of its educational qualities.

The College of Charleston Magazine

The April number of the *College of Charleston Magazine* contains a mass of material which forms a balance that is desirable. This magazine always contains a wealth of material. The short articles and long stories are excellent in their make-up. "A Summer

DRINK

IN BOTTLES

Spartanburg Coca-Cola Bottling Co.

SNAPPY FOOTWEAR
For the College Man

Square Toe Effects in Shoes and Oxfords, Dancing Oxfords in Patent and Dull Calf, Silk and Wool and all Silk Socks in the New Shades. : : : : : : :

IF IT'S NEW AND POPULAR, WE HAVE IT

Wright-Scruggs Shoe Co.
"THE SHOE STORE"

ITS INFLUENCE—

A strong, progressive Bank wields a powerful influence in the business affairs of a community. It is gratifying to know that the aims and efforts of our officers and directors are so generally understood, and so thoroughly appreciated.

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK

U. S. DEPOSITARY

THE ELITE

CANDIES, SODAS

ICE CREAM AND LUNCHES

WELCOME WOFFORD BOYS

MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT

THE ELITE

Cruise in the Merchant Marine" is the most interesting feature of the book. The description of that authors travels makes us want to wander around the globe.

This is the last issue of THE WOFFORD JOURNAL, and as a consequence this is the last time I will have an opportunity to express, in behalf of the editors, the sincere appreciation they have felt in the sound advice and good criticisms which they have received. We hope that our criticisms have been beneficial to you in striving to reach that goal of perfection which all the editors seek, but which few attain. This magazine will be left in other hands next year—so will yours—and we hope that their associations will be as pleasant as ours.

---o---

Editing Her Long-Cherished Desire

(Continued from page 296)

"I know that, too. But I have worked out a plan. The dance does not begin till about ten or ten-thirty and lasts till two. I am going to start working early and try to knock off by twelve. That will enable me to attend the last half of the dance."

"Twelve? The Associated Press wire does not close till 2 A. M. How can you?"

"I am going to use every bit of the local A. P. copy that comes in by twelve o'clock and fill up the rest with some national photographs, a few press clippings and those news letters from Gaffney, Jonesville, Easley and White Stone. If that's not enough, I'll run in some of the Sunday feature stuff. I'll fill up the paper, all right, and trust to luck that nothing breaks in the last two hours."

"That's dangerous, Whitney? You can't tell what is liable to happen in that time."

"I know that, Miss Jones, but I wouldn't disappoint Florence for anything in the world. She'd never get over it."

"Whitney must be in love. I cannot account for it otherwise."

Home of

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES

AND

FLORSHEIM SHOES

Spartanburg's Best Clothing Store

Greenewald's

INCORPORATED

Spartanburg, South Carolina

The Rex Theatre

COLLEGE AMUSEMENT HEADQUARTERS

— THE HOME OF —

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

WOFFORD STUDENTS ALWAYS WELCOME

J. F. MANNING

Annual Photographer

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

A Marmon roadster rolled up in front of the *Herald* building and its aristocratic honk ascended to Whitney's ears. He leaned out of the window and his eyes alighted on the smiling countenance of Florence Vandyke, who waved for him. She was a bob-haired blonde, gorgeously attired in fashion's latest dictation. At a glance you could tell she was a flapper, not an ordinary street flapper, though, but one backed by strong social heritage and unlimited pecuniary resources. Her father was the President of two of the largest cotton mills and Vice-President of the leading bank of the town. Florence had motioned for him.

"Be there in a minute," said he, and jumped down the stairs three or four at a time without his hat or coat.

Miss Jones arose and went to the window to see what magnet had drawn Whitney out so violently. She saw with disgust that it was Florence Vandyke, her rival, and Whitney was leaning on the door of the car, conversing eagerly with her.

"Break his neck to see a Vandyke," she murmured to herself. "He is blinded by the glitter and show of her wealth."

Whitney told Florence of his hard luck and how he planned to thwart it. Florence said she and Bill would drive by for him at twelve o'clock during the intermission of the dance, if he would be ready. He agreed to be ready at that time. After a few minutes of peppy conversation, Florence starts the roadster and moves briskly away.

Whitney mounted the stairs again and found Miss Jones ready to depart.

"Would she accept your explanation?" ventured Miss Jones.

"Explanation! I am going! That's settled! She and Bill are going to come by for me at twelve during the intermission of the dance."

"Coming for you?"

"Yes; she's a wonderful kid, isn't she?"

J. T. BOOTH
JEWELER
102 Kennedy Place Phone 528

EVERSHARP PENCILS,
FOUNTAIN PENS,
WATCHES,
CLOCKS, JEWELRY, Etc.

Watch Repairing My Specialty

Typewriters for Rent and for Sale—Your Patronage Appreciated.

A. LEVIN
FINE TAILORING
Suits made to order
$35.00 AND UP

Altering, Repairing and Pressing

117 North Church Street
PHONE 896

Miss Jones descended the stairs and departed.

Whitney glanced at his watch—a quarter of six—time to go to supper, for he had to be at work at seven—and his boarding house was several blocks away.

At the first stroke of seven, Whitney reappeared at the office, this time lugging a suit-case, which he placed far back under his desk. The foreman of the composing room, as he came in to get the copy for the linotype operators, noticed Whitney's shiny patent leather slippers and began kidding him about them. He told the foreman and his pals that he was knocking off a little early to go to a dance and exhorted them to take care that the boss did not get wind of it. He knew that he could rely upon his co-workers not to squeal. They were all sports.

He sat down at his desk and labored with the A. P. copy for several hours. As all his local was in, he began the make-up of his front page. He wrote headlines and subheads for an hour, at the end of which time he had a front page of fair appearance. It was a quarter of twelve, and the foreman reported that three-quarters of a page was yet unfilled. After a few moments deliberation, he tossed him a large cut of the Oylmpic meet in France, another of the Prince of Wales in one of his latest horseback feats, and a small cut of one of Broadway's latest divorcees.

"Scatter them out, Fay. Put one on each page," he said to the foreman. "Here are a few press clippings and editorial comments from the exchanges. Scatter them also. That's the crap, I think."

It was ten minutes of twelve. He dragged out the suit-case and from it produced a "tuxie," dress shirt and all its accessories. Five minutes sufficed for this transformation, and the rest of the time was spent in putting on the finishing touches, and repacking the discarded apparel. The same aristocratic honk caused him to shove the "grip" out of sight

DR. WEBB THOMSON
DR. H. A. FEEMSTER
DENTISTS
Dental Bldg. 153½ N. Church St.

The Ford Leads the World in Automobile Value—We Lead the State in Automobile Sales.

Ford

ERNEST BURWELL
Spartanburg Ford Dealer
199 West Main St. PHONE 402

Clothiers and Furnishers
To Men Who Care
Agency Society Brand Clothes
MEYERSON'S
The Man's Store

and disappear in a flurry. A very dark cloud was hovering overhead and a few drops of rain were falling. Florence and Bill were there and hurried him away to the dance, which proved the peak of Union's social aspirations. As for the dance, the society columns of the dailies, weekly and bi-weeklies in all the surrounding counties carried echoes of it for some time afterwards.

The rainstorm became heavier and heavier, the clouds settled lower and the wind rose to a high speed. The A. P. telegraph instrument began to buzz with miniature zig-zag flashes as the skies outside were illumined with great crashes of lightning.

The next morning the *Union Herald* appeared with its conservative front page, while the other dailies throughout the State ran flashing extras, presenting in bold sixty-point headlines the story of a tornado that swept through the State, with great casualties, leaving in its wake a great devastated area, demolished houses and upturned and splintered trees.

After glancing at his own paper, Mr. Fleming, the editor-manager of the *Union Herald,* began his perusal of the other State papers with whom he exchanged. He was startled to see that they carried in glaring headlines the story of the tornado's destruction. "Could it be possible that Whitney had failed to play up the story to its proper advantage?" He reached for his own paper again—"No extra! Not a thing of it in the headlines." He perused the front page hurriedly and nervously. Not a word about it there. He glanced hastily at the headlines throughout his paper, but it did not even mention the disaster.

"Not a darn word in the whole paper about it. That's funny. The *State* carries an A. P. story on it. I wonder why we didn't get it."

He picked up the telephone and called Whitney's boarding house. The landlady informed him that Whitney had not yet arisen, it being his custom to arise at about noon. Mr. Fleming, being in a cross and petulant mood, ordered the landlay to page Whitney at once. In a few minutes he was at the phone, wondering what could be the reason for such an urgent call.

"Hello! W. J. Bradley speaking."

"Whitney, this is Fleming. What's the reason we didn't carry the story of the tornado this morning?"

"Tornado!"

"Yes, the *State, Times* and *Courier* put out extras with sixty-point headlines, giving a detailed account. You didn't get anything at all over the A. P. wire last night about it?"

"Extras! Sixty-point type! I didn't get a word about it last night."

"I can't understand it at all."

"I'll be right down to the office to look into the matter."

He hung up the receiver with a click and stood a few minutes in a perplexed and con-

379 N. Church St. Phone 1307-J

PEARSON'S

Between Calhoun and College Streets

A FULL LINE OF SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Also Hot and Cold Lunches, Milk, Cold Drinks, Crackers and Cakes of all kinds.

Wofford Boys Are Always Welcome

FOLLOW THE CROWD TO——

BISHOP'S

Rex Theatre Building

——FOR THE BEST——

Sodas, Ice Cream and Candies

TOILET ARTICLES

KODAK FILMS KODAK FINISHING

fused mood, trying to conceive of the probable outcome.

"Tornado! Who in the hang would have thought a tornado was coming through last night. The first time I ever quit work before time, and got caught. I guess it means a pink slip or something worse. Helen Jones was right. I was a fool to leave the A. P. wire for two hours. The darn old world could stop running in that time. However he'll have a hard time proving I left before 2 A. M., provided nobody squealed on me."

He dressed quickly and hurried away to the office to meet Fleming and whatever he might have for him.

Fleming went raging through the establishment, showing the papers to all the employees and asking an explanation of it. It was a disgrace and an unpardonable sin for his paper to be left in the limelight thus. Most of the employees knew the reason, but did not tell. Helen Jones looked at the paper, perused the exchanges carefully and then called Mr. Fleming's attention to the fact that four other papers throughout the State had also failed to carry anything on the tornado. That put a new angle on the situation.

"Well, there's one way to get the straight of it. I'll wire A. P. headquarters for an explanation," concluded Fleming, as he calmed down a little.

Whitney came in with a guilty, almost shuddering look, and met Helen Jones at the head of the stairs.

"Guess I had better ''fess up,' had I not, Miss Jones?"

She told him as briefly as possible of her discovery that four other papers had failed to carry the story and advised him to wait until they heard from A. P. headquarters, as something might develop. He went on into Mr. Fleming's office.

"Good-morning, Mr. Fleming. What seems to be the matter?"

"I believe I have located the trouble at last, Whitney. Four other papers also failed to carry the story. The trouble must be with the A. P. I have wired for an explanation, and am expecting a reply soon."

"That is undoubtedly the trouble, if several other papers missed it also."

A messenger boy appeared with the answer. Whitney felt a chill going up his back and gritted his teeth. Fleming tore open the telegram, which read as follows:

"A. P. Bulletin

"Wish to apologize for erratic service rendered after 1 A. M. last night. An A. P. cable in path of tornado was torn down. Relay stations one and two were forced to discontinue service; relay three being the only one in the State to carry the story. Regret unavoidable accident, and wish to state that the wire will be back in service tonight.

"A. P. Headquarters,
"J. F. Thompson, Mgr."

Everything in DRUGS, SODA, CIGARS,

but especially for

Y—O—U!

Norris Candies, Waterman's and Parker Fountain Pens, Eversharp Pencils, and a select assortment of Stationery.

Yours for Quality and Service,

WILSON'S DRUG STORE

THE REXALL STORE

152 W. Main St. Spartanburg, S. C.

"The Best in Drug Store Service"

"This explains it," he said, and handed the wire to Whitney, who read and re-read it.

"Saved at last!" he murmured to himself. He went straight to Miss Jones and showed her the letter, thanking her for stopping him on the stairway before he had "spilled the beans."

"It's a darn miracle, I call it. Don't you think so, Miss Jones?"

"Didn't miss it very far, Whitney," she said demurely.

"Well, I think I'll go back and try to sleep a little, if sleep is possible after such a brain-racking experience."

He drew himself together and walked out of the office in a more comfortable mood than that in which he approached it.

"Florence certainly ought to appreciate my presence at that dance," he mused reflectively. But later events revealed that she didn't, for when he told her of it, she only laughed.

Several weeks had passed, and Whitney was again entering the office, as was his custom at five o'clock every afternoon, to look over the mail, the various news letters, and the daily exchanges. Miss Jones was editing her last social item as he came in.

"Oh! Whitney, today is a red letter day for my society page; in fact, for Union's social aspiration."

"How is that?"

"I have the story of a romantic escapade and marriage to feature tomorrow. Perhaps it might interest you."

"Who is it? Who is it that fortune has thus favored?"

"Bill and Florence were married today in spite of the old man's wishes."

"Bill and Florence! Married! I don't believe it!"

Miss Jones fingered the copy on her file, and after a moment produced the article she had prepared for her columns the next day and handed it to him. Miss Jones was exuberant and had enjoyed writing the article immensely.

It read as follows:

"Of interest to many friends and relatives in this city and throughout the State is the announcement of the marriage of Miss Florence Vandyke to Mr. William Edgar Black, of Anniston, Ala., which took place yesterday at Asheville, N. C., the ceremony being performed by Rev. C. D. Anderson at the Sunset Cottage.," etc.

Whitney sank into a chair and re-read the article.

"Where did you get it, Miss Jones?"

"A clipping from the *Asheville Times* of this morning."

"It's a joke—she wouldn't run away against her father's wishes, and he detests Bill. I must verify this before we publish it."

Accordingly, he reached for the 'phone and

Collegian

Agents for Schloss Bros. & Co. and Adler Collegian Suits and Overcoats.

Boys, make our store your headquarters. We carry a full line of high grade Clothing, Shirts, Neckties, etc.

We Cash Wofford Students' Checks

IT PAYS TO TRADE AT

Cannon & Fetzer Co.
MENS & BOYS OUTFITTERS

118 East Main St. Spartanburg

called the Vandyke residence. The line was busy, but he kept calling.

"Could it be possible?" he thought, as he reviewed briefly their acquaintanceship of the past year. At last, someone answered the 'phone, and Vandyke in a fit of rage informed him that it was true. Too true to suit him or Vandyke. He had a sinking feeling, as if he were dissolving away into nothingness. Miss Jones endeavored to console him to the best of her ability, but he bore a heavy heart for several days, and if there were any errors in the paper for the next few days, they were pardonable, considering his condition.

Time only affected the cure, and the sympathy and companionship of Miss Jones, which had been so soothing during his recovery, began to be sought at other times. He began to come down to the office earlier in the afternoon to enjoy her companionship for a few minutes, as his night work was confining and lonesome. For a while he came down at four-thirty, then he moved up to four, and finally to three-thirty, in order that he might help Helen finish up her work and stroll home with her before his supper time. Whitney found himself handicapped to a certain extent. He could not have dates at night, as he had to work from 7 P. M. to 2 A. M. every night. Perhaps that was the reason Florence dropped him. He did not take her to the theatre, as Bill did. But Helen understood all this and permitted him dates in the afternoon —and Whitney made use of those afternoons.

Father time swings around, and it is again the month of May, which has ever insisted on directing man's fancies. Helen and Whitney had been out to an entertainment given by one of her friends that afternoon. They rushed breathlessly into the office. Helen took her seat at the typewriter.

"Let me write it," said Whitney, glowing

WE SELL
'GIFTS THAT LAST"
of Known Reputation
Gifts for All Occasions
RUFUS D. LEWIS
Jeweler
146 E. MAIN ST. SPARTANBURG, S. C.

with ecstasy.

"No! I'm going to write this one," she replied, her eyes sparkling with delight.

"Well, let's both write it," arbitrated Whitney.

"All right, we'll do that," compromised Helen.

He drew up a chair beside her, and they began the composition.

"How shall we begin it?" queried Helen. "Oh, I know!"

"Mrs. W. G. Baker was hostess yesterday afternoon at her home on Shandon Heights to a large group of young folks," began Helen, and paused—

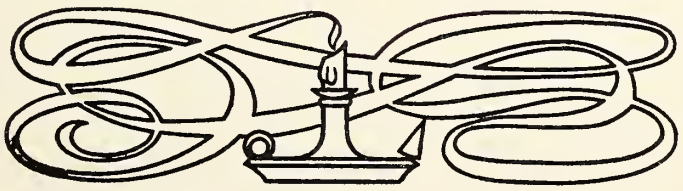
"At a lovely party, given in honor of Miss Helen Jones, the society editor of *The Union Herald,*" continued Whitney.

"No! Leave off the society editor stuff. Everybody knows that. 'In honor of Miss Helen Jones, of this city'," corrected Helen.

"Hearts dice was played, five tables being placed for the game. At the conclusion of the game, while the hostess, assisted by Mrs. Julian Hardin and Miss Helen Reynolds, served refreshments of cream and angel cake, Mrs. W. P. Brady softly played Mendelssohn's wedding march. Just at this time little Margaret Wharton, dressed as a bride, and little Hazel Wharton, dressed as Cupid, entered, bringing the announcement cards, on which was written 'Jones-Bradley, June 11th.'"

They paused and re-read it.

"That's the best society article you have ever edited, Helen—the article I have long wanted to see written."



INDEX TO VOLUME 34

Author	Title	Page
Bailey J. C.	Autumn (Poem)	49
	Nurtured by Nature (Poem)	146
Bennett, H. J.	Drums (Poem)	188
Bennett, N. W.	Alexander Hamilton (Essay)	274
	Constantinople (Essay)	11
Brown, J. E.	April (Poem)	224
	My Shrine (Sonnet)	132
Camak, P. M.	Tameor Timur, The Rani (Story)	57
Child, W. K.	Eschewed Past, The	58
Culler, E. R.	Dr. J. H. Carlisle (Essay)	235
Durham, R. A.	Robert E. Lee (Essay)	203
Elks, B. E.	Ain't It Fun (Poem)	87
	I 'Member (Poem)	47
	Living (Poem)	146
	Monty's Christmas Dinner (Story)	81
	Our Town (Poem)	205
	Senior Class Poem	266
	Somebody's Darling (Poem)	40
	Thought (Poem)	97
	Train, A (Poem)	20
	Who Are We? (Poem)	19
Elks and Hodges	Twenty-One (Poem)	112
Floyd and Williams	An Old Sweetheart of Mine (Humorous Sketch)	46
Gay, C. T.	Are You a Traveling Man? (Story)	250
	Passion Play, The (Essay)	196
Gerald, J. G.	Mum Betsy (Sketch)	209
Gilbert, H. M.	Christmas (Poem)	84
	March (Poem)	209
	Mountain Stream, A (Sketch)	141
	Woodland Scene, A (Sketch)	98
Gregg, E. H.	Anglo-Saxonism or Mongrelism (Essay)	95
	Christmas Tidings (Poem)	80
	Magic of the Sea (Poem)	140
	November (Poem)	61
	Sailor's Song, The (Poem)	210
	Spring (Poem)	245
	Unknown Seaman, The (Narrative Sketch)	41
	Wilson (Poem)	128
Herbert, C. C.	Bottled in Bonds (Story)	147
	Mills of the Gods, The (Story)	282
	Sheiky Brother, The (Story)	87
	True Friend, A (Essay)	24
	Uncousining, An (Story)	206
	Work (Essay)	24
High School Section		
	Great Fire's Treasure (Story)—Miss Elizabeth Werner, Memminger High School, Charleston, S. C.	157
	The Snow Queen's Party (Poem)—Miss Louise Smith, Spartanburg High School	159
	The Coward (Story)—Andrew T. Cooksey, Blacksburg High School	159
	The Stolen Kiss (Poem)—Miss Sarah Sanders, Anderson High School	162
	The Prince of Peace (Story)—Miss Frances Bell, Spartanburg High School	162
	Candle-Light (Poem)—Miss Lucie Allen, Spartanburg High School	164

Author	Title	Page
Hodges, R. H.	Belgium (Essay)	48
	Little Things (Poem)	252
	Loneliness (Poem)	199
	Mr. Houser and Business (Story)	15
	One View (Poem)	137
	Retrospect (Poem)	83
	Twenty (Poem)	54
	EDITORIALS	
	Advice	27
	Carolina, Lead On	114
	Christmas	113
	Coats	253
	Evolution	165
	Exchanges	113
	Finis	297
	Journal, The	62
	Journal Contest, The	62
	Journal Contest, The	165
	Local Color	63
	Moderation	213
	Modernism	211
	Nice Girl, The	253
	Radicalism	258
	Reading	113
	Statistics	297
Hoole, W. S.	In Memoriam—Thomas Woodrow Wilson	129
	D'ar Luke (Letter)	240
	Friendship (Essay)	228
Howell, J. I.	Promised Kiss, The (Story)	99
Huggin, J. G.	Casket Safe, The (Story)	245
Maw, J. H.	The Christ, My King (Poem)	105
McCoy, S. J.	Zack and the Mud (Sketch)	55
McKnight, J. M.	Dilemma, The (Story)	199
	Editing Her Long-Cherished Desire (Story)	295
	Engineering Genius, An (Essay)	280
	Life of a Cub Reporter, The (Sketch)	50
	Mother Meant Well (Story)	152
	Novel Laboratory, The (Sketch)	194
	One Hundred Years of the Monroe Doctrine (Essay)	138
	So Different Joe (Story)	231
Meadors, M. L.	All Is Not Gold That Glitters (Story)	52
	Prohibition? (Story)	5
Myers, T. A.	His Hope (Poem)	151
Patrick, H. M.	By the Fireside (Poem)	45
	Easter (Poem)	235
	Flower, The (Poem)	180
	Musings on a Barefoot Lad (Poem)	156
	Romance, A (Poem)	290
	Sea, The (Poem)	94
	Wofford (Poem)	4
Reed, A. R.	Dewdrop, The (Poem)	202
Shealy, E. O.	Recompense, The (Story)	21
Stevenson, E. B.	Sunset (Sketch)	20
Wallace, D. A.	Red Moon, The (Story)	91
	Russia (Essay)	104
Wallace, W. C.	Life's Checker-Board (Poem)	90
	Old Piano, An (Poem)	231
	Paleolithic Paleology (Story)	276
	Shenandoah Valley Campaign, The (Essay)	286
	To a Cat-Tail (Poem)	151
	Vengeance (Poem)	98
	Waiting-Room Impressions (Sketch)	248

Author	Title	Page
Williams, R. V.	Julius Sees Her (Story)	130
Wilson, M. B.	Loony, Nutty, or Simply a Fool (Story)	43
West, D. L.	At the Bottom of the Hill (Story)	267
	Gambling Streak, The (Story)	106
	Lie, The (Story)	142
	Saved By the Red Dragon (Story)	188
	Say it With Bricks (Story)	225
	Too Much of a Good Thing (Story)	241
Wynn, W. K.	Ande (Narrative Sketch)	132
	Bootlegging Bay (Narrative Sketch)	84
	Guilt (Narrative Sketch)	8
	Our Modern Miracle Man (Sketch)	237
	Sights From a Ferris Wheel (Sketch)	59
	Taxi! (Story)	291
	Three Score Years and Ten (Story)	181

REVIEWS OF COLLEGE MAGAZINES

Writer	Magazine	Page
Bailey, J. M.	Chicora Magazine, The	173
	Clemson Chronicle, The	219
	Clemson Chronicle, The	297
	Collegian, The	215
	College of Charleston Magazine	299
	Isaqueena, The	171
	Kentucky Cardinal, The	64
	Limestone Star, The	170
	Limestone Star, The	219
	Newberry Stylus, The	299
	Wake Forest Student, The	115
	Wake Forest Student, The	299
	Winthrop Journal, The	121
Batson, J. A.	Collegian, The	67
Curry, L. H.	Orion, The	170
	Pine and Thistle, The	119
Elks, B. E.	Clemson Chronicle, The	64
	Erothesian, The	117
Hodges, R. H.	Carolinian, The	119
	Concept, The	65
	Winthrop Journal, The	216
West, D. L.	Right Angle, The	262
Wynn, W. K.	Pine and Thistle, The	259
Comments on The Journal by—		
	Carolinian, The	123
	Carolinian, The	173
	Carolinian, The	220
	Clemson Chronicle, The	123
	Clemson Chronicle, The	175
	Concept, The	263
	Erothesian, The	121
	Erothesian, The	221
	Isaqueena, The	174
	Orion, The	175
	Pine and Thistle, The	174
	Right Angle, The	222
	Spartanburg Herald, The	67
	Wake Forest Student, The	175
	Winthrop Journal, The	221

Imagination--Master Force

Emerson.

"There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many more. Society is a troop of thinkers, and the best heads among them take the best places. A FEEBLE man can see the farms that are fenced and tilled, the houses that are built. The STRONG man sees the possible houses and farms. His eye makes estates as fast as the sun breeds clouds."

STRONG MEN, TRAINED MEN, EDUCATED MEN, CHRISTIAN MEN, the world needs more than ever today. They always have been, and always will be, fired by IMAGINATION; but this is not all—Self-Control. THRIFT has been their handmaid. It is the mission of this bank to help you in your THRIFT, your self-mastery.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

A. M. CHREITZBERG.....President
J. B. CLEVELAND.....Vice-President
FRANK C. ROGERS.....Vice-President
ROY E. LEONARD.....Cashier
W. FRANK KLUGH.....Assistant Cashier
J. WESLEY ISOM.....Assistant Cashier
H. B. CARLISE.....Attorney

ALL WOFFORD COLLEGE GRADUATES

RESOURCES OVER 3½ MILLION

BAND & WHITE, PRINTERS, SPARTANBURG, S. C.

WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY
SPARTANBURG, S. C. 29301